



THE RUINS AT VIRGINIA WATER, NEAR WINDSOR.



THE TREATY WITH FRANCE, AND THE REMISSION
OF THE PAPER DUTY.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE.

6d. Monthly. No. 1 will be ready on April 27th, and will contain nearly 100 pages of letterpress and illustrations, including many new, useful, and elegant features, never practicable before the Treaty with France, and the Remission of the Paper Duty. Amongst other novelties which will accompany the Magazine every month may be mentioned—

1. A Steel Plate of the Fashions, specially engraved, printed, and painted by hand, in Paris, for this Magazine.

2. A Berlin Wool-Work Pattern, in ten or twenty various colours, prepared in Paris from original Berlin Drawings.

3. A Large Separate Sheet (equal to 32 pages), on which will be printed a number of Original, Practical, and Beautiful Designs for all kinds of Ladies' Work, and of the exact size for working.

Following the Preface, will be found full details of other particulars relative to the NEW SERIES of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE.

ENGLISHWOMAN'S
DOMESTIC MAGAZINE.

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL, COMBINING

Practical Information, Instruction, & Amusement.

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VOL. VIII.

LONDON:
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P R E F A C E,
WITH ANNOUNCEMENT OF
THE ENLARGEMENT AND IMPROVEMENT
OF THE
NEW SERIES OF THIS MAGAZINE.

WITH this volume (the Eighth) is completed the First Series of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE. For eight times twelve months have we gladly laboured to produce for our readers a goodly variety of useful and interesting matter, with the purpose of adding to their knowledge, pleasing their imagination, and invigorating all their mental powers.

If the increased number of subscribers to the Magazine may be taken as an evidence of success—and we know of none stronger—then may it claim to have prospered in its career beyond our most sanguine expectations. FIVE THOUSAND only, mustered our friends in Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-two, whilst scarcely had it attained a four years' growth, than these were raised to FIFTY THOUSAND.

•This success was achieved, too, in the face of much opposition, for, after the commencement of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE, there arose a host of periodicals, with a view of adapting themselves to the peculiar wishes and wants of those for whom we ourselves have had so much pleasure (and we may thankfully add, some profit) in catering.

This is an age of competition and progress, although some modern cynics affect to doubt, and sneer at the existence of the latter; and one cannot hope, nor should one desire, to retain the sole advantage from monopolizing the exercise of any profession, or any special branch of trade and manufacture. Nor do literary ventures offer an

exception to this rule. Accepting, then, this principle of fair rivalry, we have desired to take a review of our position in respect to our readers, so as to make, as Mr. Carlyle finely says, "the goal of yesterday the starting-point of to-morrow."

Up to this time (April, 1860) there have been published Eight Volumes of the **ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE**, price half-a-crown each. These will remain in print for some time, at this price, and we are sure all acquainted with their contents will bear us out when we say that they form a most interesting and valuable collection of Tales, Essays, Biographies, and Domestic Recipes. We may here incidentally observe that, in the desire to extend the sale of all these volumes to thousands of families who have not yet purchased them, we have determined to give to the buyers of two sets (price 2*l.*) either of the beautiful Engravings described below, and published at One Guinea:—

Subjects.	Artists.	Engravers.
THE FIRST APPEAL	Frank Stone, A.R.A.	Samuel Bellin.
THE LAST APPEAL	Frank Stone, A.R.A.	Samuel Bellin.
THE DAWN OF LOVE	Thomas Brooks	W. H. Simmons.
THE FIRST PARTING	Thomas Brooks	W. H. Simmons.
SYMPATHY	Frank Stone, A.R.A.	W. H. Simmons.
STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL... ..	Thomas Brooks... ..	W. H. Simmons.
THE LOCK	John Constable, R.A.	David Lucas.
THE CORNFIELD	John Constable, R.A.	David Lucas.
THE IMPENDING MATE	Frank Stone, A.R.A.	W. H. Simmons.
MATED	Frank Stone, A.R.A.	W. H. Simmons.
&c.	&c.	&c.

We will now conclude our preface to the last volume of this series of the **ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE**, by respectfully requesting from our kind readers an attentive consideration of the interesting announcements contained in the following pages. Continuing in possession of the good wishes and valuable support of our subscribers, and knowing that no efforts will be spared by ourselves to deserve their approbation, no single doubt exists in our mind of the successful issue of our new enterprise.

THE ENLARGEMENT AND IMPROVEMENT OF THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE.

HAVING thus briefly referred to the past and present of the Magazine, it is our delight, no less than our duty, to develop our arrangements for the forthcoming New Series, which, under its well-known old name, will present, we do not hesitate to assert, a variety of "things unattempted yet" in any periodical whatever.

Among the most prominent of the improvements, will be the enlargement of the Magazine, not only in the *size*, but in the *number* of its pages. These will be extended to

Forty-Eight Pages of Demy 8vo Paper of excellent quality, beautifully printed in various types, from new founts expressly purchased for this Magazine, and richly illustrated with wood cuts.

Accompanying each number every month there will be

A Steel Plate, coloured by hand, of the fashions, especially designed and prepared in Paris.

This design has been contracted for at such a price as will insure perfect accuracy of drawing in its minutest details, whilst the exact shades of the prevailing fashionable colours for the month will be carefully attended to. The general execution of these designs will be unequalled for clearness of line and chasteness of expression.

A Pattern for Berlin Wool Work, printed in from ten to twenty colours, from original Berlin designs.

These will be brilliantly coloured, and would cost, in many shops, more than 1s. 6d. each, whilst in the Magazine, they will be given, with all the additional matter, for one-third of the price.

A Large Separate Sheet, on coloured paper (two feet six inches long, by one foot eight inches broad, or equal in size to the thirty-two pages of the last Series of the Magazine), on which will be printed all the newest embroidery patterns of collars, sleeves, pocket-handkerchiefs, edgings, insertions, braiding-

patterns, initial-letters, &c., all of exact size for working. On this will also be shown the fashionable bonnets, and on the reverse side of the sheet will be given full-size patterns for making bodies of dresses, jackets, children's tunics, &c.

The advantages of this sheet, in a practical point of view, will be immense.

In every other Magazine which gives designs for the work-table, these appear in the body of the publication, and on the back of them there is letter-press, so that they cannot be cut out without destroying the Magazine. In the sheet given with the *ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE*, this difficulty will be avoided, for it will be independent of the work, and may be clipped, cut, or used in any way the subscriber pleases, without the least injury to the Magazine. Besides, in an industrial domestic point of view, this sheet will furnish endless employment, as it will, literally, contain "no end" of new patterns.

In this way, nearly 100 pages, filled with the choicest literature of the day, and the most accurate intelligence concerning all matters of interest relative to fashion, dress, and ladies' work, will be presented to our subscribers, and will form, as a whole, such a collection of original and novel features, as cannot be found in any other publication.

Whilst making these arrangements in Paris, and sparing neither labour nor expense for the most splendid novelties of fashion in dress and needlework, we have employed every effort to improve to an equal extent the LITERARY department of the *NEW SERIES* of the Magazine. We are, therefore, enabled to lay before our readers the following detailed Programme, which, it is hoped, will convey a sufficiently intelligible idea of the entertainment and instruction which all families may derive from its pages:—

1. AN ORIGINAL TALE, by the Authors of "Under a Cloud." Illustrated, under their direction, by Julian Portch.

Experience has proved that, in conducting a periodical, it is of the first consequence that its leading Tale should be marked by great interest in the construction of its plot, the gradual development of the characters employed, and the appropriateness of language. By both the critic and the general reader, these qualifications have been amply conceded to those gentlemen who have undertaken to write the principal tale for this Magazine, and which will be commenced in the first number, and concluded in the last, of the New Volume.

2. AMONGST THE AMERICANS, or Mississippi Sketches, from the German of F. Gerstcker.

Amid the amusing details of a passage in one of the vast and splendid steamboats of the West, up the great American river, described with all the power of Gerstcker's graphic pen, there run the threads of several affecting stories of the miseries of some poor emigrants, with various incidents of slave life in the South. The interest of these travels never ceases to charm the reader, for the accurate drawing of the picture is equally striking with the vividness of the colouring.

3. THE ROYAL FAMILIES OF EUROPE, with Portraits taken from the most authentic sources.

To his valet-de-chambre no man is a hero, it is said; and, in revealing the under-currents of regal life, the aim of these papers will be, not to render King,

Queen, Prince, or Princess, as more or less than mortal, but to produce, by the lights and shadows of a mass of original memoirs and correspondence, finished portraits of "those who have sat in high places," and show, as much as possible, the inner life and domestic doings of Royalty.

4. A SHORT STORY IN FRENCH.

There exists, in the French language, a large amount of what is good, truthful, and healthy, as well as beautiful, in a literary sense; and from this unexceptionable store it will be our task to select most interesting short Legends, Historiettes, Novelettes, and Anecdotes. Thus, at the same time that our readers may be drawing pleasure from the perusal of these delightful sketches, they will be gratified to think that they are "keeping up their French." Niceties of expression and idioms will be explained and commented on in foot-notes.

5. WOMEN ARTISTS OF ALL COUNTRIES.

This series of Biographical Sketches will include notices of all those gifted women who have, from the earliest ages to the present time—from the Grecian Callirhoe, who traced her lover's profile on the wall, to Harriet Hosmer, the American lady-sculptor—tended to the world's refinement, and the acceleration of the march of civilization by their skill as Painters, Sculptors, Designers for the Goldsmith, the Mosaic Worker, the Weaver, &c. We can promise our fair readers that this will be a most interesting series.

6. CURIOUS WEDDINGS AND REMARKABLE MARRIAGES.

Under this title, we purpose to give a brief account of many oddly-assorted unions—marriages which have been contracted under unusual, interesting, and exciting circumstances, and nuptials which have been celebrated in an eccentric or unconventional fashion.

7. DOMESTIC AND SOCIAL ESSAYS.

The various papers which come under this denomination will have for their object, the discussion of such social questions of the day as have a bearing on the position of women, and will especially contribute much valuable information concerning the Employment of Women in different branches of trade, manufacture, and business generally.

8. AUNT MARGARET AND I: a Series of Tales and Sketches from the Village of D.

The daily life and avocations pursued in the Village of D. will be here drawn by the pen of one of its inhabitants, and many readers, as they proceed with the perusal of these sketches, will probably recognize the truthful delineation of "The Mute Inglorious Milton," "The Village Poet," "The Village Hampden," "The Vestry Speaker," "The Village Politician," &c.

9. THE DOMESTIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND, with Illustrations of the various aspects which Home Life has assumed from the most distant periods to the present day.

The history of the people is, to the full, as interesting, if not so dignified, as the history of various governments; and it will be the endeavour of the writer, in these pages, to trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts, to describe the rise of religious sects, and the changes of literary taste, to portray the manners of successive generations, and to note the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts, and public amusements. Thus, a true picture of the life of their ancestors will be placed before the present generation.

10. THE POETRY OF THE MONTHS, with Emblematical Headings.

In former volumes of the *ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE*, Prize Essays on various subjects, and quotations from the Poets, under the title of "Poetry of the Passions," attracted considerable attention, and many hundreds of papers were written by our subscribers, testifying to the interest they took in such competitions. All that poets have sung on the peculiar beauties and features of the various seasons of the year, allusions to the natural history, animate and inanimate, as it displays itself in all its wondrous variety in each fresh page as it is turned over in the great Book of Nature—all this forms a collection of beautiful thoughts and images, from which to select the Poetry of each month. For the best selections, prizes will be given, as before; and we hope to receive by the 10th of April, our subscribers' quotations on "MAY."

11. THE TALES OF CHARLES DE BERNARD, Translated from the French.

Of these graceful stories, it will be sufficient, for their excellence and purity, to declare that the late Miss Mitford often expressed her wonder that such exquisite narratives had never been seen in an English form. The first of them, the "Son-in-Law," is the charming original of the popular and artistic play, "Still Waters Run Deep." On the conclusion of this novulette, we shall enrich our papers with the "Yellow Rose," the "Gordian Knot," and others of this author's writings. In every case, we shall endeavour to reproduce the witty and refined writing of the French author in a form worthy of it.

12. BRITISH POETS AND ENGLISH LAUREATES, with Portraits.

Nothing more tends, it has ever been allowed, to the elevation of thought, and the refinement of woman, than an acquaintance with the productions of those men of poetic genius who have left us "monuments, more lasting than brass," of their wondrous powers. From Chaucer to Tennyson, there exists an illustrious line of royal thinkers, who have brought to England a richer dowry of fame than many of her kings; and in writing the biographies of the Poet-Laureates, there will occur frequent opportunities for introducing very interesting episodes from the annals of literature.

13. WAYSIDE WEEDS AND FOREST FLOWERS.

Botany is so peculiarly a feminine pursuit, that we have decided upon explaining the elements of this pleasing science in a series of papers, entitled "Wayside Weeds and Forest Flowers." We shall have little to say about

"The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,"

as they are not nearly so interesting to the Botanist as those "Wildings of Nature" which flourish in the hedgerows, the meadows, and the woods. The structure, properties, and systematic classification of the commonest plants belonging to the Flora of England, will be described in familiar language, and it will not be forgotten to allude to the sublime thoughts which "Earth's cultureless buds" have originated in the mind of the poet.

14. TALES OF THE OPERAS.

The plot of each Opera will here be pleasingly told; so that a knowledge of the story on which the composer has founded his work will be gained; thus adding very much to the delight of the spectator and hearer.

15. LONDON, AND SOME OF ITS SCENES, as Viewed by a Lady.

The writer of the papers, included in the last volume of the *ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE*, under the title of "The Englishwoman in London," will present a series of sketches of some of those metropolitan scenes which are seldom seen except by the eye of the charitable and good Samaritan. Work

for women, and the position of various establishments in relation to them, will be suggested and noticed; and judgment given, from a woman's point of view, on many public and social institutions.

16. BEAUTIFUL BIRDS, with Illustrations.

In connexion with this department of Natural History, the lovely specimens of the feathered tribes in Australia will be first considered. In that colony they are seen in the utmost beauty of form and variegated plumage; and, from the drawings made from the birds themselves, and the descriptions which will accompany them, a complete knowledge of their appearance and habits may be obtained.

17. MUSICAL COMPOSERS, with Portraits.

Here will be told the story of these gifted men's lives—their labours, how they worked, and an anecdotal history of their various operas and oratorios—with passing notices of the great *prima donni*, the *tenori*, &c., who have performed in them.

18. THE PARIS FASHIONS, Edited by Mrs. Isabella Beeton, from materials supplied direct from the capital of "*Le beau monde*."

Accompanying a very carefully-written description of the newest, most beautiful and useful toilets for every requirement of domestic and social life, there will be given, each month, a set of Coloured Illustrations, engraved on steel, and painted by the first Parisian artists. To this will be added a pattern for Berlin wool-work, or some other fashionable and useful employment for the work-table of a lady, printed in from ten to twenty beautiful colours, and expressly designed and prepared for the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE. A sheet of full-size practical working patterns in Embroidery, Braiding, and Guipure work, will also, every month, accompany the Magazine, which will thus combine, in an eminent degree, the ornamental with the useful, and in a manner far surpassing all that has yet been attempted by any English publisher in periodical literature.

19. FAVOURITE PLACES IN ENGLAND, AND ON THE CONTINENT. Illustrated with Engravings from Photographs.

Here will be sketched Bath, Brighton, Cheltenham, Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden, Hombourg, Biarritz, Ramsgate, Scarborough, Tunbridge Wells, Torbay, Margate, Herne Bay, Malvern, &c., with an interesting account of the rise and growth of each resort. A fund of anecdote, personal and local traditions, portraits of the leaders of *ton* who have been connected with these fashionable watering-places, will contribute to make this series very delightful reading.

20. THE MYSTERIES OF A JOURNAL; or, My Wife's Diary, communicated, in confidence, by Augustus Mayhew, Esq., of Amata Villa.

21. THE BOOK OF THE MONTH,

Whether it be a Novel, a Biography, a book of Travels, or a volume of Memoirs, will be here described and criticized—its plot, its accuracy, or its beauties, commented on. We shall regard our readers as a family circle, gathered together to learn all about the best piece of literary workmanship that has been given to the world since our preceding number—ourselves being the reader, the critic, and the commentator of the occasion.

22. HOME ARRANGEMENTS, AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY,

With suitable Recipes and suggestions, fitted for each month's requirements, in the BREAKFAST, DINING, and DRAWING ROOMS, as well as in the various departments of the KITCHEN, GARDEN, POULTRY-YARD, &c.

23. SELECTIONS FROM THE ALBUMS OF PRIVATE FAMILIES.

For these selections we have to respectfully solicit our subscribers to send to us a copy from their albums of aught grave, gay, or humorous, that they may think sufficiently valuable to insert in the pages of the Magazine. Lying *perdu* in these depositories, we think there must be much that is worthy of being introduced to a larger number of readers.

24. THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S CONVERSAZIONE.

In the page devoted to this, it will be our delightful duty to carry on a conversation with our subscribers on any topic that they may broach, and to which it may be considered sufficiently interesting to devote a portion of our space. We shall likewise here answer any questions that may be put to us, and shall also introduce, at times, questions from one subscriber for other readers to give, if possible, the required information.

Such is the Literary Programme of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE for the Twelve Months commencing on the 1st of May, 1860; and, to enable this design to be realized to its fullest extent, and also to enable us to give to the "Women of England" such a "DOMESTIC MAGAZINE" as may emphatically be called "their own," the price of the NEW SERIES will be

SIXPENCE, MONTHLY,

—a price unprecedentedly low, when the expensiveness, beauty, and infinite variety of its contents are taken into consideration. In fact, at such a price, it will be

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE EVER PRODUCED.

We hope all, then, on the 1st of May, 1860, will receive the first Part; and, as a further inducement to our Subscribers to continue their connexion with the

ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE,

they will still have extended to them, the opportunity of sharing in the distribution of Prizes, consisting of Paintings, Engravings, and other Works of Art, issued by the London Art Union.

We trust it is now evident that we have fully recognized the necessity of keeping abreast of the very foremost in the race of improvement; and that, in the scheme here developed, we have promptly availed ourselves of the advantages conferred on the country by the welcome remission of the Paper Duty, and the commencement of a more liberal and extended commerce with France. To ourselves it will be a satisfactory result, if we succeed in our endeavours to assist in the extension of the principles of Domestic Peace and Industry, in the diffusion of sound Moral Instruction and Innocent Enjoyment, and in the harmonious blending of the beautiful creations of French taste and elegance in Costume and Fashion, with the delightful graces and solid excellences of the Literature of England.

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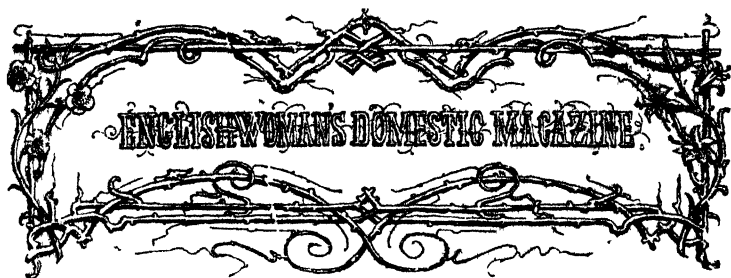
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COWLEY'S HOUSE AT CHERBURY.

POETS:

THEIR LIVES, SONGS, AND HOMES.

ABRAHAM COWLEY: ODE-WRITER AND SECRETARY.

PERHAPS in no walk of literature has there been such diversity in the situation and circumstances of those belonging to it as poetry. Theology, natural science, legal disquisition belong, of necessity, to those who have devoted their abilities exclusively to such studies, and for whom they form each a recognised profession;

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but even history, prose, fiction, essay writing (in which, of course, is included literary, social, and political criticism), even these, which do not involve any peculiar recognition of a distinct calling, belong, at least, pretty nearly to one class in the social circle—the educated middle class—not many of those immediately above or below this being included in the ranks of the writers on those subjects. The cause of this is sufficiently obvious. Unlettered genius cannot attempt that which requires extensive learning, and limited acquaintance with society cannot portray to advantage the habits, manners, modes of thought and action belonging to human nature in all classes, and in different countries; while, on the other hand, laborious research and long-continued work are irksome to those who have not been trained to labour, and are in rank and fortune above the necessity for it. Nor should it be forgotten that such persons have duties belonging to their state, which generally render protracted study impossible. In one case, therefore, the abilities remain undeveloped; in the other, frequently unused. But the poet belongs to all classes. From the peer to the peasant, all who possess the inspiration of song have suffered it to flow forth. Here hard study, deep thought, profound reasoning, need not be added to the impulses of imagination, to the promptings of fancy. Natural feeling needs only to be expressed in natural language; instinctive emotion only wants a voice. We may question the fact that there have ever been any “mute inglorious Miltons,” while we find that the cottage, the palace, the cloister, the camp, the manufactory, have each sent forth their representative bard.

It may be, perhaps, for this reason that the lives of poets have an interest for the rest of the world beyond the lives of other writers. We all feel anxious to know, “How did this man live?” Was he rich or poor—happy or miserable—solitary or surrounded by friends? Did he dwell among the hedgerows or forests—or among the crowded marts, the noisy streets, the overflowing houses—or among the factory chimneys—or on the ocean wave? Tell us in what home our birds have sung.” We are satisfied with the result of the labour of our poet, toiling “pack-horses.” We want to be informed whether our nightingales spent

their lives in gilded cages or woodland thickets.

The subject of the present sketch was one whose life, during the active portion of it, belonged to the Court and the Cabinet. As a literary celebrity, he forms a link in the chain which unites the two great eras of English literature—the Elizabethan and that succeeding the Revolution. Born in 1618, but two years after the death of Shakspeare, in the reign of James the First, he lived through the turbulent reign of his successor, through the more peaceful, but very little more secure, government of Cromwell, when peace seemed, indeed, but the temporary repose of hostile armies, and died in 1667, during the life of that crowned profligate, the second Charles, whose excesses, and those of his courtiers, infected the nation with a partial mania of imitation, which, fortunately for himself, stifled the more stormy passions that broke out anew on the accession of James the Second.

It will readily be conceived that these times were not the most favourable for the development of genius in any arts but war and politics. The glorious age of Elizabeth, with all its brilliant names, poets, philosophers—the age of Spenser, Shakspeare, Bacon, Raleigh, Jonson—had passed away, and the scarcely less brilliant days of Anne, the days of Newton, Boyle, Locke, Pope, Swift, and Addison had not yet come.

But if it be true that the poet belongs to all classes, it is as true that he belongs to all times. The barbarous and the civilized, the turbulent and the peaceful, have had their minstrels. We must not, indeed, expect that the character of their songs will be the same; and amidst the host of poets, therefore, who were contemporary with Cowley, we shall look in vain for that purity of thought and originality of expression which belong to those who lived and wrote in happier times. Causes which cannot “quench the light of song” can materially dim its flame, and Milton alone, perhaps, among those of whom we speak, shone with that full brightness which Nature intended. An example of what towering genius can do under even the most adverse circumstances, he alone seems to have aimed steadily at the mark which was worthy of his abilities; all others have

fallen far short of what they might have accomplished.

Abraham Cowley was born in London, in the parish of St. Dunstan, in the year already mentioned. Of his family little is known. One of his biographers—Dr. Sprat—states merely that his father was a citizen. Dr. Johnson, on what authority we know not, adds that he was a grocer. His situation in life was, however, of little consequence to his son, as the latter was a posthumous child. We may very fairly infer that the almost universal rule of Nature, namely, the derivation of talent from the female parent, holds good in the case of Cowley; as we find that his widowed mother bent all her energies towards procuring for him the advantages of a liberal education, exhibiting an anxiety for his mental culture which, in the unfavourable circumstances in which she was placed, would be incompatible with the character of an ordinary person, and evincing a perception of his genius which could belong to none but a superior mind. No picture can be more truly affecting than that of a mother and son so placed, if we except the after picture, which in this case was realized, of the aged mother listening to the triumphs of the talent she had fostered at God only knows what sacrifices.

That his poetical talents were developed at a very early age is certain. That they owe their development to the incident so often and fondly repeated of his childish delight in the poems of Spenser may be questioned. The opinion of the great Dr. Johnson that genius is a power, or collection of powers, "accidentally determined to some particular direction," has been proved by all experience fallacious. It was just as natural that the boy Cowley should feed with avidity on the "Fairy Queen," lounging in the old-fashioned window-seat of his mother's parlour, as that the boy Napoleon should arrange mimic battles and sieges in the playground of the college. With all due deference to the learned doctor, he has, in this instance at least, if not in his entire theory, put the effect before the cause.

He received his education first at Westminster, where he appears to have distinguished himself, and afterwards at Cambridge, where he remained until compelled to leave by the victorious Parliamentarians

in 1648, when he retreated to Oxford. This place having been also surrendered, he followed Queen Henriette to Paris, and undertook the laborious office of secretary to Lord Jermy, which he held to the year 1656, when he was sent to England by the Royalist party in the character, partly, of an emissary to their friends, and, partly, of a spy on the existing government. His public life may be said to have terminated here (although he resumed his situation of secretary for a short period on the death of Oliver Cromwell), for, being apprehended by the agents of the Commonwealth, and obliged to give a considerable security to procure his release from prison, he was of course precluded from again taking an active part in the affairs of the deposed family.

Cowley appears to have incurred what we may now consider very unjust censure for his submission to the ruling powers. It is unfair to deal with the man of letters, who had but his genius to give to the cause he loved—who gave it zealously—but whose partizanship, when the work for which he was fitted was no longer required, could be of little use, as we should deal with the soldier or the statesman who should, for any personal consideration, throw the weight of his influence or authority into the balance against that party to which he had been before conscientiously attached.

Cowley's submission appears to have been merely submission, and he was ever not only at heart a Loyalist, but avowedly one also. He certainly gained nothing from Cromwell's party but his liberty, nor ever appears to have been employed in any manner by that government. In the year 1657 he took his degree as Doctor of Medicine, but does not appear ever to have practised, and from that time to the period of his death, with the exception above-mentioned, he lived in comparative retirement. For some time after the Restoration he remained in expectation of preferment, which would have been the just reward of his services; but he was disappointed; and it was only a short time before the close of his life that, through the interest of the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of St. Alban's, he obtained sufficient provision to preserve him from embarrassment, if not indigence.

We thus see a poet, whose writings are by no means few, not retired in the lettered solitude of his study, not wandering in pleasant musing o'er the "breezy moors" or through the "forest glades," or by the "sounding ocean's shore," but fulfilling onerous and responsible duties in an arduous and difficult situation, and with numerous claims on his time and abilities. Nor does he ever seem to have failed in diligence and care, or devoted to his peculiar pursuits the time which belonged to his employers.

This is but a brief outline of the life of a writer who seems to have been much admired in his own age, and who still retains no inconsiderable portion of public favour. Of the merits of his writings as well as of the actual greatness of his genius, we can scarcely now judge with any degree of accuracy. Apart from the causes touched on before, which militate against the attainment of excellence, the disturbed state of politics, the prevalence of violent party feeling, the fact of a society divided nationally into tyrants and democrats, morally into reckless profligates and gloomy fanatics—besides these must be taken into consideration the vitiated taste which prevailed in the mere machinery of poetic composition, which forbade the use of simple, intelligible language, and demanded that every sentiment and description should be loaded with very generally absurd, and always cumbersome, imagery.

The age which reduced Dryden to the situation of sycophant to a corrupted Court can scarcely have failed to degrade, in some measure, all his contemporaries; a future time was to allow men of genius to appear as they really are. At this period, if they had the manliness to avoid being the advocates of vice or the applauders of faction, it was almost as much as could be expected. To be the exponents of piety, the champions of liberty, was scarcely in their power; and thus, shut out from themes most fitted to exhibit the poetic art, their beauties of thought and graces of expression were wasted on subjects for the most part frivolous, if not contemptible. In the long list, therefore, of the poems of Cowley we shall find but comparatively few which could be read throughout with unmixed satisfaction at the present day: and that he has generally escaped the grosser faults of most of the

poets of his time must be considered in itself no small merit; while that he has occasionally risen to a height nearly equal to what his talents could have commanded deserves real approbation. His principal works, besides a few plays now little known, are his "Anacreontiques," "Miscellanies," "Mistress," "Pindarique Odes," and the "Davideis," which, even in his own day, was considered a failure. The first four mentioned are collections of short poems, and the "Miscellanies" are now the best known; they contain much that is very pleasing and which will ever retain a place in the affections of all lovers of true poetry. Besides these, he wrote several Latin poems on the various uses, beauties, and qualities of the vegetable creation. In his writings we shall find scattered passages of great beauty or sublimity; bursts of grandeur and turns of elegance, but scarcely a sustained flight of truth and earnestness; much that is admirable, but hardly a whole that is excellent; a great deal to be praised, but almost nothing to be left entirely uncondemned.

Of Cowley's private character it is gratifying to be able to state that he was virtuous in a dissolute age and among dissolute associates; honest and independent when dishonesty and servility involved little disgrace; moderate and temperate when extravagance and dissipation were almost the rule. His filial piety, his steadiness in friendship, his assiduous attention to business, the general amiability and goodness of his disposition, deserve high commendation. It is a pleasing spectacle to behold the poet-secretary, after the toils of business, not seeking his relaxation in the pleasures of a foreign Court, but in the cultivation of his poetic fancies; taking up the burden of State affairs, not as the aim and object of his existence, but as a duty to be steadily performed, and never forgetting or neglecting the means and opportunities for mental improvement. He was never married, and he died, in the forty-ninth year of his age, at Chertsey, in a dwelling called the Porch House, which forms the subject of the accompanying illustration.

This building, although greatly altered since the time it was inhabited by the poet, is still called the Porch House, from a projecting entrance which it formerly had. The place was for many years occupied by

Mr. Richard Clarke, Chamberlain of London, who took great care to preserve the premises in their olden condition; he kept an original portrait of Cowley, and had affixed a tablet in front, containing the Latin epitaph, written by the poet on himself. In 1792 the ruinous state of the house necessitated some alterations, but it was found practicable to preserve the greater portion of the building intact, and a few rooms were added. Mr. Clarke also placed a tablet in front of the building, where the porch stood, with the following inscription:—"The porch of this house, which projected ten feet into the highway, was, in the year 1792, removed for the safety and accommodation of the public.

Here the last accents flowed from Cowley's tongue."

In a letter addressed from Chertsey to his friend Dr. Sprat, we find Cowley says, "The first night that I came hither I caught so great a cold with a defluxion of rheum (he was something of a doctor, evidently) as made me keep my chamber ten days, and two after had such a bruise on my ribs with a fall that I am yet unable to move or turn myself in my bed. This is my personal picture here to begin with; and, besides, I can get no money from my tenants, and have my meadows eaten up every night by cattle put in by my neighbours. What this signifies, or may come to in time, God knows! If it be ominous, it can end in nothing less than hanging. Another misfortune has been—and stranger than all the rest—that you have broken your word with me, and failed to come, even though you told Mr. Bois you would. This is what they call *monstrum simile*. I do hope to recover my late hurt so far, within five or six days, though it be uncertain whether I shall ever recover it, as to walk about again. And then methinks you and I and the dean might be very merry upon St. Ann's Hill. You might very conveniently come hither the way of Hampton Court, lying there one night. I write this in pain, and can say no more. *Verbum sapienti*." From this epistle our readers, proxy and otherwise, will see that poets do not always lie on beds of roses, but that troubles visit them as well as other mortals.

Chertsey is now a pleasant town with a population exceeding 5,000, and it would

be difficult at this period to realize the appearance of the place in Cowley's time, when it no doubt presented the charms of complete seclusion, such as would inspire the bard with thoughts like these:—

Sweet shades, adieu! here let my dust remain
Covered with flowers and far from noise and pain.
Let evergreens the turf tomb adorn,
And roscate huss (the glory of the morn)
My carpet deck; then let my soul possess
The happier scenes of an eternal bliss.

Some of Cowley's poems and plays were composed at a very early age, and he seems to have continued the habit of writing until the period of his death.

The poets of Cowley's time, with the exception of Milton and Dryden, are now so little known that it is difficult to convey to readers of the present day a just notion of their peculiar style. Familiarity with a particular school of writers must be necessary in order to understand their faults and appreciate their excellences. The general tenor of their compositions forbids this, and thus the few (including the subject of the present sketch) who might be studied with advantage fail of obtaining as extensive a circle of readers as they deserve. A selection which should contain nothing reasonably objectionable to the better feelings of the present age would be a useful addition to literature, as the few stray pieces which find their way into general collections are frequently passed over unread, from the inability to comprehend a style so totally different from most of those with which we are acquainted.

MIGNON; OR, THE STEP-DAUGHTER.

WORK AND PLAY.

WHY do I once more speak of my much-loved flowers—of shadowy spots—and of the lovely and endless vista?

Why? Because my thoughts ever wander to the beautiful places of this blessed earth! It is there alone that I am able to forget the hard realities of life, and find, welling up in my breast, pure and refreshing recollections.

The lark's note changeth never, and God asks from it no other song. The tree doth always bear its accustomed fruit, and the elegantine ceaseth not to lay its simple and pretty flower on the edge of the footpath.

Let me, then, fly the impure atmosphere of the town; come, reader, with me, and inhale the fresh breezes of the woods, the meadows, and the fields. Let me tell you the story of the beautiful country of my dreams:—

In the finest street of Saint Germain, in an open space bordering on the forest, an elegant portico attracts the attention of passers-by. Four Doric columns support a dome surmounted by a cross. It is the chapel of the Convent of the Augustines—a peaceful place, where good nuns (there be such, the sceptical reader is assured) consecrate their lives to the education of their younger sisters.

Its immediate neighbourhood to Paris, the admirable situation of the little town, and the maternal solicitude of those in authority, all contribute to make this house of piety much sought after by mothers of families who cannot instruct their daughters at home, and who are afraid of the many temptations which the large schools of Paris offer to their young and tender natures. A stern-looking court-yard, kept by a portress of still sterner aspect, is surrounded by the household offices. At the bottom of this court one door leads to the parlour, another to the superior's apartments and reception-rooms.

A second court-yard is surrounded by plain buildings, manifesting quite a Dutch cleanliness, and which form, on the ground-floor, the dining and play rooms; on the first floor the class rooms, and on the second the sleeping apartments. This latter large court is planted with fine plane trees, which spread out their numerous and shadowing branches, and under this beautiful *velarium* the noisy children give themselves up to their sports and games.

At the end is a delightful fruit garden, very shady, and which is called the ladies' garden. It is kept with great care, and the young girls are only admitted here on special occasions.

During school hours a deep silence reigns in this extensive establishment. When the windows are open, you can just catch the fresh voice of a young girl reading, or the grave admonition of a teacher; but when the day's tasks are finished, and when the first sound of the bell calls the pupils to evening recreation, it does one's heart good

to be at the large parlour window, and see them filing out from every door, like bees rushing, humming, from the hive.

At first, a slight noise, like a running stream, then the sound increases and redoubles, and now it is like the flood of a passing torrent, throwing its white foam to the winds. O youth! delightful and ceaseless source of refreshing beauty, grace, strength, and life, I love you! I cannot but follow and contemplate you, just as, with each succeeding Spring, I look upon the fresh flower with the same joy and the same astonishment. O youth! you come from God's hand, spotless and pure, you recel to mind whence I came, too, and you make me remember likewise that I shall, ere long, return to enjoy eternal youth and sublime pleasures, which your soft look seems now to reflect.

O youth! I listen to the sweet murmur of your lips as I list to the spring which glides along its bed, carrying with it a willow leaf, and presently becoming a majestic river—the moving being which bears on its proud breast powerful ships to the still prouder ocean.

O youth! I love you, for you are beautiful. I love and I pity you, for I knew that you must suffer and endure. When my task is finished, yours will be commencing; when I am reposing under the flowering grass, then will you, in your turn, have to bear the cares of life.

You, then, who have not closed your heart to sincerity and affection, you who have yet your aspirations, and who forget not, in the troubles of an artificial life, the impenetrable mystery of destiny, come with me and see the touching and charming scene now shaping itself into form. Come, unclasp the mysterious bands of the future.

The joyous throng run and skip about under the trees, getting together in couples or groups, and all falling into graceful, because unstudied, attitudes. Here is a reposing figure which reminds you of Alben's reveries, or the delicious sketches of Winterhalter; there you hear an animated discussion, mingled with noisy laughter; further on, a deafening crowd, who do not know whence they come or whither they go, who run for the sake of running, cry for the sake of crying, and, ever in action, develop their flexible limbs, cramped from long study, and who speak, if it were only

to hear that voice which they have been obliged to restrain for so long a time. On one side two friends are talking seriously under the elms about a long series of "nothings," which, to them, are all the world; the more advanced girls converse with the pious nuns, who, by a motion or a nod, can quiet these frisking crowds; others are affectionately cultivating their straight piece of garden. You may see a young girl holding with one hand her flowing robe, and, stooping, pour a few drops of water on the puny-looking rose-tree. You may see another bending her fine and elegant form to catch the ball or send back the shuttlecock. At this age, is not everything graceful and charming! and the secret of this charm is not to know it oneself.

It is a custom here, and an interesting one, that each young child shall be under the protection of an elder girl, in order to develop feelings of respect and obedience on one side, protection and solicitude on the other. The little one calls her senior *mother*. Sometimes this mother is fifteen years of age; she is responsible for the conduct and progress of her *protégées*—it is the first apprenticeship of life. As the flower foretells the fruit, so youth foretells the future; and on every face we can almost read and predict a destiny. She who is consoling the crying child will, doubtless, be a good mother. The other, who is scolding, and gets angry with the child whom she ought to instruct, will fail, perhaps, in the end through requiring too much. Will that one be a little saint, she who is holding her rosary to the image of the Virgin, and who already appears to think of nothing but Heaven? A beaming brunette is domineering over her companions, and seems to be dreaming of the dangerous homage which awaits her on her approaching entry into the world. A languishing blonde turns her blue eyes to the blue sky, and looks as if she were reading a story of happy England. And now an envious girl slips behind her and revenges herself by sneering at the imagination she does not possess.

That poor little puny thing, almost infirm and disgraced, having neither a pleasant-looking face nor pleasing manners, keeps herself aloof, for, poor diminished creature! she already understands

the inferiority which her misfortunes reveal to her, and she is undergoing the first throes of suffering.

Thus inequality makes itself felt even under the equality of the same dress and teaching. Thus, under the brightness of youth, is there already a little world which understands itself—which lives, moves, and, before even the fruit is developed, there can be seen the worm preying on the young stalk, and which will penetrate its very sap. Then is it that the quiet interference of the wise instructress makes its influence felt. A prudent hand brings back one rambling branch, and prunes another before harm has befallen it. One word calms the too ardent zeal, awakens feelings which are concealed, and makes the heart's strings vibrate—acting like the living image of conscience, continually reminding these young and tender beings by precept and example, and, above all, by love and tenderness, of that divine voice which all may hear at the bottom of their hearts. And so selfishness, that source of evil and destruction, is conquered by the spirit of love, the fruitful source of good and life.

But the quick sound of a bell puts an end at once to these noisy games, and all these active and impetuous movements, hushes these piercing voices, and softens these joyous laughs. A profound calm succeeds the tumult, and long files of scholars, under the superintendence of teachers, enter, with measured step, the dining-room for the evening repast.

THE PARLOUR.

It is the hour when the superior, surrounded by the assistant ladies, receives in the parlour the report of the work done, and the events of the day.

There is nothing particular in the appearance of this room; for if you were to make an inventory of the large chamber you would only find a piano, framed drawings and tapestry, an ordinary picture representing the Virgin in the place of honour; on the mantelpiece and brackets beautiful artificial flowers, made by the industrious fingers of the young girls; and the rest of the furniture of a simple and severe style, remarkable only by its extreme cleanliness. Let us rather leave these common objects to the reader's fertile imagination, and call attention to

the personages who are grouped near one of the garden windows.

The superior, seated in an arm-chair, receives the notes which are handed to her by three nuns standing near her, round a little work-table. She is still young; her countenance is at the same time sweet but grave; her beautiful features are encircled by the white folds of the veil which throws a slight shadow over her half-concealed face, and the full drapery of her black dress falls in majestic folds. Perhaps you can see in her eyes that she has known youthful troubles and disappointments, if it were not that the calmness of mind did not appear to soar above the storms of life.

When the heart acknowledges itself conquered and surrenders, when the sacrifice is accomplished, when there remains nothing to think of but Heaven, how everything then is changed and elevated! No more weakness, no more strife, no more vain efforts, no more longing after unattainable objects. The freed creature becomes greater under God's eye, desires nothing more, and wishes to shed on all around that divine measure of charity and love which flows from her heart.

You must not expect from any other power than religion this complete flow of tenderness and desire for good, which is accomplished for its own sake, and not with selfish and worldly motives.

What desires she? What seeks this noble woman, dividing her mother's heart between these little beings, who are intrusted to her care? Is it respect? She but wishes to be on an equality with her sisters. Is it magnificence? Her heavy clothing is as common as her sisters'. Is it fortune? She has given up all her wealth and a brilliant future to live in simplicity. Is it the world's approbation? But her life is hidden and unperceived. Is it repose? She will expend all her remaining energies in her laborious task. Is it gratitude? Her birds will fly away when their wings are strong enough to carry them, and perhaps they will no longer remember the comfortable nest which sheltered them. Is it remembrance after death? A wooden cross on a grass mound will just serve to tell her name.

No! What she desires is to obey the divine voice, to further the designs of Pro-

vidence, to replace the absent mother, to shelter under her wing the commencing career, to employ superfluous riches in educating poor children; for orphans also find an asylum under this blessed roof, and receive, in another department, a simple and practical education, in keeping with the humble position which awaits them in after life; she wishes to assist in alleviating every misery, for the door is open to the needy, and the experience of her worthy companions places at the disposal of the sick, herbs and plants, those treasures which generous Nature provides under the shadow of the beautiful forest. In a word, her every aim, her every wish is TO DO GOOD.

But no melancholy accompanies these privations, no severity imparts a love of duty, no strictness or intolerance makes the divine love permeate these young hearts. Christ, an example of every suffering, would not let those about him see aught but a calm and serene face, when he said to them LOVE ONE ANOTHER; and the smiling image of the Virgin, which beams on humanity, is the symbol of gentleness and love.

The superior always remembered that she was not forming novices for the cloister, but young girls for the world. Far from leading their thoughts from their family and home affections, it was necessary to initiate them, not into the mystic and almost celestial existence which is ardently desired in some privileged vocations, but into the world of living beings—an assemblage which you cannot find fault with; for, in spite of its errors and storms, it carries out the secret views of Providence.

She wished that her children, on leaving her, should make respectful and obedient children, tender wives and good helpmates, attentive and devoted mothers. She did not sneer at those accomplishments which are the attraction and charm of social life, because the arts which interpret and poetize Nature appeared to her as praise to the Divinity. Even ideal beauty seemed to her to be God's gift, for therein she thought she read the sign and reflection of a spotless soul.

Sometimes you hear people laugh, scoff, and jeer at these modest and all-sacrificing existences. They complain that the world is too full; that the wish to

an impossibility, and bring on us
 terrible disasters; but they will not
 these resigned ones to keep
 themselves in the back-ground, to
 themselves in the shade, to
 labour in order to prepare a
 for consuming selfishness, a
 the wounds of the battle of
 life, and to raise up the dead spirit.

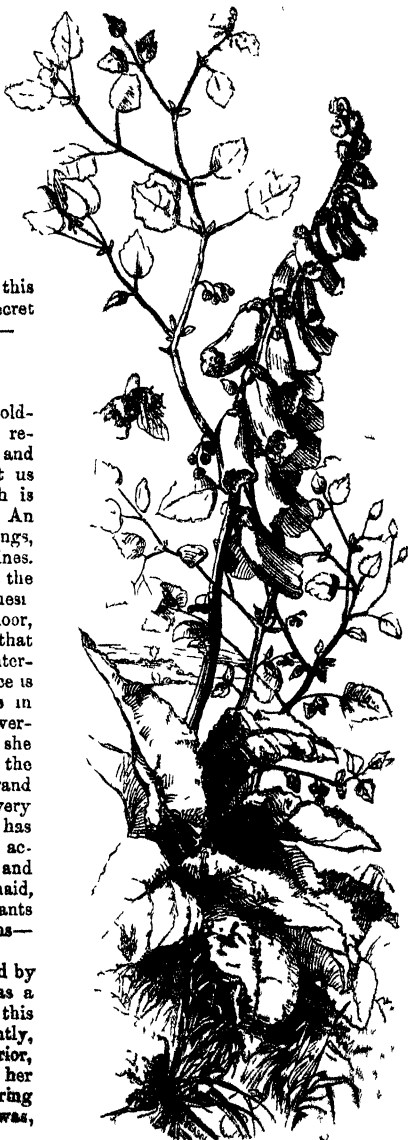
If they could but see this noble
 figure, hear these peaceful words, and
 know the charitable and loving ac-
 tions, they might, perhaps, pardon this
 devotion; they would understand the secret
 of a life, which is told in two words—

She has suffered, and she has loved.

ENTER—THE STEP-MOTHER.

Whilst these daughters of God are hold-
 ing their maternal assembly, gently re-
 moving the bad, looking for the good, and
 overcoming everything by love, let us
 listen to an unaccustomed sound which is
 suddenly heard at the entrance-door. An
 elegant carriage, with armorial bearings,
 stops before the convent of the Augustines.
 Some one knocks, and knocks again at the
 door. The old portress, after slightly hesi-
 tating, decides on half-opening the door,
 and explains, in the best way she can, that
 the rules of the house forbid any one enter-
 ing at so late an hour. A sharp voice is
 now heard coming from the carriage in
 quick reply. The poor portress is power-
 less; her weak arm is pushed aside; she
 has scarcely time to ring the call-bell; the
 footmen force the entrance, and a grand
 lady in a sumptuous toilet, and very
 much heated at the resistance she has
 encountered, crosses the court-yard, ac-
 companied by a young girl, veiled and
 clad, and followed by a maid,
 y boxes; then follow two servants
 y servants, of large proportions—
 laden with trunks and parcels.

The parlour-door was noisily opened by
 one of the huge footmen, and it was a
 strange contrast to see the agitation of this
 group entering the pious asylum so violently,
 and the perfect calm of the lady superior,
 who prepared to receive and answer her
 rude visitors. It seemed like an expiring
 wave graving on the golden sand. It was,



indeed, the world roaring on the threshold of religion.

The lady was slightly intimidated and a little surprised by the calm and imposing aspect of this peaceful place, by the attitude and grave faces of those who surrounded her, and by the coldness of the astonished looks which were fixed upon her; however, she made a sign to her attendant to bring forward a chair, and, leaving the young girl and her servants at the other end of the parlour, she took her place without further ceremony, and, without making the slightest excuse, commenced speaking.

"You must admit, 'madame,' said she, casting a disdainful look on the modest furniture of the place, "that the people of your establishment are not too polite. I leave my house, hastily get into my carriage, almost kill my horses so that I may be able to see you this evening, for I am going to my country house to-morrow, and your portress almost denies me entrance. If it is by your order, it certainly is not the way to increase your connexion, madame; and when you have business depending on the public, it would be proper to study them a little more. I have only to say one or two more words, and I will not detain you any longer from your occupations.

"I stay at my country seat one part of the year, and before my departure I have to provide a place for this young girl here, whose step-mother I am. It does not suit me to leave her in a Parisian school, for I really don't know what to do with her in the holidays which come round so often. I am told that the rules of your house are severe, that the pupils never go out, and are almost cloistered. That is precisely the kind of thing I want, and for that reason I give you the preference.

"I intrust you with the care of this young person, only recommending you not to indulge her too much, for she is apt to impose on any one. You may be misled by her angelic look and sweet voice, but you will soon know what all that is worth; of course it is your calling, and you are paid to tame these rebellious natures. As for me, I shall not interfere any further; I have young children who need all my attention, and I do not wish to have such an example as she is, before their eyes. I am

a mother, and am. I don't know whether you can understand my feelings."

After this violent harangue, casting a look of pity on her step-daughter, she spread out the folds of her large dress, at the same time looking with satisfaction at herself. She was a tall woman, who had not lost all pretension to beauty, and who would not have been altogether devoid of style if a nose a little too bent, eyes too close together, a vulgare's expression, hair unevenly curled, and ringlets resembling horsehair, had not given to her face a hardness which well assorted with her manners, her voice, and her speech.

But, in spite of the amplitude of her rustling silk skirts, in spite of luxurious liveries, the sharp sound of this domineering voice, the look of assurance which is never lowered, is this a true lady? No, thank God! A woman of the world, of this true and good world, which still exists, who searches and knows herself, rarely says, *my carriage, my horses, my country house, and my servants*—a woman of the world, if she wishes to be worthy of this title, does not force open doors; she is unpretending and amiable to every one, and polite even to those beneath her—polite, indeed, especially to those beneath her. Thus may you recognise true politeness and true nobility.

It has been often and well said that the real aristocracy has nothing to conquer, nothing to fight against, and so it is calm. It has but to remain worthy of the high position which it gained at its birth, and was due to its merits and fortune, and every homage is paid to it. What is more insinuating and attractive than the benevolence of the upper classes? People may talk of conquered prejudices and the approach of equality; they may say that, in this iron age, gold is the ruling power—that over all, and above all, is gold—but you cannot destroy the magic spell which attaches itself to a great name when it is nobly upheld. In our days, the aristocracy of talent is placed on a par with that of birth; and it is but just. It is a long race of nobility just commencing. The high position of genius is impregnable and uncontested in our fivacious society. The pen, the sword, the fine arts, industry even, can win a seat of arms; and in the noblest and most fashionable quarters, a great poet takes

rank equal with a Montmorency. But what can be said of this false aristocracy of money—these merchants and rich speculators, who, not content with their possessions, wish to rise by their money to the higher world, and buy rank as they would bread and beer? It is like looking at actors who have scarcely had time to don the marquis's coat and put on the rouge—who have not learnt their part, and will never know it; and we, forsooth, must listen to their jargon in place of the poet's language. Oh! the improbabilities, false readings, and had entrances there be on this world's stage! With the money they have gained at the gambling-table or elsewhere, they buy houses, horses, friends; but they cannot purchase nobility of heart, if they possess it not themselves. Their sumptuous banquets, their magnificent assemblies, will draw around them the curious, attentive listeners, parasites, and talkers; but the spectators in the gallery will criticise with an imperceptible smile, of which they will too well understand the meaning. They know very well that their superiority of a day is met by this disdainful silence; and in trying to establish their position in the eyes of the crowd, they plunge into an excess of luxury which too often ends in ridicule and despair. Franklin, in his moral, and sometimes, a little too narrow-minded, philosophy, says, "It is difficult for an empty sack to stand upright." He might, perhaps, have added, It is difficult for a sack filled with gold to keep from rolling to the bottom of the abyss when placed on the sloping descent of pride.

She knew all that, did the experienced lady superior, for she lived on the confines of the world, even as the lighthouse is placed on stormy boundaries; she understood, at a glance, the value of this assurance; she guessed well whom she had to answer, and replied accordingly.

"Madame, I admit the superiority that your position and fortune give you over the poor, portress of a convent; but she did not her duty in refusing you admittance after seven o'clock, and you will, I am sure, excuse her. I ought equally to do my duty by refusing to listen to you now, and to beg of you to retire, for the rule of the house is absolute; but I should not wish, madame, unnecessarily to inconvenience

you. Will you beg your servants to retire, and only keep here your step-daughter, and then I shall have the honour of speaking to you about her?" And, with a look rather than a movement, she dismissed the servants and lady's maid.

When all the servants had gone, and there was no one left in the nun's presence but the haughty visitor and the timid step-daughter, who kept her veil down, the superior replied—

"Madame, you are mistaken in the meaning of the rules of our house, which is very excusable. The children here are treated with maternal care; they are rarely punished, and nothing could succeed better than that plan. I regret to hear you are seeking for severe treatment for mademoiselle; but you have been misdirected in coming here. It is not my place to persuade you that love and friendship do more towards leading to the good path than the severity of a house of correction. Perhaps it would be better to tell you plainly that we cannot accept the young person whom you have just introduced to us. I could also give you another reason: what you have given us to understand, madame, of the temper and previous conduct of this young person—I regret to say it before her—does not make us desirous of having her amongst the number who are confided to us. She is already tolerably tall. At her age habits are formed, obedience becomes difficult, and our children, as well as yours, madame, ought to have a good example before them. Pray excuse us, then, in not being able to bear the responsibility."

The young girl lifted her hand to her eyes as the lady, angrily rising, replied, with great irritation—

"Well, this is surprising; I will own I did not expect to find such decision under a nun's veil. But, madame, perhaps it may be difficult for you to refuse this novice, who, under your direction, would do precisely as you wish, for here is a priest's letter, which will have more weight than my words. I did well in applying myself with it. I thought, besides, that your interest was a sufficient motive for you to decide; for, although you act for the glory of God, the price of your school is not very moderate, I am well informed."

"Madame, spare yourself the trouble,"

said the superior, pushing away the opened letter which was presented to her; "there are some things which it is impossible to answer; and as to this letter, after what I have just heard, I have no wish even to see it."

"I am sorry for you," said the lady, paling with rage; "you will regret this. People shall soon know how you treat your bidders." And, taking her step-daughter by the arm, she turned towards the door, casting a disdainful look on the nuns.

The young girl gently disengaged herself from her grasp, and, turning towards the superior, she raised her veil, and kneeling before her, said—

"Oh, madame, have pity on me!"

Her weary figure seemed to bend with a natural grace, like the reed under a gust of wind. The soft light of the setting sun, softened by the foliage of the trees, shone on her young forehead, and a lambent glory played around her head. The superior was struck by such angelic beauty, such sweetness and submission, which seemed so sincere, and the tone of her pure and sympathetic voice. Are there not some countenances which appear to reflect the soul, and which seem, as it were, impossible they could deceive? Are there not some ideal and privileged natures which reveal themselves, all radiant through their light and transparent exterior?

The superior did not speak for some time, keeping a penetrating and profound look on the liquid eyes of the poor child, who appeared quite uneasy at this examination; then casting a glance on her companions, as if consulting them, she at last raised her eyes slowly to the haughty face of the lady.

"Oh, God!" said she, to herself, "is it Thy voice I hear? Art Thou warning me that, perhaps, there is a victim here whom Thou wilt intrust to my care? Direct me, Lord, to be able to assist an innocent creature!"

And she looked again at the kneeling and silent young girl, who, seeing her uncertainty, seemed to feel in her heart a faint hope, and taking the venerable hand of her with whom she was interceding, she bestowed on it a respectful kiss and a scalding tear.

"Have pity on me!" said she again, in a low voice.

At the touching sound of this stifled voice, at the contact of this supplicating little hand, the superior rose more troubled than she wished to appear.

"Madame," said she, raising the young girl, "we have given you to understand that we follow the rules which our responsibility imposes on us; threats cannot alter our resolutions; but we are always ready to be influenced by a face which appears sincere; the sorrow of a poor child is made to touch us and give us some hope. Pray forget, madame, what I may have said to you, and be assured we will take all possible care of your step-daughter. We will, at least, make the trial, and will hope that she will know how to respond to our affection by her good conduct."

"I knew very well that you would come to that," said the lady. "Not that I attribute the change quite to the fascination of this Agnes, but to the letter, which you will not look at. Is it not so? You must not be too scrupulous in matters of business with your competitors."

The superior restrained her indignation, and replied softly—

"You are mistaken, madame, in attributing to so low a motive the interest that we feel in this little one. We will give you a proof of your error in taking her for the first year without any payment for our care. You will only have to provide her linen and dress."

"Madame, I am not asking charity," replied the lady, depositing a roll of gold on the table; "every one must live; here is sufficient for the first year, and here is my lawyer's address, with whom you must communicate for all additional expenses."

"In my desire to be of service to you, I have listened to bitter words," said the superior, "but you must excuse me, madame, not being able to remain with you any longer—other occupations need my attention. Here is the housekeeper, who will receive any necessary directions from you, and who will explain anything you may wish to know; and you, sister," said she to another nun, "take care of this child, and conduct her to her room when she has taken leave of madame." And she left the room bowing.

When the housekeeper had made the necessary memoranda, the young girl timidly put up her face to her step-mother's, but she only took the end of her finger.

"We must avoid these affecting scenes," said she with irony, keeping her at a distance.

She went away without saluting anybody, and, calling her servants, the carriage rolled off with a great noise, and soon a perfect calm succeeded this unusual tumult under the sacred roof of the Augustines.

(To be continued.)

THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN LONDON.

I.

DR. ELIZABETH BLACKWELL.

"They tell me thou'rt the favoured guest."

IN recalling the various events that have occurred in London during the past month, undoubtedly the most unique, and, whether they know it or not, the most important circumstance relating to womenfolk, has been the re-appearance of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell in her native country, and the three lectures delivered by her in the Marylebone Institute, before an audience, on the last day, of at least three hundred women, all more or less connected with the press or the charitable and philanthropic institutions of the metropolis. In short, a most respectable and discriminating audience was gathered within the walls of the Institute on those three memorable days; dissenting, it is true, very many of them, we are bound to confess, from the propositions of Dr. Blackwell, but thinking women, and working women, each and all willing to listen, to learn, to examine, and to weigh, the statements and experiences of so novel an instructor. That some, probably many, of the non-contents were won by the clear and forcible statements of the lecturer, and returned somewhat softened, if not convinced, by the facts and arguments to which they had been listening, is more than probable; and, no doubt, what fell from the Doctor's lips strengthened their convictions of the deep and increasing necessity of opening fresh avenues for female employment. That it was possible to collect such an audience to listen to three such lectures—lectures which appealed solely to judgment and reason—is in itself a very noticeable fact, and shows how deep is the interest felt in the question of female labour. In fact, whether society knows it or not, the rotten foundation upon which it has rocked for the last fifty years is rapidly

crumbling away; and it *must*, whether we like it or not, stand upon another footing, and a sounder basis.

The ideal of the poet and the maxims of our grandmothers—both well enough, and useful, too, in their several ways—are not suited to the conditions of modern society, where nearly one-half the women are obliged to work for bread, position, and even life. That the medical profession will ultimately be open in England to women, as already it is in America, there can be not the very slightest doubt, although the wisdom arising from such a course, the good that will spring from such a fountain, is very problematical to our mind. But it will come, and come soon, too, or we are greatly mistaken.

The troubler of these waters—healing waters, they are called by many—is the daughter of a Bristol merchant, Mr. Samuel Blackwell, who for twenty years was engaged as a sugar refiner in that city. In 1832 this gentleman was so heavy a loser by the failure of several commercial houses with which he was connected, that he determined to wind-up his affairs in Bristol, and remove with his family to the United States. So greatly was he esteemed in Bristol, that the merchants met on the Exchange, and begged him to reconsider his decision, and offered to place at his disposal, for any number of years, any amount of capital he might require for the carrying on his establishment, at a merely nominal interest. This offer, honourable alike to those from whom it emanated and to him to whom it was addressed, though fully appreciated by the latter, was declined, and in the August of the same year Mr. Blackwell and family sailed for New York, where he established a sugar refinery, and was for some years exceedingly successful. This prosperity was interrupted by the commercial crisis of 1837-8, when he was able to avoid bankruptcy in his own person, but found himself once more, by the failure of nearly every house with which he was connected, deprived of almost all that he possessed.

Mr. Blackwell, after this, determined to settle at Cincinnati, where no sugar refinery was in existence, but the summer of 1838 was unusually hot, and the change from the bracing air of the coast to the stifling inland atmosphere of Ohio was too

great, after the anxiety of a second overthrow of his affairs, and, being attacked by fever, he died after an illness of a few days, in the forty-sixth year of his age, and within six years of leaving England.

The family, thus plunged in the deepest affliction, in a foreign country, and in a city where they had just arrived as strangers, were now utterly penniless. Rent was due for the dwelling-house occupied by the family, protested notes were to be made good, doctors' and undertakers' bills were to be paid (the aunts having died within a few weeks of the father's decease), and the daily expenses of the household were to be provided for.

It was a group of nine children with their mother who were thus left and thrown on their own exertions. The sons were of course obliged to leave their studies and begin the world as mercantile clerks—the three elder sisters compelled to open a boarding-school for young ladies as the only means of keeping the family circle unbroken while completing the education of its younger members; but the excessive fatigue and the smallness of the remuneration which the teacher receives, led them to frequent speculation as to the possibility of widening the scope of women's employment by admission into the careers hitherto open only to men—an idea which took abiding possession of Elizabeth Blackwell's mind, and she assumed the charge of a large boarding-school in Kentucky at a handsome salary, which she carefully hoarded, with a view to the carrying out of the project that was gradually shaping itself in her mind, employing every leisure moment in the study of all the medical and anatomical books within reach. Endowed by nature with unusual energy and concentration of purpose, perfectly unselfish, and with a great amount of practical sagacity and latent enthusiasm, combined with remarkable self-command and the utmost quietness of manner, she was peculiarly fitted to be the pioneer in the difficult enterprise she had determined to undertake. The French and German languages she had already acquired; she now commenced the study of Latin and a course of medical reading under Dr. Dickson, afterwards Professor of Medicine in the University of New York. In May, 1847, after three years of incessant appli-

cation, during which the closest study had occupied every moment not engaged in teaching, she went to Philadelphia, and endeavoured to obtain admittance into the medical schools, but without success; and finding it impossible to avail herself of the facilities provided for students of the other sex, she now entered upon a course of anatomical study and dissection with Professor Allen, and of midwifery with Dr. Warrington; but feeling that her admission to a regular medical college, and the acquisition of the medical diploma, as a sanction for her own course and a precedent for other women, were essential to the carrying out of her plans, she procured a list of all the medical colleges in the United States, and proceeded to address an application for admittance to each of them in succession. This application, though accompanied by her certificate of having gone through the requisite preparatory study under Dr. Dickson, was refused by twelve medical colleges. At last, the College of the University of Geneva, in the State of New York, intimated that they saw no reason why a woman, possessed of the requisite preparatory requirements, should not be admitted; and the students, having pledged themselves, both individually and collectively, that no word or act of theirs should ever cause her to regret the step, she went to Geneva in the November of that year, and was entered on the books as No. 417, when she threw herself into the study of the various branches of medical learning thus opened to her with an ardour proportioned to the difficulties she had had to overcome in gaining access to them. The suffering she endured on her entrance into the college, caused by the peculiarity of her position, then suggested to her the desirability of providing a first-rate medical school for the reception of female students only. In the summer vacation of 1848 she succeeded in gaining permission to reside as house student in the Blockley Hospital, where she was engaged in active medical practice among the patients of the female wards. In the autumn she returned to Geneva, where she completed her collegiate course during the following winter, and in January, 1849, the first medical diploma ever presented to a woman was granted to her. It was received from Dr. Lee, the venerable President of the Uni-

versity; and the much-desired diploma, with its seal and blue ribbon, and the word *Domina* changed to *Domina*, admitted her into the ranks of the medical fraternity hitherto closed against her sex.

Soon after her graduation, Dr. Elizabeth came to Europe with a view to the further prosecution of her medical studies. After many failures, she succeeded in gaining admittance, as a resident pupil, to the great Lying-in Hospital of the Maternité, Paris, visiting some of the other hospitals. On leaving this she visited Graefenberg, and then returned to London, where she studied medicine at St. Bartholomew's and the Women's Hospital in Red Lion-square. Her example having led many of her own sex in America to enter upon the study of medicine, she determined to return to New York, and establish herself in that city as a physician for women and children, to which classes of patients her practice has always been exclusively confined. In 1852 she delivered a series of lectures to ladies on subjects connected with health and physical development; and in 1853 published her excellent little work, entitled "The Laws of Life Considered with Reference to the Physical Education of Girls," and in the same year established a dispensary for women and children. The steady success of this dispensary was such, that Dr. Elizabeth was enabled, in May, 1857, to open, on a small scale, a hospital for women, which already contains fourteen beds, and is now in successful operation.

1853 still found Dr. Elizabeth lecturing, in the evenings, after her hard day's work, to amass funds for the support of this hospital, sufficient, however, being secured by 1857 to open a house and admit four students; and so rapidly has the movement grown in America, that, so far from there being any trouble now required for admission into the colleges, five have thrown open their doors to women students, while two distinct societies have sprang to life, one for the medical education of female missionaries, the other to afford assistance to such poor young women as are desirous of studying medicine. During the last nine years no less than 206 women have obtained the regular medical diploma; most of these are practising now, some in partnership with their husbands or brothers, all supporting themselves, and not a few

the maintainers of mothers and orphan brothers and sisters.

Dr. Elizabeth would divide her students into three distinct classes, viz., nurses, midwives, and physicians; the latter only to pass through the same course of study as the regularly qualified practitioner. That a better training, and even examination of the capabilities of both the former classes, would be highly desirable, there cannot be the slightest doubt, for lives, none the less valuable because belonging to the poor, are too often endangered by their stupidity or neglect; but how distinct the office of the physician is from that of either nurse or midwife, will be seen when we remember that it is the office of the latter simply to assist nature, and carry into operation the dictates of the doctor, while the physician must judge, decide, and balance probabilities, experiences, and often even very doubtful and complicated signs. She must possess a thorough acquaintance with every organ of the human body, the relation they bear to each other, their appearance in disease, and the consequence of such disease upon other functions—a knowledge which can be attained in no other way than by a thorough acquaintance with anatomy, and that, not only in its healthy phases, but also in its diseased and more loathsome condition. Granted, that the mechanism of the human body is wonderful, and that, for the diffusion of hygienic knowledge among women, the study of physiology ought undoubtedly to be more general than it is; granted, that nothing is impure but that which our prurient imagination makes so; granted, that there are some (not many, as is falsely stated) diseases in women when it would be most desirable that an opportunity should be afforded that one of their own sex might be consulted with safety; granted, above all, that it is most desirable that a new profession should be opened for women; granted all this, and more than this, yet we still sicken at the idea of morbid anatomy. But if this movement succeeds, as, from the present animated state of society, we believe most assuredly it will, then let those who join the ranks well understand before they undertake operations that, however beautiful and pure they may find the work, it will not only be a difficult, but an important task.

to persuade the world that a woman, whose hands not unfrequently reek with gore, whose eyes are continually prying into the secrets of disease, who can dissect, *i.e.*, cut up, without scruple, the sucking child or the hoary-headed matron, can possibly, by any stretch of imagination or charity (though both qualities are remarkably elastic), be possessed of the same nature or feelings as the generality of women. Clever the female physician may, nay, must be; gentle and sympathetic she dare not be. Do you say this argument will apply equally to man? Nay, he is coarser, harder, firmer by nature. There is no self election in his case, the work is before him to be done; whether he wills it or not, he must do the work, or we all alike perish together. It is his duty to stand the brunt of any and every battle; if women dare such dangers, they must, when there, do as he does; but let them count the cost, expect to be considered Amazons, and neither sicken nor complain, if bespattered by both blood and brains, nor sorrow at heart if, on their return from victory, the soldiers are received as heroes and conquerors, while they themselves are regarded with more curiosity than gratitude.

However, be this as it may, it is proposed to build an hospital in London for the treatment of the special diseases of women, to be placed under the direction of competent women physicians in connexion with a board of consulting physicians and surgeons. One lady has already given £1,000 towards the hospital, and promised £5,000 more for the endowment of a sanitary professorship in connexion with it, provided a sufficient sum be raised to place the institution on a permanent basis. In order to secure the advantages of this offer, it is proposed to raise an additional sum of not less than £10,000; also to collect an annual subscription of not less than £500 to assist in defraying the current expenses of the hospital.*

In appearance, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell is more womanly than we expected. Her hair is fair, her eyes blue (with a slight cast in one), her manners firm and decided, and her age, we believe, is forty. No question can be raised about her abilities, her

nerve, or her success in practice. We doubt whether many medical men possess so strong or clear a mind; but if Dr. Elizabeth is to be taken as a fair type of feminine abilities, the writer of this article lives in the midst of gross darkness, for, with all respect to the ladies, we really think her the exception to a very general rule. M. S. R.

AQUA-TOFANA!

THE bells at the quaint old church at Islington—then a lovely suburban village—rang out a merry peal, as a wedding party was assembled at the gates—the ceremony being just over, and the bridegroom and the bride being about to take their departure in order to spend the honeymoon. The bridegroom, richly and gallantly dighted, was a very handsome-looking foreigner of thirty-four or thirty-six years of age—tall, elegantly formed, with *suave* manners, and a certain lofty, though quiet, bearing. The Count Carlo Milani—an Italian exile of high descent, and whom misfortune had rendered almost a sacred object in sympathetic eyes—was undoubtedly a man calculated to win a loving woman's heart, and in especial that of the youthful and beautiful creature who, with mingled pride and virgin modesty, leaned upon his arm on this auspicious day.

But he who looked for the first time with the eye of a physiognomist upon the countenance of the Italian, would look a second time, and longer, perhaps; his impressions would also change with that second look, for there was, as it were, an undercurrent in this man's lineaments, expressive of other sentiments and passions than those apparent at the outset.

A strange pallor shone through the olive hue of his skin, and the dark beard, though not black, with the peaked moustache and the long curling hair, enframed a face that gathered by degrees a most unpleasant expression. The eyes, dark and deep, whose usual light was cold and glittering, brooded with a sullen glow, and, on the whole, it was sinistral; sinistral to the close observer—to the careless gaze it was passable—it was handsome.

Adeline Lester, the young creature just made his wife, thought him adorable. She

* All communications to be addressed to Miss Blackwell, 21, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park.

was not twenty—girlish, fair, with golden curls, a rosy mouth and face, and happiness was dancing in her eyes.

She was now embracing her sister—her elder by four years—weeping happy tears upon the bosom that beat with a great,

tender pain—with a loving agony and anguish impossible to conceive; for Penelope Lester, with her calm, noble face, her sad, sorrowful eyes, her brown hair and her stately form—was not the woman to “wear her heart upon her sleeve;” she



IS THIS PRIAL YOUR ACCUSER?

disdained to show by her face of marble the torture which wrung her heart.

Some few others, male and female—among whom was the Lady Lester, mother of the two girls—a haughty, majestic-looking woman—also formed a portion of the group, and the leave-taking was

drawing to a close. The Count walked with an easy step and smile to the two sisters, who embraced apart, and said—

“Sweet Adeline, are you ready to depart? The conveyance waits.”

Looking up, she smiled through her tears; said “Good-bye;” and, taking her

mother's arm, walked slowly away. Count Carlo and Penelope were, therefore, for a moment alone.

"Do you forgive me?" he said, with an inexplicable look.

"I—forgive—you. As you deal with her—so do I—from my soul—forgive you," was the answer.

"How beautiful you are, Penelope," rejoined the Count.

"Do you torture me? Are you mad? Do you tell me so now?" she said, with a flash illumining her clear grey eyes.

He looked rebuked, or strove to look so. He gave a sigh, and, casting a glance after his young bride, said—

"She is the enchantress, you know, Penelope. We cannot control fate."

"Be it so," was her answer; "only I cannot forget, though none else knew it, that you once said you loved me! It was not difficult to transfer the one, and to transpose the other."

"Do you think it cost me nothing?" he began in a tone of exclamation.

"I know what it has cost me," answered Penelope gravely. "If I did not know how thoughtfully you have become wrapped in her hamlet heart—if I did not believe that love with that poor child is life—if I did not see that she adored you—and I have still some terrible misgiving—Heaven reward you as you shall deal with her—if I did not love her better, far better than my ambitious and worldly mother (that I should say so!)—if it were not for her, solely and wholly—this marriage had never occurred this day!"

"You do not forgive me yet?" said Carlo, in a soothing and sorrowful voice. "Could I command my instincts, resist her loveliness, and—" He hesitated, for the glance of her eye was greater than his assurance.

"Do not blame me, dear Penelope," he said, winningly. "You will be doubly dear to me as a sister, to whom I shall owe a debt of gratitude."

"With the casuistry of your reasoning I have nothing to do," returned Penelope. "I will, perhaps, believe what you say; and, since it is I, alone who suffer—"

"Do you think, then, that I feel nothing?" began the Count, who assumed a look of injured self-love—of being under-estimated and unappreciated.

"You ought not," she quickly said; "and, if you would have me believe so, I shall doubt you the more. Remember this, however, that to compensate for my suffering and my sacrifice, I shall watch over her."

He smiled. A cold, icy gleam crossed his face. She beheld it and shuddered; she knew not why.

"I shall watch over her," she repeated more firmly. "If I have read you wrongly, Count Carlo Milan, you will make of one who loved you once an enemy—of one who will be your constant friend, and pray for your happiness—a foe who will peril and pledge more for her recovery than you may be likely to believe."

"Do you menace me, then, in addition to reproaching me?" he asked, with his cold smile; "and that, too, when my excuse is yonder—and one so irresistible?" and he pointed to the young girl in her white burial dress, who was now taking a last fond leave of her mother.

"I say so now, now—only I forgive you. I give you my hand in amity, and God so deal with you as you deal with her, weak and trusting, fond and hopeful—a very child, to cherish and protect. And now, farewell. You take my last wishes with you."

"Gone, gone, just, noble to the last," he said, as he bent his fine head over her hand and lifted it to his lips. A trembling ran through all her frame at the contact; because, perhaps, at the moment, the whole story of the treachery with which she had been treated rose before her. Disdaining the sentiment, however natural, that for the moment assailed her, she smiled, and again said, "Farewell!"

A huge, lumbering coach of the period, drawn by a pair of huge Flanders horses—the one heavily carved, the others quaintly caparisoned—received the couple. Four armed retainers on horseback followed, while a fifth rode on before to prepare their lodgments during those intervals in which they rested in the course of their journey.

They were going to pass the honeymoon, and to dwell, for a limited period, in a fine old mansion lying deep among the rural solitudes of Norfolk. The place, for three seasons of the year, was an *admirable*

only; that the blossoming spring gave place to the gorgeous summer, and that again merged into the ripe, golden autumn. In the winter, all without was dreary, desolate, and low, but here the sweet nature and domesticities of the young wife shone out brightest, and the winter passed away.

It passed away, nevertheless, heavily, wearily, drearily, for the gay Count. He cursed the fog and the cold. He missed his pleasures, his gay associates, his town life, his old dissipations. A second year was not likely to pass over like the first. But, in revenge, he determined to pass this in the delirious gaieties of town life. The Court of the Second Charles was among the gayest in the world. Saturnine as Count Carlo seemed, he panted for these enjoyments with all the ardour of an Epicurean.

We must, for a short period, retrace our steps in this story.

In a vast, rambling old manor-house, which formed, at that period, the chief dwelling in Canonbury, dwelt the Lady Lester and her family—relict of Sir Rowland Lester, a city merchant, who had amassed a considerable fortune, which he had bequeathed in a somewhat irregular manner.

First, a handsome jointure to his widow, a noble marriage portion for his elder daughter Penelope, while for Adeline, his pet and darling—so young a "birdie" that it never struck him she might leave the home-nest first—her portion was so inconsiderable that, on this particular score, at least, she was not likely to attract suitors. Her beauty, it is true, might win admirers—but Penelope's was of a higher order of beauty—and thus Adeline's riches were not such as were likely to awaken the cupidity of any fortune-hunter.

On the other hand, there was a paternal grandmother, Lady Holmsford, somewhat aged and very wealthy—her beauty having won her riches and a title—living in remote seclusion in a southern part of England. Adeline was the old lady's pet; and old Sir Rowland had no doubt that Adeline would finally be her heiress. So that, when dying, if he left her but little himself, her "expectations" might be counted upon as something enormous.

But Adeline knew nothing of this; her

mother did not; Penelope did not. Living in this state of happy ignorance, they formed no plans for the future based upon the illusory temptation of wealth in prospect, and therefore the home of the Lesters was one of happiness and comfort.

Nevertheless Lady Lester had formed ambitious designs on behalf of her daughters. She had become a "Lady" late in life. She had not moved in society much beyond that of the city dames; but when her husband was knighted they visited and received visitors of a higher grade. She was bent, therefore, on her daughters marrying a title. Penelope, both rich and beautiful, could surely command one. Adeline's almost childish loveliness would surely attract some gallant, some disinterested man to propose for her hand. And in this faith the lady did not fail to toil and scheme, pretty much after the fashion of many worldly mothers; but she at least did not intend to bargain her daughters away, and this was so much in her favour.

In the train of Charles, at the Restoration, came many an adventurer whom the fame of the riches and properties disposable at the caprice of the unprincipled monarch had attracted. Among them, with his dangerous address, his fascinating manners, his misfortunes—their story may be true or false, it matters not much here—with his insinuating tongue, his settled purpose to make a match which should retrieve his broken fortunes, and fill with crowns his empty pockets, was the Italian Count Carlo Milani. It happened that a foreign correspondent of the old knight gave him an introductory letter.

Sir Roland Lester was dead, but the man found welcome at the old manor-house, made himself at home there, established himself in the graces of the family, mastered their whole history, won the love of the large-hearted Penelope, declared himself her lover, proposed even, and was accepted by her; and then—

And then there came home from her grandmother's house the pet, the flower, the spoilt one of the family—Adeline Lester. And then Count Carlo changed his tactics.

He knew well enough that the beauty of Adeline was not comparable to that of Penelope; that the one was an heiress and the other not. Nevertheless, he also

learn something more, and this decided him on his course.

The curiosity of an Italian nature, nurtured in a school of intrigue, acting upon certain impulses which were ever impelling him, made him resolve to master another secret, which he felt assured belonged to this family, and that the more so because, in their own ingenuousness, they did not seem to be aware that any such could exist.

Thus he deduced a fact by the following process. The grandmother, Lady Holmford, was wealthy. She had no nearer relatives than the Lesters, consequently they were, in all probability, destined to be the recipients of her large fortune. But Lady Lester was independent; Penelope was so also. Adeline was the only one on whom the curse of comparative poverty was likely to fall. But again she was the grandmother's favourite child, and had been mostly brought up with her. What was more likely, therefore, than that Adeline should be her intended heiress?

By this train of thought he arrived at what was almost a certainty. It was not difficult to make that "assurance doubly sure." He made a journey, on some plea or other, to that part of the country where Lady Holmford dwelt. Letters and an introduction were given him. He was hospitably received. He mastered the old lady's secret, and found out her intention, which was as he thought. Returning to London, he found that her will had been clearly and legally drawn up, and in favour of the pretty Adeline, for a fortune the amount of which took away his breath.

He was quickly decided himself, but it was necessary to act warily, to give to his transferred passion the show of being something irresistible, disinterested; for Penelope's straightforward nature was not to be tampered with. It must seem as though he was so struck by the sweet and beautiful character of the young girl—that he was so irrecoverably won by her—as to leave him no other course than to deal frankly with Penelope, and put the case to her own strong sense of generosity, rectitude, and affection for her sister.

It matters not to enter into the details of the method and the means he took. Let it suffice that he was perfectly successful. It so far counted as a merit in Pen-

elope's eyes on his behalf—that he loved Adeline for her own sake—the utter ignorance existing on the subject of Lady Holmford's will being in every way favourable to him.

We have seen the result, and now must return to the sequel, which was rapidly approaching.

Lady Holmford was dead. To the astonishment of all, the vast wealth Adeline (Countess of Milani) was to inherit was now made known. Congratulations at first came to the youthful pair by messengers and letters, and no shadow of mistrust remained on Penelope's mind, who, hearing that Adeline was happy and her husband attentive to her, could not for an instant conceive that there was any association between the legacy and the wedding which had rendered her own life so leafless and barren.

The spring came. The Count often journeyed to and from town, and occasionally made several days' stay in the metropolis, having taken magnificent lodgings, and set up a splendid equipage and a household at the Court end of the town. Adeline was now in a way to become a mother, and this was the reason that she did not accompany her husband. It was not unnatural, on the other hand, that he should be preparing a splendid establishment, wherein worthily to instal his wife when the auspicious event should be over.

Penelope and her sister often corresponded. Occasionally the former visited the latter, and remained, at times, days with her. She was by no means satisfied with her sister's appearance; she could not reconcile the assumed cheerfulness—the expressions of her happiness and content, forced and exaggerated as they seemed to her, with her mournful aspect, her wan looks, her brooding absence. She began to doubt—to fear.

Besides, on one or two recent occasions of her visits, when she had remained a period with Adeline, during which Count Carlo was absent pursuing his pleasures, he seemed disturbed at meeting with her—irritated, unnecessarily so, that Adeline turned pale in his presence—even trembled at his smooth, affectionately hollow words. She began to doubt—to suspect; but she saw the necessity of precaution, for if all was as she imagined, the Count must not

be led to suppose himself suspected too quickly. His intelligence, so close and secret, was not one to be taken in a moment by surprise.

Things went on thus for some months. Penelope, sheltering some vague and dread secret in her heart, grew grave and the more thoughtful. On any occasion of the Count's visit to town, when he called at Canonbury, in reply he would say—

"Poor child! I hardly know what ails her. She droops; the air is not healthy; but she cannot, in her condition, be removed. She is attended by the ablest physician in the town, and I myself, who have studied medicine, apply myself to her case, which is inexplicable. However, we shall soon see her herself again, I doubt not. I take your loves to her. I will say from you, fair mother, how you desire to see her well; from you, Penelope—ah! I well know what to say. Addio!"

And so saying, he would mount into his gaudy equipage, with its outriders and flambeaux, if it were night; attended by running footmen, if it were day; and so depart.

The fierce clatter of all this display, while it proved nothing on behalf of the poor pining Adeline, grated like a shock upon Penelope's heart. She felt herself, against her will, hardening against this gay and elegant Count, while anguish, pain of heart, and the terrors of death, might be surrounding her sister.

The evil news came but too soon. One day a hasty messenger arrived with tidings that Adeline was dead! She had died in the night, and the new-born child lay dead by her side. One more blossom for the garden of Paradise, besides the flower that had been so sweetly, so exquisitely matured. Mother and babe both dead, and safe and sheltered from the storms of the world for ever. Amen!

"Amen!" said Penelope to herself, as she read the hasty scrawl with a black brow, scintillating eyes, and compressed lips, "We shall nevertheless see;" and by midnight she had arrived at the sad, forlorn house, with its darkened windows, closed doors, mute servants, and the tall old trees making a sad moan for the pretty bird they had so gently nested—so largely and warmly embraced.

They were both—Count Carlo and Pene-

lope—seated in a private room, or study, belonging to the Italian in his horn country house. An hour before Penelope had sought him in this chamber, having just left that where the beautiful dead ones were peacefully nestling, the babe clasped, as it were, to the cold bosom of the mother, but Carlo was not there. On a table lay open a carved box, taken out of a magnificently carved cabinet. A paper of curious writing lay half unfolded beside it. And out of the box peeped the neck of a small, empty bottle. This bottle had on it a printed label, which the moment Penelope beheld, she drew back, white as a sheet, in terror and trembling, and had but just time to place the bottle in her bosom when the Count entered the room.

At that moment she was standing with a pensive, half-indifferent air before a bay window at the other end. A side-glance showed his agitation. He hurried to the table, thrust the paper into the box (evidently not missing the bottle), and the box into the cabinet, and then said—

"Pardon; had you ought to say to me, Penelope? I am so unstrung and unfitted, that I am capable of nothing."

"My poor friend," she said, with a strange smile, "how I pity you! You, who are so full of sympathy and feeling—what must you not suffer!"

"Is it not so?" he said, in turn. "Ah! it is you who still understand me best, Penelope—better, far better than they all did. It is you who know me, and that, if I do not weep and show my pain, it is because Nature has not made me a demonstrative creature."

"Aye, I know you," said Penelope to herself, as her quiet eyes kindled in their steady gaze upon him. "You were demonstrative enough when it suited you, for all that."

"You do not speak," he said, taking a chair beside her, while she at the instant rose. "You would say something—can you bring me any comfort?"

"Comfort already?" She pointed to the room above. "It is a little early for that, is it not?" asked Penelope.

He looked uneasy; he sighed; he wrung his hands, and made a gesture of desperation and of deep grief; he tried to sob.

"My day is darkened—my sun eclipsed, Penelope," he said.

"Yes, you must be very sad," responded Penelope so strangely.

"You feel—for me, do you not? My heart goes back to the past, Penelope, to our old days, when—ah me! how we reject, neglect, and forget the pearls that lie in our paths!" Beneath his words there lurked yet a deeper meaning.

"You do not recur to our old past, do you?" asked the lady.

"And why not, Penelope? Can the love of the living hurt the dead? I know not what I say, but there is a void here—here!" And he struck his hand upon his breast with a distracted gesture.

"A sepulchre—a tomb—a grave," muttered Penelope.

"I loved you ever," pursued the Count, more boldly.

"Hush!" And she shrank away in exceeding terror.

"Hush! Why?" demanded he, plucking up courage.

"She might hear," replied Penelope in a thrilling whisper.

He almost laughed. If he was superstitious, he did not, at all events, dread the haunting spirit of his dead wife.

"I loved you ever—I love you still!" continued the Italian.

"Would you renew the old broken vows—make the withered roses blow again—call back the vermeil to the blackened leaves? Would you have it that I should be to you the Penelope of old?" She paused.

"Aye, all—everything for you!" was the reply, delivered in his impassioned voice, and with that melody of tone which smote her like grief.

"Listen, Count Carlo Milani," she said with terrible coldness; "do you study toxicology?"

"Penelope!" And his eyes dilated wildly.

"Have you read the treatises of Exili?"

"Have you dabbled in the cursed mysteries of that incarnate fiend, the woman Spara, who, in Palermo, was the pupil of Totiana, and who, in Rome, was at the head of a society of poisoners? Have you been giving to my sister the '*memoria of St. Nicolas of Bari*,' which, in other words, means *equa-tyfema*? Answer! Is this pail your accuser?" She held the little bottle before his starting eyeballs. "Answer! are you not an assassin, a thief, and a poisoner?"

Are you not the murderer of my sister and of her babe, villain? Tremble, villain that you are!"

Black as thunder, malignant as a baffled fiend's grow the man's face—hideous, diabolical, murderous. Stripped of the mask, he cast it aside completely.

"So—so, my fair mistress, you suspect—you spy—you read me, do you? Well, then, since this is the case, I must hold you in check, do you see? You grow dangerous."

"Stand back, incarnate baseness! Stand back, mongrel creature! O! do not menace me with your poignard. Listen—the wheel and the gallows, or a guilley—slave for life—one of these shall be your doom. Oh, you shall pay all, all this dreadful debt. Nay, I have taken every precaution, and lo! there stand before you the agents who minister to the unslumbering divinity of Justice. Seize him, and bear him away!"

And, foaming, cursing, howling with baffled rage, the poisoner was carried to his prison, to his judge, to his doom. Penelope richly avenged her sister's death—years passed, but she wore her old, warm, happy smile never again.

GREAT MEN

AND THEIR MOTHERS.

Children are what the mothers are.
No fondest father's tender care
Can fashion so the infant heart
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

"You are the only woman," said a foreigner one day to the wife of Leonidas "who can attain an ascendancy over men!" "Undoubtedly," was the ready reply, "for we are the only women who bring men into the world!"

O how wise were these Lacedæmonians! What a great nation was that of Sparta! No wonder her sons were brave and hardy, she knew and appreciated that most important truth, that the mothers of a strong race must be strong themselves. Hence arose that training which they underwent, hence their lofty character and the high position they so long retained.

If it be true, as true it most undoubtedly is, that physically weak and sickly mother

produce puny and delicate children, how much more must not this law hold good with regard to intellect? A grovelling-minded, sleepy-headed woman as certainly reproduces herself mentally as materially in her son; and when we make this assertion what are we doing but repeating Napoleon's famous answer, who, when asked what France most needed for her advancement, gave the laconic but significant reply of "Mothers!"

No wonder that such was his verdict; he had learned their value at the feet of Madame Letitia, and of her particularly, in after life, he declared that to the manner in which she had formed him at an early age he principally owed his subsequent elevation. "My opinion is," said this acute observer, "that the future good or bad conduct of a child entirely depends upon the mother."

Napoleon's mother was as eminent for her beauty as for her strength of mind; she accompanied her husband through all the toils and dangers of his mountain campaigns, for he had espoused the popular side in the contest between the Corsicans and the French. After the death of her husband, Madame Bonaparte, though only in her 35th year, guided her eight children, defending at one time the life of her youngest son, Lucien. We are told that one night she was aroused by the approach of her exasperated enemy (for it would seem that, though her husband was dead, she still sided with and aided his party), who was intent above all to seize her person as a hostage for the submission of her sons. Escorted by a village chieftain, she hastened from the city to seek refuge in the fastnesses of the hills and forests. Under the shade of darkness, amidst a small band of faithful followers, she marched with her young children, and before daylight reached a secluded spot on the sea shore, whence from an elevation she could see her house in flames. Undaunted by the sad spectacle, she exclaimed, "Never mind, we will build it up again much better. *Vive la France!*" What, indeed, might not be expected from the son of such a mother!

Of the 3,000 children trained to theft and wickedness in the streets of London, not two out of every hundred can speak well of their mothers. If women did but

understand how deep an impression, both for good and for evil, they make upon the hearts of their little children! How feelingly Charles Lamb, in one of his letters to Coleridge, alludes to this: he says, "Oh, my friend, I think sometimes, could I recall the days that are past, which among them should I choose? Not those merrier days, not the pleasant days of hope, not those wanderings with a fair-haired maid, which I have so often and so feelingly regretted, but the days, Coleridge, of a mother's fondness for her schoolboy. What would I give to call her back to earth for one day, on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper which from time to time have given her gentle spirit pain; and the day, my friend, I trust will come. There will be time enough for kind offices of love if Heaven's eternal year be ours. Hereafter her sneek spirit shall not reproach me. Oh, my friend, cultivate the filial feelings, and let no man think himself released from the kind charities of relationship; these shall give him peace at the last; these are the best foundation for every species of benevolence."

Disraeli, in his "Miscellanies of Literature," says—"Fathers, absorbed in their occupations, can but rarely attract their offspring. The first durable impressions of our moral existence come from the mother. The first prudential wisdom to which genius listens falls from her lips, and only her caresses can create moments of tenderness. The earliest discernment of a mother's love survives in the imagination of manhood."

Kant, the German metaphysician, was always fond of declaring that he owed to the ascendancy of his mother's character the severe inflexibility of his moral principles. Bishop Watson traced to the affectionate influence of his mother the religious feeling which he confesses he inherited from her. The mother of Edgeworth, confined through life to her apartment, was the only person who studied his constitutional volatility. When he hastened to her death-bed, the last imperfect accents of that beloved voice reminded him of the past, and he declared that voice had a happy influence on his habits—as happy, at least, as his volatile nature would allow.

But what can be said of the mother of the

Poet, peasant-born,
Who more of Fame's immortal dower
Unto his country brings
Than all her kings!

Only this, that he kindled his genius by reciting the old Scottish ballads, and lightened his weary labour and life by chaunting old songs, of which her retentive memory carried a great store. In appearance, we are told, she resembled her eldest son, her eyes being bright and intelligent. Her birth was humble, but in all other respects she was a remarkable woman. She was blessed with singular equanimity of temper, her religious feeling was deep and constant, her perception of character quick and keen. What a picture! Who would not have been proud to call such an one mother, even if we were a Robert Burns?

Sir George Beaumont, to whose exertions we chiefly owe the possession and formation of our National Gallery, was left, while yet a child, by the death of his father, to the care of his mother, a woman of taste and talent; whose powers of mind being such that she could direct, as well as appreciate, his studies, guided him in his pursuit of knowledge, and lived to see her son an acknowledged judge of the fine arts, and a skilful, if not first-rate, master of painting. It was at the instigation of Sir George Beaumont that Mr. Angerstein's collection of pictures was purchased by our Government, which, with his own fine gallery, formed the nucleus of our present exhibition.

Wordsworth, who was particularly fortunate in his feminine relations, seems to have considered the domestic hearth too sacred for defined portraiture, and has left us no picture of his father, and, except in the "Prelude," only a single one of his mother. It depicts her watching him with fluttering heart as he appeared before the vicar with his companions:—

How fluttered, then, thy anxious heart for me,
Beloved mother! Thou whose happy hand
Had bound the flowers I wore, with faithful tie!
Sweet flowers at whose inaudible command,
Her countenance, phantom-like, doth re-appear.
Oh, how too early, for the frequent tear,
And ill-regarded by this heart-felt sigh.

Harlow, the painter, of whom Sir Thos. Lawrence said (although there had been differences between them, which had ended in an open quarrel) that "he was the most promising of all our painters," owed all to his mother, who was left a widow five

months after the birth of her son; and who, although young, wealthy, and handsome, gave all her thoughts to her husband's memory and the education of her children, of whom five were girls; her only son, as might have been expected, obtaining the largest share of her solicitude. Harlow's first-exhibited production, to his credit be it said, was a drawing of that mother. She lived to see her son eminent, and died when he was twenty-two years old; but his biographer tells us that he ever loved her memory, and never mentioned her name without tenderness.

Margaret Campbell, the mother of the poet, was a woman of a very decided character, in person thin, with dark eyes and hair, comely, shrewd, of a friendly character among her neighbours, but at home and in her family a firm disciplinarian. She was an excellent domestic manager, and conducted herself with exemplary judgment and good conduct under a severe trial which occurred in the family two years before the poet's death.

Lorenzo de Medici was fortunate in his mother, Madonna Lucretia, a lady of considerable talents and accomplishments, a lover of learning and patroness of learned men; so also was Ariosto, who, from his twenty-fourth to his forty-fifth year, honourably nourished his mother, and assisted in training up his brothers and sisters. His allusion to her in his "Second Satire," though often quoted, cannot be quoted amiss here. Excusing himself by many reasons for not going abroad, and, having mentioned in the foregoing lines the dispersion of all the other members of the family from their home, except himself and her, he says—

Our mother's years with pity pierce my heart,
For, without infamy, she could not be
By all of us at once forsaken!

The mother of Machiavelli was distinguished for her cultivated understanding and talent for poetry. The mother of Goldoni, the Italian dramatist, devoted herself to his education, and when, at the age of eight, he produced his first comedy, his friends laughed and sneered, his mother cheered, kissed, and encouraged the boy. Goldoni the elder eventually left his family and settled at Rome with his son, so the mother and child were for a time separated, to the deep grief of the

former and with a visibly ill-effect upon the latter, for he fell into disgrace with his tutors, and it was not till the boy recalled the memory of his mother that he could collect his thoughts and conquer his difficulties. So strong was Goldoni's love for his mother, that he joined a party of actors, on hearing that they were bound for Chiozza, where she was then residing. The Signora, who bore her husband's absence very philosophically, but who grieved continually at the continued separation from her son, received him with gladness, and evinced no violent disapprobation of his truant disposition. It was his mother who discovered in after years, when he had commenced the study of medicine, his rooted aversion to the profession, and, extracting from him the cause of his dejection, sought to bring a remedy. It was she who persuaded her husband to release the captive, who carried him off to Venice, and introduced him to more congenial studies, and of whom he says, after long years of suffering and shame, "I was received as a fond mother receives a son after a long absence. I was delighted to see again a virtuous mother, who was tenderly attached to me. After having been deceived and betrayed, I needed the consolation of being loved. This, indeed, was another species of attachment; but, until I felt a virtuous and engrossing passion, my mother's love formed my greatest happiness."

Ugo Foscolo, although delighting to recur to the land of his birth, seldom mentioned his family, with the exception of his mother, to whom he was tenderly attached. It is a noticeable fact, too, in the history of the idolatrous Kings of Israel and Judah, and one that to our mind is very significant, that the sacred historian, after recounting the evil deeds of these evil men, invariably sums up the matter in some such words as these, "Rehoboam slept with his fathers, and his mother's name was Naamah, an Ammonitess," as much as to say, cease to wonder that the altars were built in the high places, and that images and groves were on every high hill, and under every green tree. The bad mother brought forth the bad son—the fountain head was corrupt—who can wonder that the waters were tainted and bitter? Depend upon it, like "a nail

in a sure place," so is the example of a mother. All history, all biography, all experience, confirm the truth of our assertion. Englishwomen, strive every nerve to have great and good sons; no music this side the gates of Paradise shall sound so sweetly in your ears as the testimony of your children, declaring, "We owe everything to our mothers!"

PRIZE QUOTATIONS.

GRIEF.

[WITH the exception of Love, there is, perhaps, no other passion so frequently mentioned by the poets as Grief. Their pages are full of it. Those of Shakespeare teem with striking descriptions of it; and although, in every case, it is not so forcibly depicted as in that of King Lear, whose tears "scald, like molten lead," yet do we see it exhibited in all its phases, from the "gentle sorrow" of King Richard II. up to that "poison of deep grief" which drives the "sweet Ophelia" distracted, and into a watery grave. "GRIEF," therefore, shall be our next subject; and although it is said that

Venus smiles not in the house of tears,

yet we promise our fair competitors that they will find, in a perusal of the poets, that there is frequently a close relationship between Love and Grief, and that, perhaps, more Grief has been caused by Love than by all the other passions put together. This may seem very like a paradox, but it is, nevertheless, a proposition that will bear examination.

We have, before, made one or two brief suggestions to our competitors in reference to their quotations, and we will now make one or two more, to show how they would be greatly sharpening their own critical acumen, whilst they would certainly be improving the columns which we devote to the "Poetry of the Passions." It must have been observed that many of the quotations have been made merely because the word which expresses the passion is therein mentioned, without either the effects, or even the indications of the passion itself, being, in the least, represented. This is not as it should be. Each quotation should always describe or indicate some *feature* of the passion, whether strong or weak. To make our meaning perfectly clear, we will illustrate it by examples. In the soliloquy of Macbeth we have this passage—

Thou sure and firm-set earth, hear not my steps
Which way they walk, for fear thy very stones
Prate of my whereabouts.

Now it is evident that this quotation expresses nothing in reference to the passion of Fear. It certainly mentions the word fear, but nothing is expressed in regard to the passion itself. In fact, the expression for fear, in this passage, signifies nothing more than its case, and it should not, as a matter of course, be selected for a quotation to come under the heading of the "Poesy of the Passions." On the other hand we find Horatio, in the play of "Hamlet," thus describing the effect produced on the spectators by the appearance of the Ghost:—

Thrice he walked
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes
Within his truncheon's length, whilst they,
distill'd
Almost to jelly with the effect of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him.

This would be a proper quotation, because the passion is not only strongly indicated, but its effect described.]

POESY OF THE PASSIONS.

FEAR.

"*Courage sans peur.*"

"Fear is the passion of our nature which excites us to provide for our security on the approach of evil."—ROBERTS.

"Fear debilitates and lowers, but hope animates and revives."—COTTON'S *Lacors*.

As they thus in the wode stoden,
Y talking both in fere;
Adam herde talking of men,
And nigh him thought they were.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, born 1328, died 1400.—*The*
[*Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*, 1505.

Next him was feare, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby,
But fear'd each shadow moving to or froe;
And his own armes when glittering he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale, of new and winged beecies;
And evermore on danger fixt his eye,
Gainst whom he always bent a brazen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearfully did wield.

EDMUND SPENSER, born 1553, died 1598.—*Faery*
[*Queen. Book III., Canto 12, Verse 12.*

Then shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me;
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A yellow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears.
And though thou now dost say thou didst but jest
With my vex'd spirits, I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, born 1564, died 1616.—
[*King John. Act 3, Scene 1.*

The fear of God is freedom, joy, and peace,
And makes all ill that vex us here to cease.
Tho' the word some some men may ill endure,
'Tis such a fear as only makes secure.

EDMUND WALLER, born 1602, died 1687.—*Of the*
[*Fear of God. Canto 1.*

Where art thou, Adam, wroth with joy to meet -
My coming seen far off?

Whence Adam, faltering long, thus answer'd brief:
I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid myself. To whom
The gracious judge without revile replied,
My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
But still rejoic'd. How is it now become
So dreadful to thee?

JOHN MILTON, born 1608, died 1674.—*Paradise*
[*Lost. Book X.*

Who would believe what strange bugbears
Mankind creates itself of fears,
That spring, like fern, that insect weed,
Equivocally, without seed,
And have no possible foundation,
But merely in the imagination?

SAMUEL BUTLER, born 1612, died 1680.—*Hudibras*.
[*Part III., Canto 3.*

Weary'd, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
Courage he thence resumed, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.

SIR JOHN DENHAM, born 1615, died 1668.—*Cooper's*
[*Hill*

Man ought his future happiness to fear,
If he be always happy here.

ABRAHAM COWLEY, born 1618, died 1667.—*Ode*
upon His Majesty's Restoration and Return.
Verse 11.

I feel my sinews slacken'd with the fright,
And a cold sweat thrills down o'er all my limbs,
As if I were dissolving into water.

JOHN DRYDEN, born 1631, died 1701.—*Tempest*.

Virtue, dear friend! needs no defence;
The surest guard is innocence.
None knew, till guilt created fear,
What darts or poison'd arrows were.

WENTWORTH DILLON, EARL OF ROSCOMMON, born
1640, died 1684.—*The 22nd Ode of the 1st Book*
of Horace.

For hunger or for love, they bite or tear;
Whilst wretched man is still in arms for fear.
For fear he arms, and is of arms afraid;
From fear to fear successively betray'd;
Base fear the source whence his base passions
came,
His boasted honour and his dear-bought fame.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER, born 1647,
[died 1680.—*A Satire against Mankind*

Envy is mute—'tis treason to disclose
The bane of source of their eternal woes.
But Silvio's superior soul appears
Unshock'd, unmov'd by base, ignoble fears.

WILLIAM KING, born 1663, died 1712.—*Ridgus*
[*or the Favourite*

I tell thee life is but one common care,
And man was born to suffer and to fear.

MATTHEW PRIOR, born 1664, died 1721.—*Solomon*,
[*Book III*

Women, like cowards, tame to the severe,
Are only fierce when they discover fear.

GEORGE GRANVILLE, LORD LANSDOWN, born 1667
[died 1733.—*The Vision*

Our sons, who, in their tender years,
Were objects of our cares and of our fears,
Come trembling to our bed, and, kneeling, cry,
"Bless us, oh, father! now before you die—
"Bless us, and be you bless'd to all eternity."

JOHN POMFRET, born 1687, died 1763.—*A Prospect*
[*Of Death*.]

Now sadness o'er Achilles' face appears.
Priam he views, and for his father fears;
That and compassion melt him into tears.

WILLIAM CONGREVE, born 1671, died 1720.—*Psalm's Lamentation*.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord! art with me still.
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

ADDISON, born 1672, died 1719.—*The 23rd Psalm*
Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies
Who that worst fear, the fear of death, despise;
Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,
But rush undaunted on the pointed steel.

MONMOUTH ROWE, born 1673, died 1718.—*Lucan's*
[*Pharsalia, Book I*.]

O may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought,
Since the Great God can see and hear,
And write down ev'ry fault.

DR. WATTS, D.D., born 1674, died 1748.—*The All-*
[*seeing God*.]

O Lord! who rul'st the world, with mortal ear
I've heard thy judgments, and I shake for fear.

THOMAS PARRELL, D.D., born 1676, died 1718 —*Habakkuk*.
[*Habakkuk*.]

Aghast the heroes stood, dissolv'd in fear;
A form so heav'nly bright they could not bear.

SIR SAMUEL GARTH, born 1672, died 1719 —*The*
[*Dispensary. Canto 6*.]

Thus arm'd to rescue nature from disgrace,
Messengers! lay down your minstrels and grimace.
The bravest youths of Troy the combat fear'd
When old Etelus in the lists appear'd.

ELIJAH FENTON, born 1683, died 1730.—*Prologue*
[*to Southey's "Spartan Dame"*.]

Off in my father's house I've heard thee tell,
When sudden fears on Heaven's great Monarch fell,

Thy aid the rebel deities o'ercame,
And say'd the mighty Thunderer from shame.

THOMAS TICKELL, born 1684, died 1740.—*Trans-*
[*lation of the First Book of the Iliad*.]

Besumb'd with cold, but more with fear,
Strange phantoms to his mind appear.

The wolves around him howl for food,
The ravenous tigers hunt for blood,

And cannibals more fierce than they
(Monsters who make mankind their prey)

Eat and feast on human gore,

And, still insatiate, thirst for more.

Half dead at every noise he hears,

His fancy multiplies his fears.

What'er he heard or read of old,

What'er his name or Crusoe told,

Each fragile scene his eyes behold;

Things past (as present) fear applies,

Their pains he bears, their deaths he dies.

WILLIAM SOMMERHAUS, born 1683, died 1744.—*The Fortune Hunter*.

She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to mislead the bound,
And measures back her mazy round,
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.

JOHN GAY, born 1683, died 1732.—*The Hare and*
[*Many Friends*.]

Thus man beholds with weeping eyes
Himself half dead before he dies.
For this and for the grave I fear,
And pour the never-ceasing tear.
A dreadful prospect strikes my eye—
I soon must sicken, soon must die!

WILLIAM BROOME, LL.D., died 1745.—*Ode 56*.

Ye walls, that witness my repentant moan;
Ye echoes, that to midnight sorrows groan,
Do I, in wrath, to you of fate complain,
Or once betray fear's most inglorious pain?

RICHARD SAVAGE, born 1698, died 1743.—*The*
[*Wanderer. Canto 5*.]

Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.

JAMES THOMSON, born 1700, died 1748.

First fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords, bewilder'd, laid,
And back recoll'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

WILLIAM COLLINS, born 1720, died 1766 —*Ode 12*
[*The Passions*.]

Thro' the dim veil of evening's dusky shade,
Near some lone fane, or yews funeral green,
What dreary tortures his magic fear survey'd!
What shrouded spectres superstition's seen!

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, born 1714, died 1763.—*Elegy 4*.
[*Elegy 4*.]

Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtue, tyrant! shall avail
To save thy secret soul from mighty fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears.

THOMAS GRAY, born 1716, died 1771.—*The Bard*.

There Sparta's sons in mute attention hang,
While just Lycurgus pours the mild harangue.
There Xerxes' hosts, all pale with deadly fear
Shrink at her fatal hero's flashing spear.

THOMAS WARTON, born 1728, died 1745.—*Newmarket. A Satire*.

Fear not, my people, where no cause of fear
Can justify rise. Your king secures you here—
Your king, who scorns the haughty prelate's nod,
Nor deems the voice of priests the voice of God.

CHARLES CHURCHILL, born 1731, died 1764.—*Gotham. Book 3*.
[*Gotham. Book 3*.]

As on my neck th' afflicted maiden hung,
A thousand racking doubts her spirit wrung.
She wept the terrors of the fearful wave—
Too oft, alas! the wandering lover's grave.
With soft permission I dispell'd her fear,
And from her cheek beguill'd the falling tear.

WILLIAM FAULSTICH, born 1730, died 1790.—*The*
[*Shipwreck*.]

Ah! from your bosoms banish, if you can,
Those fatal guests, and first the demon fear
That trembles at impossible events—
Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,

And heaven's eternal battlements rush down.
Is there an evil worse than fear itself?
JOHN ARMSTRONG, born 1799, died 1799.—*Art of*
[*Preserving Health. Book 4.*

When, chill'd with fear, the trembling pilgrims
rove
Through pathless deserts and through tangled
groves,
Where mantling darkness spreads her dragon
wing,
And birds of death their fatal dirges sing;
While vapours pale a dreadful glimmering cast,
And thrilling horror howls in every blast.

SIR WILLIAM JONES, born 1746, died 1794.—
[*Solima, an Arabian Eclogue.*

But ah! those dreadful yells what soul can hear
Who owns a carcase, and not quake for fear?

WILLIAM COWPER, born 1731, died 1800.—*The*
[*Needless Alarm.*

The neighbouring rustics told that, in the night,
They heard such screams as froze them with
affright,

And many an infant at its mother's breast
Started, dismay'd, from its unthinking rest.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, born 1785, died 1806.—
[*Chifton Grove.*

And on my palm the silver piece she drew,
And trac'd the line of life with searching view.
How throb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes and
fears,

To learn the colour of my future years!

SAMUEL ROGERS, born 1762, died 1852.

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall,
Some saw a light not seen by all.
That dreadful voice was heard by some
Cry, with loud summons, "Gylbri, come!"
And on the spot where burst the brand,
Just where the page had flung him down,
Some saw an arm, and some a hand,
And some the waving of a gown.
The ghosts in silence prayed and shook,
And terror dimm'd each lofty look.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, born 1771, died 1832.—*Lay*
[*of the Last Minstrel. Canto 6.*

I myself, like a schoolboy, should tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head,
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear,
For the wind might awaken the dead.

ROBERT BOUTNEY, born 1774, died 1843.—*Poor*
[*Mary, the Maid of the Inn.*

"The well! My soul shakes off its load of care.
The only one obscure is terrible.
Imagination frames events unknown
In wild, fantastic shapes of hideous ruin;
And what is there created?

HANNAH MORE, born 1745, died 1833.—*Belshazzar.*
[*Page 2.*

A blessing on thy head, thou child of many hopes
and fears!
A rainbow welcome thine hath been, of mingled
smiles and tears.

FRANCIS HEMANS, born 1793, died 1835.—*Addressed*
[*to her Eldest Brother's New-born Baby.*

My fears are windows,
Through which all eyes seem gazing. Every face

Expresses some suspicion of my shame,
And in derision seems to smile at me.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, born 1807.—
[*The Spanish Student. Act 2, Scene 6.*

Oh, God of night, and storm, and power! oh, God
all praise above!

Hear me, great God of Majesty! hear me, great
God of Love!

I worship thee in solitude, I worship thee in fear;
But the sighings of a lonely heart thou wilt not
scorn to hear.

I listen to thy awful voice, I feel thy weight of
power,

I bend my soul beneath thy hand in this tre-
mendous hour.

EMMA TATRAM, born 1829, died 1855.—*From a*
[*Work entitled The Dream of Pythagoras, and*
other Poems.

But now set out: the noon is near,

And I must give away the bride.

She fears not, or, with thee beside,

And me behind her, will not fear.

ALFRED TENNYSON, Poet Laureate, born 1810.—
[*In Memoriam.*

THE FASHIONS

AND

PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

MAY, or the "Month of Mary," as it is denomi-
nated in France, comes in like the bride of the
year, crowned with sweet flowers and irradiated
with sunbeams far brighter than the gleamings
of the richest and rarest jewels. Nature puts on
a new dress, so teaching Fashion to follow her
bright example. And thus it is that the ladies,
whose presence gives all the charms of colour and
the graces of active life to every spot, either in
town or country, frequented by them, also appear
freshly apparelled to refresh the general harmony
of the great panorama of society.

This universal regeneration of the bright and
the beautiful leads us to the duty of renewing
our observations on the feminine costume, which
comes in its train as a natural accompaniment;
and therefore we will explain the dress which we
have selected for our illustration.

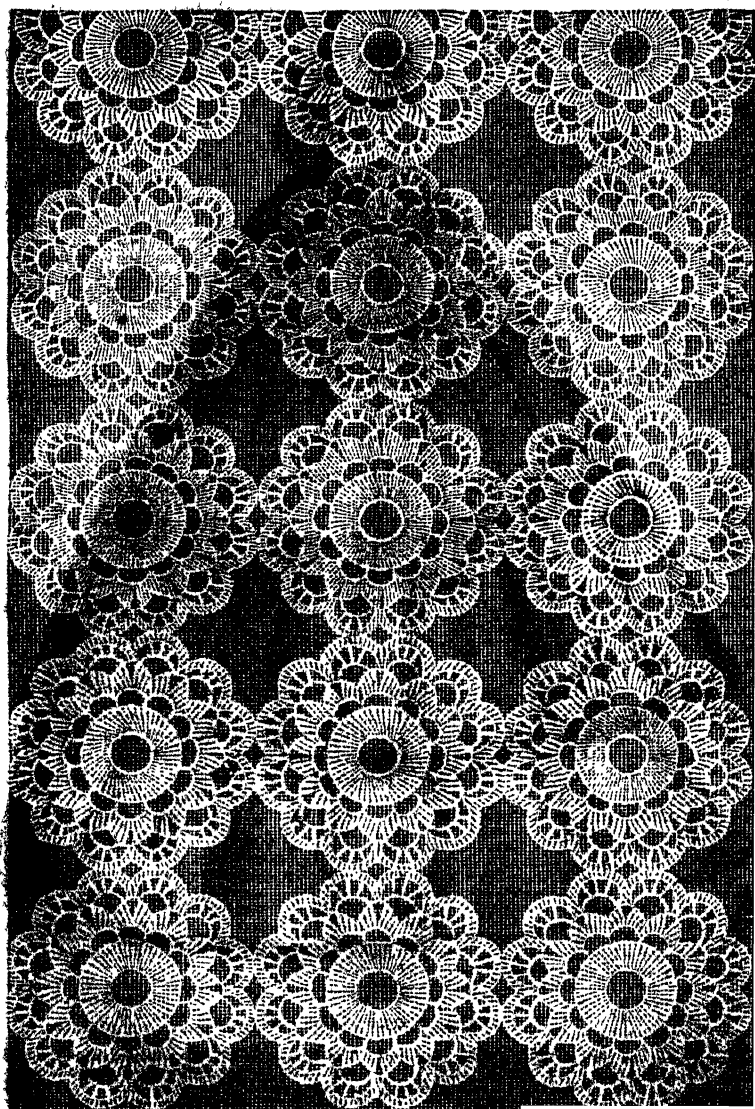
The Clothilde Mantle is as simple as it is elegant
in its style and arrangement. The material is
black silk, which in Paris is now taking the lead
as the material for the promenade mantle. Its
foundation is a small pelisse, as will be seen in
our engraving, which is rounded at the back and
pointed in the front. Into this is set the upper
fulness of the mantle, consisting of a deep flounce
or short skirt, the breadths being all the straight
way, and of the same length. A second deep
flounce follows exactly in the same way, more full
but not quite so deep. A *plissé à la vieille* is
carried round the pelérine, which in some cases
is crossed into diamonds by means of narrow
velvet. The lower flounce may either be set on
with a small heading or with the same *plissé à la*
vieille. The bottom of this flounce has a quilling
of ribbon, about an inch and a half wide, laid all
round in the inside, in which the one half projects
beyond the border edge and the other half re-
mains concealed, except in the movement when
accidentally display it; but it is not without its



THE CLOTHILDE MANTLE.

use, as it serves to give stability to the margin, which would else hang ungracefully. Arm-holes are let on each side of the front breadth, being finished with a row of the plaited ribbon.

The bonnet which accompanies the Clothilde Mantle is Parisian, and, without being elaborate, has some peculiarity of style which gives it a sort of distinction. It is made in sea-green. The



ANTIMACASSAR IN CROCHET.

crown is formed of a plait of its own silk, carried round and round exactly in the same manner as that in which the ladies formerly used to twist the knot of their hair; but the round is not large. Down the side of the front hangs a rather long spray of roses, commencing almost as high as the centre of the bonnet. The inner trimming consists of a cluster of small roses placed exactly in the centre, with a cap all round the face, but no bandeau. This sea-green is one of the most fashionable of the reigning colours. Among the Queen's bonnets for the season is one of this colour, having no other ornament than a white fall thrown over the bonnet, instead of trimming. Another of her Majesty's bonnets is of white silk, simply trimmed with a border and bands of celise velvet. Both these bonnets are in excellent taste, and yet exactly such as any lady may wear on almost every ordinary occasion.

In dresses, mohair and silk take the lead. The double skirt, with the upper one made rather long, still predominates. The last fashion in sleeves is the return to that which is tight from the shoulder to the wrist, having an epaulette at the top. We think that the taste for the wide hanging sleeve has been so well established that it will be some time before the tight one can be brought in to supersede it, and we cannot but hope that this will be the case, as we shall regret the loss of the delicate and ornamental drapery of the under sleeve. Many ladies are now having the bodies of their silk dresses made low, with a pelerine of the same material trimmed with a deep fringe, thus giving the appearance of a high body, and, being fastened down the front with buttons, it has all the style of a high dress. When the skirt is double and the upper one is left open up the front, the sleeves hanging, with a simple epaulette at the top, this dress assumes the style of the Casaque, which is now worn with a full skirt, and not as formerly, without any plaits or gathers round the waist, and is thus more flowing and more elegant, being also better suited for those ladies who have passed their girlhood. In the evening, the dress, worn without the silk pelerine, and with a *fichu*, becomes quite sufficiently well-fitted for every occasion, if we except the ball.

We will now say a few words respecting the most fashionable form of the *fichu*, which is to be worn with a silk dress of any colour. It is made in black net, round at the back, and crossing in the front, being covered all over with narrow velvet ribbon, which, crossing at regular distances, forms a diamond pattern, while black lace is carried round the lower edge. This *fichu* is extremely tasteful and becoming.

Our notice would not be complete were we not to mention crinolines; and perhaps it will please at least a portion of our readers to know that the use of the under skirt is somewhat abated in Paris, as well as among the aristocracy in this country. The wires are still worn in the bottom of the dress, but they only reach about a third of the length. In the upper portion of the skirt they are now worn at all.

In evening walking dresses, the llama shawl is much in vogue. The colours preferred are black, green, and purple, and worn with bands of black velvet. The shawl can be in

THE WORK-TABLE.

EDITED BY MADAMEMELLE BOUCHÉ.

ANTIMACASSAR IN CROCHET.

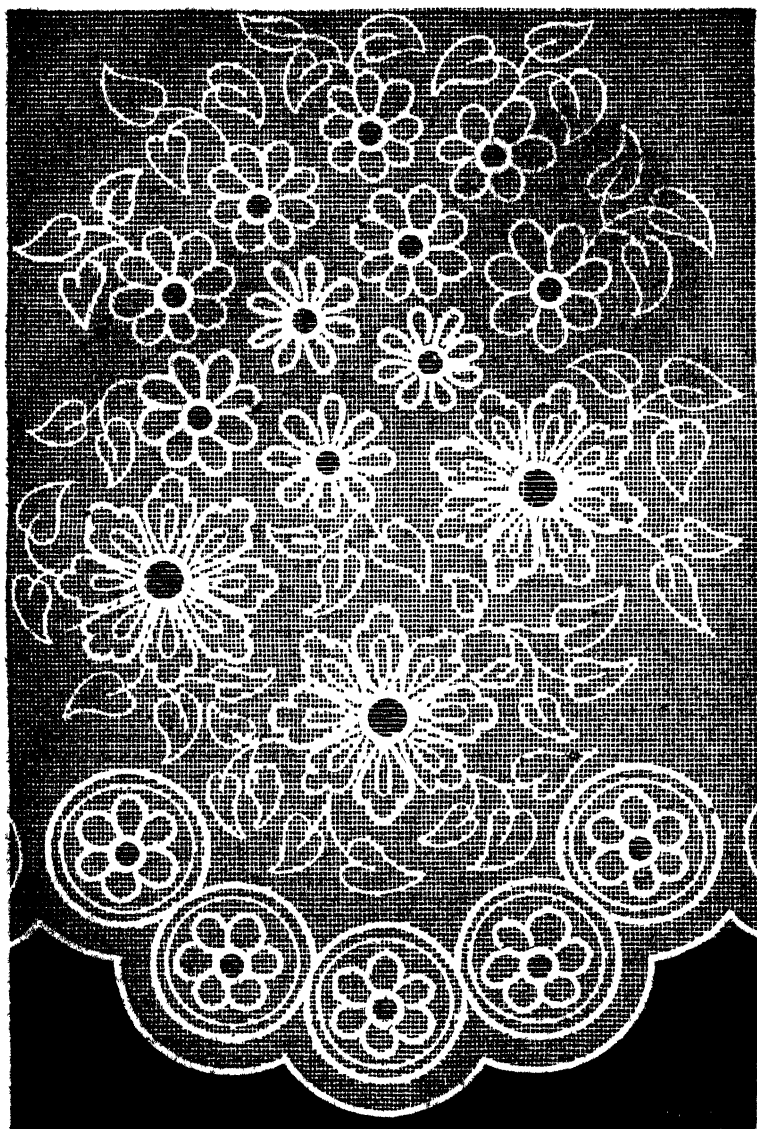
A CHEERFUL, healthy mind is one of the greatest blessings which can be bestowed upon us. The mind cannot be healthy if it is always seeking some external excitement. It is for this reason that we are such advocates for every sedentary and rational occupation, knowing that the mind must have objects of interest, and it is on this account that we uphold the resources of the work-table as being truly feminine, peace-inspiring, and elegant. Among our illustrations will be found a crochet pattern for an antimacassar, which is extremely pretty when completed. Being worked in separate places adds very much to the convenience, as the size never becomes an impediment to its progress.

In forming a star, commence by making a chain of eighteen loops; join it into a ring. Work it round with single crochet with about forty stitches; work all round forty-eight stitches in double crochet in each loop of the last row, making two loops in one in five or six places to give room for the additional size of the circle. This forms the solid centre. In this, work one long, three chain, one into every other stitch all round, work nine chain, loop in twelve times all round. In each of these twelve loops work four long, three chain, and four long. The next row is eleven chain looped in to the three chain of the last row all round the same. On these twelve loops work five chain, one long, three chain, one long, three chain, one long, five chain, loop into the same place as the last row; continue all round the same. The last row is single crochet all round to give the edge a substantial and firm appearance. When a sufficient number of stars are formed they are united together at two points of each, which will make them join at eight points, leaving four to be joined together by two crochet chains crossing each other. When the square is completed the outer edge is finished with a fringe tied in at intervals sufficiently near to give it a rich appearance. The best and proper sized cotton will be No. 12 of Messrs Walter Evans and Co.'s six-cord Boar's Head Crochet.

LACE FLOUNCE FOR MANTLE IN CHAIN STITCH.

THE season is fast approaching when the lightest materials for dress will be those which are the most agreeable. The clear muslin and lace mantles and scarfs will soon be in great request, and therefore we give a design for either of these articles, which will be found extremely ornamental and add considerably to their elegance without the disadvantage of requiring a great expenditure of labour. This pattern is designed expressly to suit the light style of black known as chain stitch, which, when done in either Brussels net or a fine clear muslin, is extremely suitable for the purposes of borders which require a great length of time in working. The proper cotton for this is No. 24, which forms a beautiful soft and elastic net, the curves of the design to be made in

THE WORK-TABLE.



LACE FLOUNCE FOR MANTLE IN CHAIN STITCH.



AUNT MARGARET AND I.

THE BISHOP'S VISIT.

IN TWO PARTS.

I.

"What can have become of them?" said Aunt Margaret for the forty-fifth time one morning, as she opened an already investigated drawer with a hopeless look. "Whatever did you do with them, ma'am?" said Hatty, raising a corner of the rug and peering under, as if anything more bulky than a slip of paper could possibly have been hidden there.

As Hatty had made the same response to the same observation every time my aunt had repeated it, Aunt Margaret grew a little irritated, and replied, "Surely, Hatty, if I could answer one question I could answer the other. If I knew what I had 'done' with them, I should have little difficulty in knowing where they are."

The occasion was, indeed, a little irritating. It was to be a grand day for D——. The Bishop of the Diocese was to pay a visit for the purpose of holding a confirmation, and he had accepted an invitation to partake of luncheon at the Rectory, and the best that the town could furnish had been procured, as in duty bound, for his

lordship's refectory; and his lordship had been graciously pleased to signify his intention of visiting in the afternoon the town-hall and the library; and in honour of this condescension, and of the occasion altogether, the townspeople had determined to make a holiday and put on their best attire, and decorate every place capable of being decorated with green boughs and wreaths, besides sending a respectable deputation of the more influential inhabitants to express the pleasure which all ranks felt in receiving his lordship in D——. Some of the more energetic of the youthful population had proposed fireworks; but it having been suggested that such a mode of rejoicing would be, at least, not ecclesiastical (an inveterate punster said it could scarcely be called strictly uncanonical), they were dispensed with, and the more peaceable demonstrations were to be accepted in lieu of the more imposing.

Now, Mrs. Shepherd, our good rector's wife, "on hospitable thoughts intent," and also perhaps a little vain of showing how well she could do the honours of the Rectory to a "right reverend father in God," had

made a point of inviting all the respectable residents of our little neighbourhood, female as well as male, to partake of the contents of her well-spread table on the auspicious morning. The rector himself at first, indeed, had not been able to "see the necessity," and had even offered an opinion that "good old Mrs. Hopkins," being stone deaf, would, therefore, not be much edified by the theological conversation to be expected; and that the four Miss Marshalls, being devoted to the military rather than the ecclesiastical interest, would be much better amused by their usual walk to the common, where the soldiers of our small garrison were duly and daily exercised in these accomplishments belonging to their profession—an arrangement which gave all the young ladies of the "martial" species not only an excuse for a walk at a period of the day when an excuse might otherwise have been difficult to find, but also an opportunity for accompanying or being accompanied by such of the officers as, not being on duty, strolled thither merely for the laudable purpose of "killing time." But the rector, like many other married men, lay and clerical, was over-ruled, and so the invitations were sent, and great was the flutter and commotion among the bidden. Many were the orders to our two dressmakers—we boasted of but two in D—, beside the little crooked girl who, not having regularly "served her time," was only looked upon as a "handy person," to be "got cheap" when female economists chose, or were able, to assist in preparing or superintending the preparation of their own wardrobes, and, therefore, preferred paying her a hardly-earned "four shillings a week and her board," to the more extravagant demands of the qualified *artistes*.

Many were the messages sent by the carrier to the county town—we are out of the line of a railway—for articles not to be procured nearer at hand; and many were the hours spent in altering, re-arranging, and otherwise furbishing up old finery by those who could not afford new. Now, it happened that, on a due inspection of "our things," Aunt Margaret and I discovered that nothing was actually wanted for our "respectable appearance"—respectability is a great thing in D—, carrying it over fashion, taste, and even elegance—except a pair of gloves. To be sure, Aunt Margaret

could have wished that her best "brown silk" was a little fresher, and I thought that even my "nicest" embroidered collar was scarcely nice enough, being, indeed, darned in one or two places, though that was not to be seen except on a minute inspection. However, Aunt Margaret decided that she could not afford a new gown, and really good embroidery was not to be procured even in the "county town," so we were fain to be satisfied. "But the gloves! My pale buff, first exhibited to admiring society on occasion of a wedding visit to Mrs. Carson (formerly the eldest Miss Marshall), and worn only once since, were quite presentable; but Aunt Margaret—no, Aunt Margaret did not possess a pair which could, by any force of imagination, be considered "respectable" enough in which to meet the assembled guests at the Rectory, on the occasion of the visit of the Lord Bishop of —."

Under these circumstances it had been found necessary to despatch an order, three days before, to the principal glover in the county town (Mrs. Close being, unaccountably, quite out of the size which would suit Miss Graham, and the articles, light lavender, six and a half, had been duly deposited with Hatty at our gate the evening before by the carrier; tried on, approved, and, as my aunt and I were ready to say at least, if not swear, placed in some safe receptacle, but where, we could not tell.

"I feel almost certain I took them upstairs with me last night," said Aunt Margaret.

"I'm morally convinced they were not in this room this morning, ma'am," said Hatty; though in defiance, if not disproof, both of her morality and her convictions, she continued to poke into and under the china ornaments, to shake the leaves of books, to displace work-boxes and tea-caddies, and look in all possible and impossible places.

"I am nearly sure you must have put them by somewhere here, aunt," said I. "You had nothing but your bedroom candle when you went up stairs."

"Now, Miss Ellen, ma'am, how could you be sure of that when mistress may have had them in her pocket?" replied Hatty.

As this argument was unanswerable,

and as, besides, such of my friends as presume to hint a fault are apt to say that I am just a little positive at times, I held my tongue, satisfied to lose the reputation of acuteness rather than incur blame for my obstinacy, and the search proceeded. Up stairs and down stairs; in drawer, and press, and box; beneath bedsteads and sofas; behind tables, and stands, and wardrobes, it was prosecuted, until, wearied and fretted, we were at length compelled to give over as the clock pronounced the quick flight of time, and the period of our starting for the Rectory was so near as to leave us little leisure to bestow on the necessary preparation. My aunt had given a hint, one hint, of staying at home; but there would not be time to send an apology to Mrs. Shepherd, and courtesy forbade her staying without; and, besides, she really had philosophy enough to prefer a pleasant visit in old gloves to keeping at home for want of new; so she—though rather reluctantly, it must be owned—said, “’Tis no use, Hatty, I must go without. We shall be too late if I lose more time.”

“Whatever has been done with them?” said the incorrigible Hatty, altering her usual reply but by two words, adding, before there was time to find fault with her, in a sort of shriek, “Well, if ever I saw such impudence! Why, you audacious little —! get out of that, do!” and moving towards the door as she spoke.

My aunt and I looked up to discover what intruder had called forth Hatty’s exclamations; and, when our observation was satisfied, we were nearly ready to echo her; for, standing on the border, close beneath the window—perfectly careless of the destruction of two cherished carnations, and tearing rudely from its support the scarlet passion-flowers I had taken such pains to train, in order to gain a nearer position—was a dirty, bold-looking girl of about thirteen or fourteen, who began immediately torawl her petition for alms in the true mendicant style.

Now, we had no beggars in D—. Poverty there was occasionally among the working population. But there were among them no absolute mendicants. Industry, independence of feeling and their concomitants, economy and decent pride, were the rule. So that, with the exception of “a little jam for a sick child,” some

“old linen to dress a cut finger,” or other little matters of that nature, asked rather as a kindness from neighbour to neighbour, and given in the same spirit, any poor person would have considered him or herself degraded by having solicited an alms. Soup for the aged or the sick; a jug of skimmed milk, and some of the extra produce of a large garden, for a poor man with a family; or a bundle of old clothes to a tidy woman for the use of her little ones, were all pleasant bonds of reciprocal kindness; and not the less so because they were bestowed without patronage, and received without servility, while the visits that accompanied them were unattended by the, alas! too usual parade which degrades such actions.

It can be scarcely a matter of surprise, therefore, that, to both Aunt Margaret and Hatty, a “beggar! an actual beggar!” was an object of horror, associated with knavery, lying, cheating—in fact, I believe, with housebreaking and murder. The poor wretch before us was certainly no favourable specimen. She was a wild, eerie looking creature, with large black eyes, exhibiting little else than an amazing capability of cunning; a profusion of filthy, uncombed hair of dark red, which gave her rather the look of a ferocious animal than a human being; and though she appeared, God knows, pinched and hungry enough, the sinister expression which lurked in those bad eyes, as well as in the corners of her mouth, made it doubtful how far her misery was real or assumed.

She continued her imploring whine the whole time Hatty, seconded by our gestures from the window, was warning her, with no gentle words, off the premises: but when she was at length got fairly outside the gate, she turned, with a growl like a beaten cur, and, muttering an imprecation fearful from the lips of one so young, clenched her miserable hand with a threatening gesture; and her whole attitude and appearance certainly justified Aunt Margaret’s evident expression of disgust, and went far to excuse Hatty’s opinion that “that one, bless you, ma’am, would commit murder if she dared.” Even I (although, from having lived not always in the retirement and “respectability” of D—, I was more accustomed to see misery and

its too often attendant vice)—even I thought such a creature at large was by no means pleasant; and, though scarcely dreading a knife at my throat, or a lighted match under our front door, I certainly feared that some neighbouring poultry-yard or bleach green might be found diminished of its contents.

After a little further lamentation over the gloves which had so unceremoniously parted company, Aunt Margaret and I were at length arrayed for our visit; pleased to find, when all was completed, that those made to do duty in their stead did not "really look half so bad as we expected;" to which agreeable reflection the further consolation was added that, as the chief business of the meeting was to be the discussion of ham and chicken, tarts, creams, fruit, &c., they (the gloves) would not be obliged to remain very long under the gaze of the assembled society of D—, the female portion of which we fully knew, by experience, were capable of calculating, by unerring tokens, the exact date at which any article of ornamental attire had first seen the light. Hatty followed us as usual to the gate, and lifted up her hands and eyes in horror at beholding the little vagrant seated on the path just outside. It was with difficulty we prevented her, indeed, from ordering the object of her dislike to quit what was certainly neutral ground; and, when she was persuaded to retire peaceably to her own domain, she indemnified herself for her forbearance by muttering, loud enough for the girl to hear, "Never mind, ma'am; if she han't gotten them gloves as we've been looking for this very minute; I know what them creatures is up to."

The girl started from her seat like a fury; but, whatever she intended to say or do, was checked by some feeling which impelled her to seat herself again quite as quickly as she had risen; and, drawing her ragged shawl more tightly round her shoulders, she offered no reply but a stare of dogged insolence.

"For shame, Hatty!" I said; while Aunt Margaret, with more severity than was usual to her, ordered the usually privileged domestic to retire instantly.

"I wish they had been found, though," said she as we walked away; and I echoed the aspiration, as we both perceived

that the substituted gloves did not bear the open air sunlight as well as they had done the more subdued tone of our little sitting-room.

A remark on the beauty of the morning from me, and an exclamation of pleasure from Aunt Margaret, called forth by the luxuriant bloom of a cottage garden we had just then passed, turned our regrets aside and sent our hopes into a less narrow channel; and we were beginning to speak with proper reverence and thankfulness of the approaching harvest prospects, when my scarf was pulled rather roughly, and, looking round, I saw our unwelcome visitor, who drew from beneath her shawl the identical gloves, and held them towards me. I was so taken by surprise that, for a moment, I did not even reach my hand to receive them; and, when I did take them, I scarcely knew whether to thank or blame, but stammered out, "Why! what, child—how came you—where did you get them?"

"Picked them up," she replied, with the same look of bold cunning, of sly daring, which seemed habitual to her. "You needn't say I stole them; though, for the matter of that, I don't care whether you do or no."

"Stay," said Aunt Margaret; but the girl shrugged her shoulders and walked back, evidently not from any fear of being detained, but merely with a defiant manner, which seemed to say she despised our thanks as much as she had done our threatenings.

"I must speak to her, Ellen," said my aunt; and, finding we had a few minutes to spare, we also returned to where she had taken up her position again beside our garden gate.

"Why do you continue to sit there?" quoth Aunt Margaret, drawing herself up in thorough judicial fashion, and putting on as severe an expression as her benevolent countenance was capable of assuming.

"Because I likes it," was the rejoinder, given in a manner sufficiently unsatisfactory to have deterred any less persevering questioner.

"Where did you find my gloves?" was the next query, in rather a conciliatory tone; for Aunt Margaret thought it good policy to affect to suppose them found, whatever her private opinion might have been.

"There about," said the girl, indicating

by a motion of her head that she did not choose to point out the precise locality.

"And why did you return them?" said I, stooping, so as to get a closer look into those strange eyes.

"Because I liked it, too, I suppose," said she. "I aint asking you for nothing, and you gave me nothing either," she added.

"But I wish to give you something for restoring my gloves," said Aunt Margaret, "and I will if you will tell me where you found them."

"Yes, for giving of 'em to you, I suppose," she replied; "but I don't want it." And, rising with increased sullenness, she was preparing to leave us, when I repeated my aunt's question, "Can you not say where you found them?"

"I didn't find them. There!" she said, with a wicked laugh; "I stole 'em—I stole 'em; they was lying on the window-sill when I come, and I took them!" with another laugh of defiance.

I was sufficiently shocked by her whole demeanour to have no inclination for further questioning; but Aunt Margaret leaned forward, and, laying her hand with a pretty firm grasp on the girl's arm—

"Tell me, pray tell me, *why* you returned them?" she said.

She tried to shake off the detaining hold, but it was impossible; she did not appear to have any fear of being made to answer for the consequences of her admission; with the frightful precocity of a youth old in sin, she seemed to know perfectly well with what sort of natures she had to deal; but she was annoyed, baited, and she tried to get free.

"Pray, tell me why you returned them, poor girl?" repeated my aunt.

She made another effort to escape, but, unable to do so, she said, still with the same hard, unmoved look—

"Because you wanted of 'em; I see you looking for 'em when I was at the window; and you had them others on when you came out, not that I care," and again she endeavoured to shake off the grasp by which she was held.

But Aunt Margaret held her too firmly. Gazing into her face, while our disgust was fast changing into interest and compassion, we felt that she could not be all bad; she had evidently evinced something like sympathy for our annoyance. She, poor miser-

able creature, driven from our door, looked on with no compassion, refused the "cup of cold water;" she had been, however she might try to disguise it, under long-continued habits of audacity and insolence—she had been influenced by a human feeling of kindness, and of perfectly unselfish kindness, for she owed us no gratitude; we had no claim on her, and she was callous to reproof, and, probably, punishment.

"Are you hungry—will you have your dinner?" said Aunt Margaret.

"I'm not a-begging from you now," she answered, endeavouring to repress any trace of emotion which might visit her countenance.

"No, I am offering it to you," said my aunt.

"I'd rather have a few coppers; but I don't want to be paid for returning of my gloves," she said, in a more subdued tone than she had yet spoken.

Aunt Margaret handed her a shilling: she clutched it eagerly.

"Stay," said my aunt; "will you come here to-morrow morning? You shall have your breakfast, and—and—we shall find some clothes better than those you have on. Will you come?"

Scarcely waiting to give any other answer than a nod of acquiescence, she tore herself away and sped off, and Aunt Margaret and I, after watching her out of sight, hurried to our appointment, fluttered not less by the morning's events than by the probability of being late, and not gaining the Rectory before "his lordship" had returned from church.

We were in good time, however, and the recovered "lavender gloves" fitted nicely, and the "brown silk" looked much fresher than had been expected. Indeed, we could not help remarking, on our return, that it looked better than Miss Simpkins's "myrtle green," which she had had only since "last spring," while the "brown" had certainly been doing "first duty" for two years and a half. And as I happened to be seated between Miss Molesworth and Mr. Batt, both of whom are certainly very short-sighted, I had the satisfaction of thinking the darns in my collar escaped observation; and, in short, the only mortifying circumstance was Aunt Margaret dropping the old gloves as she drew out her handkerchief, which, on being politely

handed to her by Sir William Warrington, called forth a remark from the second Miss Marshall, affectedly *sotto voce*, but really intended to be audible, in praise of "the" economy of ladies who always brought old gloves on a visit to replace the new while going home, though for her part she feared she was a sad, careless creature, as she never could take proper care of her *things*."

Well, well, I fear there are Miss Marshalls everywhere, and, perhaps, our own exultation in the superiority of Aunt Margaret's gown did not spring from any better feeling; and, dear aunt, God bless her! was incapable of feeling, much less expressing, any resentment even at a much more injurious speech than Miss Marshall's, so that, or the whole, we considered the visit as a decided success, and were able to answer Mrs. Shepherd's rather triumphant inquiry, "whether everything had not gone off very well?" with a perfectly unreserved affirmative. I am afraid, indeed, some portion of the "very improving conversation" escaped me, in consequence of Miss Molesworth, who is a little deaf as well as near-sighted, asking me perpetually "what had been said?" as, of course, while repeating a remark to her, I frequently lost the rejoinder. But I heard all that the good bishop said to Mr. Shepherd in congratulation of the number of children brought to be confirmed that morning; and to dear Mrs. Shepherd in especial praise of the school under her care; nor did I miss a word of the hymn, written by a young friend of his (his daughter, I believe), which he was so kind as to repeat to the little Shepherds ("little sheep," indeed, his lordship jocosely called them, saying that one shepherd was enough in the parish), and of which he promised to send them a copy when he got home. And I am sure, for many a day, I could repeat by rote his pleasant remarks on the thriving appearance of our village and its inhabitants, and the neat aspect of the church, of which I can now only remember the substance.

THE VIRGIN QUEEN.—Next came the Queen, very majestic, her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled, her eye small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked, her lips thin, and her teeth black. She had in her ears two pearls with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a very small crown.—*Hemmer.*

THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN LONDON.

II.

MAY MEETINGS.

RATHER *Englishwomen* in London, and a good many of them, too, during May (but not one too many), for there's room enough and to spare in this huge city home of ours. So, strangers, innumerable though you be, coming from the north and from the south, from the east and from the west; country cousins, rich relations, and poor parsons, here's a hearty, honest welcome for you all. You come, bringing good tidings on your lips from the country homesteads of our beloved land; you come, pleading for the poor, and your pleading shall not be in vain; you come to be strengthened and refreshed by intercourse with older heads and more experienced hearts, and, as surely as iron sharpeneth iron, you shall not go empty away.

Aye! and May is a great month to us as well as to you, for long, long before your arrival, in more localities than one, we are preparing for your appearance; painting, washing, scrubbing, and cleansing are carried on outside and inside generally, and in my lady's chamber particularly, with a rigour compared to which the preparation for the Passover was but a farce; and the shops—great nondescript coquettes that they are!—have *titivated* themselves in gorgeous array, decorating their unsightly sides with silks and ribbons of all shades and designs, painting their faces and rubbing their glasses (all the better for you, my dear); and many men and many women have been working early and late for the bookseller's month—we beg pardon, we mean for your month—and now you may hear the good words and true of that Bishop whose praise is in all the churches, as he summons the young men and the maidens to appear before the Bishop and Shepherd of their souls, and before His people, to make an individual confession of the faith into which they were baptized; and the Parks have received their spring dressing, and been brushed up for the year; and the trees in the suburbs have donned their delicate suits, for the trees of our towns are as fresh and as fair as the trees of the wood when they push forth the young buds at their appointed season—even our country cousins being

judges. So, we repeat, it was a wise regulation that fixed this month of May for the period of your visit to London.

By this time we presume our country cousins have gone back quietly to the places from whence they came, having seen all the sights to be seen, heard all the best preachers, and *did* the Hall, how many times, we wonder? No one can complain of a lack of opportunity for entering within its walls, as nearly twenty different societies have held their anniversary meetings between April and the end of May at Exeter Hall.* For the information of those who may never have been fortunate enough to attend one of the meetings, let us add that, so great is the desire for admittance, and so large the numbers attending, that two hours is the average time of waiting before the doors are opened by persons desirous of obtaining good situations. But let no one grudge the time or the trouble, for neither in nor out of London is there a parallel sight; words are worthless, description fails, the influence of so great a mass of men and women sympathising with, and listening to, such momentous subjects, can never be, even in the faintest degree, realized but by the spectator himself.

The favourite meetings, by which term we mean those which obtain the largest support and are attended by the greatest numbers, are—the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Missionary, the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, the Church Pastoral Aid, the London City Mission, the Sunday School Union, and last, but far from least, the Ragged School Union. Sometimes—we are glad to add, only occasionally—two of these meetings are held in the same day, when, not unfrequently, very energetic and wonderfully-constituted individuals attend the morning and evening gatherings; no slight undertaking, you will say, when we add that, should such a circumstance occur on the day the Jews' meeting is held, the determined listener must have been at her post outside the Hall by seven or half-past seven at the latest, as the door opens at nine; and, recollect, the crowd which clusters like bees round the mouth

(and a very small mouth it is, too) of Exeter Hall came, most probably, a distance of two, three, or four miles—from some of the many suburbs of the metropolis—which, allowing an hour for the journey, and a similar period for breakfast and adorning, drags the lady in question from her quiet slumbers somewhere about five o'clock A.M.

This Jewish anniversary—which, by the way, is always particularly interesting, from the excellent singing of the young Jewish converts, which lasts for about an hour before the speaking commences—will, probably, be over about three P.M., when our heroine, if determined to be present at the evening meeting, rushes off to one or other of the many excellent refreshment rooms to be found in the Strand, comforts and strengthens her material framework, returns to her post, and once more becomes a petitioner at the doors for admittance. Once upon a time we were persuaded to *do* the Hall twice in one day, and for ever, and for evermore, we intend to keep to that text, and to say once, and once only! Not only is the tax physically too much, but much time is consumed in those unavoidable delays incidental to obtaining admittance to such meetings. Very many women make a practice of carrying work, slippers, embroidery, and we know not what else! but for what exact purpose—unless it were a womanly way of hinting to long, dreary speakers (for such find their way even on to the platform of Exeter Hall) how little interest their remarks create—we know not; but it is a rare piece of absurdity, of which no sensible woman is ever guilty.

Exeter Hall, so well known to so many thousands, was only completed in 1831. As late as 1829 the Strand was deformed by an ill-shapen, clumsy building, called Exeter 'Change, where was a menagerie where the wild beasts were lions of the town quite as much as those of the Tower. When it was determined to pull down the old 'Change and widen the street, several persons of influence in the religious world proposed a scheme for building a large edifice, which should contain rooms of different sizes, to be appropriated exclusively to the uses of religious and benevolent societies, especially for their anniversary meetings, with committee-rooms and

* Thirty-four minor societies have held anniversary meetings elsewhere—either at St. James's Hall, Willis's Rooms, or Hanover-square.

offices for several societies whose apartments were at that time crowded in houses taken for the purpose. The Great Hall is ninety feet broad by one hundred and thirty-eight long, and forty-eight high; it will hold in the body between four and five thousand people, while the platform will accommodate five hundred more. The number of tickets issued is always greater than the Hall will contain, the average of persons unable to attend being nearly uniform; but on the first of June, 1843, a very remarkable mistake was made—ten thousand tickets were issued in consequence of the unsettled state of the weather, when it was calculated that only half the number would attend, which number the Hall could but just accommodate. The meeting was for promoting Christian union among the different religious bodies in this country, and so important was the great question felt to be, that, after the smaller Hall had been filled by the overflowings from the Great Hall, some fifteen hundred persons adjourned to Queen Street Chapel.

Haydon has given us a very graphic account of the effect of a first visit to Exeter Hall, to which he went most unwillingly, believing the scene would be one of a very common-place character. The time was 1840, the occasion the great meeting of delegates for the abolition of slavery and the slave-trade throughout the world. He says, "After I reached the room, in a few minutes an unaffected man got up and informed the meeting that Thomas Clarkson would attend shortly; he begged no tumultuous applause would greet his entrance, as his infirmities were great, and he was too nervous to bear, without risk of injury to his health, any such expressions of their good feeling towards him. The friend who addressed them was Joseph Sturge; in a few minutes the aged Clarkson came in, bent and grey, leaning on Joseph Sturge for support, and approached, with feeble and tottering steps, the middle of the convention. I had never seen him before, nor had most of the foreigners present, and the anxiety to look on him betrayed by all was exceedingly sincere and unaffected. Immediately behind Clarkson was his daughter-in-law, the widow of his son, and his little grandson. Aided by Joseph Sturge and his daughter, Clarkson mounted to the chair,

sat down in it as if to rest, and then, in a feeble and tender voice, appealed to the assembly for a few minutes' meditation before he opened the convention. The venerable old man put his hand simply to his forehead, as if in prayer, and the whole assembly followed his example; for a minute there was the most intense silence I ever felt. Having inwardly uttered a short prayer, he was again helped up, and bending forward, leaning on the table, he spoke to the great assembly as a patriarch standing near the grave, or as a kind father who felt an interest for his children. Every word he uttered was from his heart—he spoke tenderly, tremulously.

"After solemnly urging the members to persevere till the last, till slavery was extinct, lifting up his arm, and pointing to Heaven (his face quivering with emotion), he ended by saying, 'May the Supreme Ruler of all human events, at whose disposal are not only the hearts but the intellects of men—may He, in His abundant mercy, guide your councils and give His blessing upon your labours.' There was a pause for a moment, and then, without an interchange of thought or even of look, the whole of this vast meeting, men and women, said, in a tone of subdued and deep feeling, 'Amen! amen!'

"To the reader not present, it is scarcely possible to convey, without affectation, the effect on the imagination of one who, like myself, had never attended benevolent meetings, had no notion of such deep sincerity in any body of men, or of the awful and unaffected piety of the class I had been brought amongst. I have seen the most afflicting tragedies, imitative and real; but never did I witness, in life or in drama, so deep, so touching, so pathetic an effect produced on any great assembly as by the few unaffected, unsophisticated, natural, and honest words of this aged and agitated person. The women wept; the men shook off their tears, unable to prevent their flowing; for myself, I was so affected and so astonished, that it was many minutes before I recovered sufficiently to perceive the moment of interest I had longed for had come to pass—and this was the moment I immediately chose for the picture."

If those persons who speak of Exeter Hall ranters, and sneer at what they are pleased to call clap-trap, would pay us a

visit on any of the great occasions already enumerated, and exercise half the honesty of Haydon, we know that we must have the same report of the matter as that given by the great painter, for, though the subjects discussed may not always be of such world wide or of such thrilling interest as the then all-engrossing topic of slavery, we promise them such a sight, such cheers, and such speeches, that none shall go disappointed away.

Let such a one, if he can, imagine the night of the Ragged School meeting, when the representatives of the 160 ragged schools of this metropolis are assembled. Let him fancy, if he can, the 3,000 *voluntary* teachers and the 360 *paid* teachers, who form the large proportion of this great multitude that no man can number, the remainder of the mass being formed by subscribers to these valuable schools. Let him think of the hours, the days, the weeks of patient labour that have been bestowed upon many outcast children, gathered from foul alleys and still fouler homes; let him, if he dare, think what London would have been but for this band of devoted men and women, and let him cease for ever to deride such gatherings and to mock such work. Knowing, as we do, the reality of the progress made by these teachers, we always count it a great privilege to be one of their number at the annual meeting—albeit, the room is so crowded that temper and toes are both sorely tried. But who would not suffer that, and a great deal more than that, to hear those three cheers for Shaftesbury, the good, patient, liberal president of nearly, if not of all, the ragged schools in London? Who would not suffer somewhat to hear his vigorous, hopeful, suggestive speech, and join in the mingled laughter and approbation which invariably follow the verses, manufactured for the occasion, by Councillor Payne? Yes, kind cousins, you may return to your hamlets and vales in peace, the holiday is over both for you and for us. The world, perhaps, laughs at us both; but we both know that the work is earnest, the work is real, that rowers like sometimes to rest on their oars, and look one another in the face. Let us all pull now, pull together, and pull steadily; perhaps we may meet again next May, and report progress to each other in Exeter Hall.

SHALL WE WEAR CRINOLINE?

NEARLY allied to the question, "Can we live on 300*l.* a-year?"* or rather following closely on it, are the other questions, "What shall we wear?" "What shall we eat?" It might be, no doubt, exceedingly pleasant if we could put those very prosaic and common-place inquiries from us; if we could refer the one to the mistress of the wardrobe, and the other to the steward of the household; or, in the absence of any such very dignified officials, if we could even send our orders to Mrs. Harriot, presiding over the larder and kitchen range; and Miss Sarcenet, in her elegant West-end warerooms, without any misgiving as to the bills likely to be sent in at Christmas. But, however strange it may appear, the prevailing customs, habits, modes in our dress, tables, appointments, &c., really do affect those least who seem to be placed more immediately within their influence; in other words, it is exactly on the outside of "the fashionable circles" that fashion exercises her most baneful influence.

It is a very easy matter to sit down and laugh at all the absurdities which she dictates. Bonnets hanging on the shoulders, or hats perched on the extreme top of the head; petticoats dragging half a yard in the mud, or inflated like balloons, and elevated six inches above the ankle, form capital subjects for pen or pencil; but it is not at all so easy to lay down any rule by which rational, sensible, well-judging people can avoid all that is ridiculous in "fashionable attire," and yet steer clear of adopting what is still more ridiculous in "unfashionable." Now, we must confess we have never met a person whom we could thoroughly respect and love who was perfectly insensible to ridicule. In a matter of right or wrong, well-principled people brave it; but in a matter of mere taste, custom, &c., it is only in general those who are seeking notoriety—who wish to be distinguished for something, however trifling—who like observation, were it but for the tie of a shoe-string—it is only those who will voluntarily accept the sneer for the sake of "doing what they please;" and if both sexes possess this dislike to expose themselves to contempt

* See the *ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE*, page 363, Vol. VII.

where the occasion is not worth it, we must allow it to be but natural that the keener feeling on the subject belongs to the weaker. We rather like this; perhaps we regard and esteem really strong-minded women too much to be very well satisfied with their counterfeit. We love her who can nurse her child through a fever without a daily fit of hysterics, or who can wear a shabby bonnet rather than go in debt, without refusing to go to church lest the neighbours should laugh; but we have no affection whatever for her who keeps a hungry baby waiting for food because it is good to teach it endurance, or wears the ugly head-gear and ill-made gown to "show that she does not care what people think." No; and we not only love, but respect, our first-mentioned sisters all the more for buying the pretty bonnet as soon as she can, and don't think that a becoming garment by any means denotes a weak head, or that an ill-regulated attire betokens a well-regulated mind.

Now let people write, talk, lecture, satirise as they may, it cannot be denied that, whatever be the prevailing mode in attire, let it intrinsically be ever so absurd, it will never look as ridiculous as another, as any other, which, however convenient, comfortable, or even becoming, is totally opposite in style to that generally worn. Five-and-twenty years ago, a lady in the present fashion would have been a sight to stare at, and yet the sleeves and bonnets of that day were not a bit more rational. No; not even "the cottage," now so much deplored as among departed elegancies—the "cottage," projecting like a coal-scuttle, and reducing the fair wearer to the necessity of keeping her head in a perpetual motion from right to left to avoid the dangers on either side, effectually shut out by the straw or satin blinkers. Five-and-twenty years before that, either of the two costumes would have been equally absurd, and yet now we cannot refrain from laughter, nor indeed scarcely from incredulity, at the pictures of our mothers or grandmothers with crop heads and waists under their armpits, and are tempted to think that all the portrait painters of that day must have been caricaturists, and willfully exaggerated the hideous costume, to show us what freaks fashion is capable of. There is nothing strange in this. The eye grows accus-

tomed to that which is continually before it, and it is perfectly in accordance with all known rules of our physical and moral nature that violent contrast should be disagreeable, absurd, and even revolting.

This being the case, all the weight of "common sense," and it is uncommonly heavy at times, will not prevail to drive even a small minority, merely for the sake of showing their superiority, into anything like a complete abandonment of the dictates of fashion. It is quite possible that the inconvenience and absurdity of the toga was much commented on in ancient Rome, and we feel tolerably certain that the Druids lectured, and the bards composed satirical verses, on the picture-covered bodies of our ancestors; but it took a long time to curtail the drapery in the one case, or amplify it in the other, and philosophers and priests were obliged to bear with the folly of their pupils or disciples as best they might. And so it is now. Fashions must be "brought out," and wax, and reign, and wane, and disappear, all gradually; and we must go along with them to a certain extent, and learn that that "certain extent" is, after all, the test of true wisdom in this case as in most others, and that "moderation in all things" is the best text to apply for the regulation, no less of dress than of religion, politics, amusement, business, or any other of the affairs of life.

We feel little doubt that numbers of our readers are ready to exclaim, "Give us this moderation! For any sake, curtail the circumference of our hoops without forcing us into Bloomer trousers, or plunging us into the draggle tails which preceded the present mode." "Give us," will all rational females say, "give us attire neat, modest, and becoming, and rescue us—for here lies the real gist of the business—rescue us from the ruinous expense entailed by the present monstrosities in dress." Yes, this is the important point; this is the question of real consequence, that fashion at present is not merely absurd and ridiculous—for customs reconciles us, as we have said, to this—but that it is bringing misery into many a home, curtailing the comforts of many a family, threatening with ruin numberless respectable persons, and contributing to the moral degradation—for habits of extravagance are a moral degradation—of half the female population.

And it is, just as remarked, on the outskirts of actual "fashionable life," on the boundary line of the "higher circles," that these evils are felt; for the lady who counts her "pin-money" by hundreds or thousands is comparatively safe from any pecuniary inconvenience arising from the necessity of a double quantity of silk to make a gown; and if she be extravagant, it is no doubt her natural disposition, which would be indulged even if we returned to the tight skirt of fifty years since. But the "lady" who is endeavouring on 300*l.*, or even 600*l.* a-year, to pay her baker, and her butcher, and her grocer; to send her boys to school with clean shirts and whole jackets; to keep her girls in neat frocks and tidy shoes, and to make—and why should she not like to make?—a respectable, aye, and a fashionable appearance herself—she, who is endeavouring to make the most of her husband's income, and to look well to the "ways of the household"—it is upon her the burden falls (and it is not a light one). And this is to be either met and combated with true wisdom and philosophy, or suffered to sink her into a shabby, dawdling drudge; pinching the children's appetites, and curtailing the servants' wages, that she may astonish the eyes, and perhaps the nerves, of her friends once or twice a week by the splendour of her appearance. It is she who must resolve that she will be neat, and only neat; elegant, though the elegance consists in having no more than what is well chosen and becoming; fashionable, though the fashion is only represented by not running into the opposite extreme of the prevailing taste—and to do even this, how much economy will be required!—or fine and costly at the expense of comfort, of leisure, of real neatness and elegance, almost of decency and self-respect. This is not a fanciful picture. It is notorious that women in the middle class, to meet the demands of finery which they consider themselves bound to have, have voluntarily relinquished the comfort of an additional servant, and descended to servile drudgery, depriving themselves of time for mental improvement or necessary recreation; that they have been constrained to remove their children from good schools, and intrust them to the incapacity of fourth or fifth-rate teachers; that they do reduce in their households the proper and neces-

sary consumption of meat, drink, and fuel, and that husbands must submit to this rather than incur bills that cannot be paid. Nay, we have very little hesitation in saying that the *entire* wardrobe of many a female who carries about with her visiting or shopping perhaps fifty pounds' worth of silk, lace, and jewellery, is scarcely in that condition of appropriate neatness and elegance which it ought to be.

Now, dear sisters (for I don't think the gentlemen have much to do with this, except in the case of the bills), what will you do? It appears to our poor wisdom to be a case in which, like many others in the world, much of the difficulty might be met by a firm determination, in the first instance, to do what is right. Depend upon it, convenience, expediency, possibility, necessity, are all of them of minor importance to this little word "right." Perhaps this is old-fashioned. As old, at least, it is as the days when Israel's daughters brought their jewels to Moses for the ornamenting of the tabernacle. This "right," though dress appear but one of the trifles of life's business, considered in the abstract, yet, as consequences flow from it of importance impossible to be over-calculated, bring it to this test. Recollect that "right" does not mean exactly what you can afford without the griping parsimony alluded to; that it does not even mean what you can afford without any parsimony at all, or without any fear of debt; that it is not always comprehended in the word "can," nor even in "may;" that, to understand precisely what it does mean, you must take a comprehensive view of your state, station, position, circumstances, duties, and privileges, and, perhaps, give a little more real thought, and less fancy, to the subject of dress than you have ever done before. We feel certain that a woman who reflects on it in this manner will be the better for the consideration. It is not merely the taking up of an old bonnet to consider even seriously whether you can afford a new; whether the price may not be given without being deducted at that present time from something else; it is not considering alone whether you can buy a flounced silk or a plain, or any of these partial questions; it is a contemplation of how this and all other affairs of life, apart and in conjunction, are to form altogether that steady line

of consistent conduct and conversation which make up the character of a person of sense, a gentlewoman, and a Christian.

Remember, as an assistance towards finding out this "right," that there are not only our own home comforts and proprieties to be thought of, but that there are charity, public and private, philanthropy, the public good, the well-being of society, the service of God, the salvation of our souls; our influence, our example, our authority, our just claims to respect, all these, and nothing we do is so small that it will not affect, in some degree, all or some of these. Remember the claims on your time, your talents, your affections; remember the world around you and the world to come; the world around, with all its wants and cares, its woes, its pleasures, its miseries, and its happiness, and the world to come, which is to be for us what we have made it in this.

And pray what has all this to do with crinoline? A vast deal. It is generally brought as a reproach to the female intellect that it has but little of this faculty of "comprehensiveness;" and that, though a "well-regulated woman" (gentlemen are fond of this phrase) will know pretty well what to do or what to say in this or that particular instance, she is seldom capable of taking in a subject in all its bearings. With all due deference, we think that the fact of knowing pretty well what to say or do in *varied* instances presupposes a good deal of this "comprehensiveness;" and we might take the trouble of proving this, but that we fear to offend against the prejudice to "logic in petticoats," and that about those same garments we have yet so much to say that space forbids. But the necessity for cultivating this "comprehensiveness" is the very thing we wish to inculcate as a means to the end to be obtained, be that end only the curtailing of our superfluous flounces. For remember that these superfluous flounces may be curtailed for many reasons but the right one. You may have a very pretty foot, my dear friend, and wish to show it, and find the drapery rather in the way; or you may have an ugly one (mind, I don't say you have), and wish to hide it, and find the necessity of raising the flounces from the mud inconvenient; or you may be tall, and wish to curtail your height, or short, and fear looking dowdyish; or, indeed, you may very laudably wish to save the price

of certain ells of silk, or velvet, or cashmere; but you will perceive, if you are the reasonable creature I give you credit for being, that these are all little motives, little, trifling, present, individual causes, and, having the general good of the female community at heart, we would say, go farther than these—look a-head, look around.

When you, then, a reasonable woman, consider this subject of dress (do not allow any one to persuade you that women have nothing to do with "reason," or "reasoning," although I admit it would be very pleasant to be able to leave it to the men, along with those other "unimportant topics of religion and politics")—when you consider this subject, and take, as already said, a comprehensive view of it, you will have put yourself in a safer path, and done more to relieve your sisters from the "trammels" of fashion than if you had delivered a lecture on costume to a crowded audience for every one of the three hundred and sixty five nights of a given year. For, take the different things mentioned in connexion with it, and see how they will avail to regulate this. If you be benevolent, will you encroach on your charity purse, merely that you may buy a fine gown or a new shawl? If you be anxious for the general good of society, will you curtail your means of benefiting it, merely that you may widen your hoops? If you love to cultivate your own mind, or delight in the instruction of these less favoured, will you waste many precious hours in arranging a head-dress or selecting a set of ribands? If you wish to do as you would be done by, will you assist in hurrying a dressmaker to her grave, in order to have any number of new garments within any time, for any possible occasion? or will you hunt for cheap workwomen and help to reduce the price of labour to those to whom labour is life? If you will not do all, or any, of these wicked things—we will say something which, in the language of "fashion," may be considered stronger, these paltry, wretched, vulgar things—we may say, without hesitation, that the result in your case will be that dress on your person will be not only the attire of a gentlewoman, but the index of good taste, good feeling, and good principle. Of that good taste which teaches a woman that if she cannot, or, indeed, ought not to out-

rage the prevailing taste by something diametrically opposite, she may and ought to keep something within it. If she cannot take three or four breadths out of her skirt, she may at least take one or two. If she cannot have her bonnet quite as large as she could wish, neither need she have it altogether as small as "fashion" permits. Of that good feeling which inculcates in a modest woman the propriety of appearing in a mode which shall neither attract observation for its newness nor the reverse; and of that good principle which will enable her to wear her garments without fear of any twinges of conscience.

Depend upon it, you can afford to be laughed at for liking a pretty dress, aye, and insisting on its being a fashionable shape too, if you know that it was "right" to buy it, and that it was purchased "rightly;" and you can equally afford to be sneered at for not having it, if you know that it would not have been "right" to get it. You can bear jests on "crinoline," if you know that yours is rather within the limits than without. If your bonnets, hats, boots, are just sufficiently in the "fashion" not to be remarkable, you can look at those inimitable caricatures without being materially affected. You can endeavour to have them as neat, useful, and convenient as she will permit, and do more by such a line of conduct for the removal of all absurdities than a panorama of caricatures, however admirable they may be.

Perhaps my dear readers would like a few practical hints on this subject of dress, although we should prefer leaving it to their own good sense? There are but very few indeed which we think worth giving. In the first place, avoid frippery. A multitude of pipings, and quillings, and trimmings—let your milliner say what she may—are never elegant, and tend to no purpose but the swelling of her bill. In the next place, keep—we must reiterate this—always within the boundary line of "fashion;" never be persuaded to venture to the extreme. If you are not personally very elegant, you will be ridiculous in doing so; if you are, you cannot escape the charge of vanity. As a third rule, let all your dress conform. If you cannot afford everything equally costly, let every-

thing be equally simple. For the last, employ the best workwomen and pay them well, or resolve to make every article you wear yourself.

As to crinoline, poor crinoline! I do not know how we are to get rid of it. Like other abuses, we suppose it must be reformed gradually. Violent measures, we see, do not answer. Sweeping censures against "bonnets down the back" sent the hats up to the top of the head. Bitter remarks on the scavenger-acting trains gave us red petticoats and Balmoral boots. Corkscrew ringlets and curls, à la sausage, were booed at and laughed at, until they fell into rolls and puffers, which soil the collarettes and grease the necks of the wearers. So, in reference to crinoline, we had better, perhaps, inculcate the virtues of economy, of propriety, of humility, of unobtrusiveness, of neatness, of cleanliness, and leave it to do battle with those as long as it can.

MIGNON; OR, THE STEP-DAUGHTER.

A lavish planet reigned when she was born,
And made her of such kindred mould to heaven,
She seems more heaven than ours.

DRYDEN.

On the following day, the prattling multitude of young scholars were debating under the trees, inhaling the fragrant morning air. The noisy groups could talk of nothing but the arrival of their new companion; of the carriage with the armorial bearings, of the lady's beautiful dress, and the footman's livery. The old portress, who had made a vow of chastity, had certainly not made one of silence; she had related the great events of the night before, and the great combats she had fought, and her not inglorious defeat; everything was known and reported by a hundred mouths and a thousand tongues. They now gathered round a nun who, they supposed, knew all about the new-comer.

"What is her name?" said they to her, crying all out at once.

"Her name, my children, I don't know yet," softly said the sister, motioning with her hand to allay the tumult; "but I saw her yesterday with Madame, and she had *l'air bien mignon*."*

* The French word "mignon" (pronounced *meen'-yawng*) is hardly to be translated into Eng-

"Mignon! Mignon!" repeated the children, jumping from place to place, and then running to retail the news, which soon went the round of the large courtyard.

And the name of Mignon was in every laughing mouth.

The favourite parrot, who was enthroned on her mahogany perch on the steps at the top of the parlour (and what convent is without its parroquet or parrot?)—the parrot did not fail to retain the name which she heard resounding on all sides and in every tone of voice; and, when the lady superior showed herself on the first step, holding by the hand the young girl, whom we scarcely saw last evening by the last rays of the setting sun, the handsome bird, leaning forward and balancing itself on its frail support, flew on the superior's shoulder, and repeated, in a clear and distinct voice, "Mignon! Mignon!"

"Yes, it must be Mignon!" repeated the children, jumping and clapping their hands.

And, truly, the name seemed to belong to the young boarder!

"Sister," said the superior to one of the nuns who came up to her, "I was thinking of a name to give our little friend; for hers is Thérèse, like mine, and, according to our custom, in order to avoid confusion, we ought to call her by some other."

"Mignon!" again said the parrot, in a caressing voice.

"Mignon, Mignon!" exclaimed the children, looking at the beautiful young girl, who remained calm and smiling on the first step, still clinging to the superior's protecting hand.

"Well, my child," said Madame, smiling, and looking pleasantly at Thérèse, "it appears that you are to be called Mignon; here are some little hearts, you see, which ask only to love you."

And certain it is that the good nun, the children, the parrot, and the echoes which repeated the name of Mignon, pronounced that word which answered best to the lovable nature which we shall never be able to paint so well as by this simple word, immortalized already by art and poetry.

On a warmer summer's evening, have you

lish. It means sweet, and pretty, and amiable, and everything else which goes to make a pleasing expression. *L'air bleu-mignon* may be translated, in an ordinary way, "a very pleasing expression."

never gathered on the road a bunch of wild roses, drooping, beaten down by the rain, trembling before the storm, broken by the heat of the day? The bruised stalk was languishing and faded, when, for pity's sake, the night before, you softly placed it in a glass of pure water, and the following day, on first awaking, what saw you? Was it not the wild rose? Its white stars looked at you smilingly, and in the midst of each there twinkled a golden pistil, crowned with the stamen's luminous rays; buds, covered with dew, born in the night, and overflowing now with life, still spread their flowers; the green and vigorous stems, laden with beautiful diamond drops, develop themselves; an indescribable perfume, sweet and subtle, proceeds from the calyx in the young shoots, and from the very essence of the already loved shrub. So was it with Mignon! She was the tired branch, gathered in the evening by the good nuns, and already reviving in a more genial atmosphere. And the trace of the storm might still be seen on her features, which were as pure as those of the wild rose.*

The unbecoming and too short dress of the night before had been changed for the long robe, which left her graceful figure at perfect liberty, and gave all its natural elegance to her deportment; her heavy bonnet, shaded by a green veil, had disappeared, and torrents of brown hair, gilded by the first rays of the morning sun, streamed from her forehead, and, falling on her alabaster temples, united in one large plait rolled underneath, and by its own weight rested behind her head, as you may often see in the profile of Grecian medals.

Although the fineness and regularity of her features, the perfect elegance of her figure, the delicate proportions of her extremities, the easy attitude of unrestraint, might have furnished an unexceptionable model to the sculptor able to appreciate and seize the beauty of this charming figure, placed as if on a pedestal, at the highest point of the garden—yet all this loveliness was not the secret of the feeling

* Burns, the great national poet of Scotland, has thus sweetly sung of female loveliness and purity:—

The op'ning gowan, wat wif dew,
Nae purer is than I am o' me.

which Mignon kindled in every breast, even as the vervain scatters its perfume to the winds. The secret was in the expression of this beautiful face. It was the frank and open mind that shone in those large blue eyes—which Greuze has so well represented—and breathed through her smiling lips. It was the soul, beating in the very fingers of those little hands, held out towards her new companions. It was love, pure and infinite love, which beamed in that rare nature, and whose powerful charm reached to the very depths of those young hearts.

But is one still allowed to place the attractions of the mind above those of the body? Did you reproach the narrator with invention—of uniting every perfection and all the charms of the *ideal* in a child's face—we should say that it was, perhaps, the privilege, if not the mission, of art to conceive and celebrate this natural grace and goodness, softening those sad *realities* which often offend innocent eyes.

Have we not seen enough of those despairingly-truthful portraits, whose horrible nakedness and fearful evils poets and artists alike have exposed to our view?

An admirable instrument exists which reproduces, almost like a mirror, the features. How is it that it sometimes gives to the most beautiful face but a lifeless mask and an afflicting materialism? It is because it takes no heed of anything except the form, and because the image has not penetrated the artist's and thinker's soul ere it has been reflected in a frame. The writer, who executes, in this hard, insensible manner, the pictures from which we wish to turn away our eyes, what is he but one of these *instruments*?

Whilst merciful Nature hides its ruins under flowers, and shows us a beauty always fresh and new, the poet of *reality* disinters the dead bodies, makes us count and touch the worms which crawl in the midst of this corruption, for he remembers not the soul which has flown away.

Let us shun those repulsive pictures. Let us look for consolation in the recollections of natural goodness. Let us bless the divine loveliness which shines in companionship with moral beauty. Let us raise ourselves to Heaven by the contemplation of this sweet creature, who seems as if she were descending thence. Let us

listen to that voice which has retained the sound of the music of the skies.

In spite of the aberrations and heresies of taste—in spite of the bad taste and infatuation of the multitude—what are the images which speak to every heart, and remain in our fondest recollections? They are *ideal* conceptions, in which the soul seems to absorb and annihilate matter. It is the "Beatrice" of Dante, the "Madonna" of Murillo, the "Mignon," aspiring to Heaven, of Ary Scheffer, the "Divine Angel" of Paul Delaroche; creations almost celestial, which extend our horizon, and emancipate us, through the wondrous power of their conception, from the heavy weight of our cares and earthly bondage.

Pardon, then, my much-loved Mignon, her beauty, grace, her indescribable charm, her irresistible fascination; let her descend the steps as the angel, with her white wings, descended Jacob's ladder; let this sweet vision mingle itself amidst the groups of the living and make these young hearts vibrate, which already feel her sympathising influence; let this ray from Heaven light up the sombre arbour of plane-trees, mingled with the ethereal morning air.

Mignon bent her beautiful face with respect towards the superior, who embraced her, and went down the steps, smiling and happy, resting her hand on her heart.

"Thank you," said she; "I shall love you all like sisters."

And she held out her hand to the great girls and kissed the little ones, whilst many of them clung to her dress, waiting for their turn, and crying out—

"And me, Mignon! and me, Mignon!"

And the good nuns, who were standing aside, seemed quite moved at this touching and affecting scene—as is everything that is natural and sincere.

She must have suffered much, then, this poor and charming creature, that she looked with such heavenly delight on these high walls, these stern shades, these unknown figures, and already loved the place of refuge as much as many newcomers had thought it a prison or a tomb.

What, Mignon! have you already heard the voice of deceit? Have you been surprised by a look of treachery? Have you been threatened with shameful

treatment, that you should think yourself free in this asylum—that you should listen with such ecstasy to these innocent little voices—that you should see yourself in these liquid eyes—that you should take refuge so confidently in your new sisters' arms?

What, Mignon, do you already know—you who are so young—that hatred and envy may lie hidden under a lace veil or a silk dress, that you should attach yourself so hopefully to a nun's robe? What has it told you—this deceitful world—you, who have scarcely entered on life, that you should find yourself so happy in avoiding it? With what bitterness has it already defiled your young recollections?

However, Mignon's thin figure rose in the midst of her companions as a poplar waves its branches amongst the willows. They commenced walking; Mignon went the round of the large court-yard, learning and remembering the name of each boarder, and never making a mistake; seeking those faces which attracted her, bringing those to her whom timidity, or some other feeling, kept at a distance; and all soon felt the charm of her influence.

GRAZIELLA.

Not seldom is the soul depress'd

Whilst tearless is the eye;

For there are woes that wring the breast

When feeling's fount is dry.

A. A. WATTS.

At the turn of a walk, she found a little creature cowering at the foot of a tree, sorrowfully stripping off the leaves from the fallen branches of the plane-trees, and apparently quite a stranger to all the excitement that was around her.

She did not appear to be more than twelve years old; her features were shrunken, her skin dull, her large, hollow, and languishing eyes stamped with a profound sorrow, her dress soiled with dust, her hands all earthy, her countenance embarrassed.

"Who is this poor child?" said Mignon, stopping before her with astonishment.

"It is Graziella—it is the dumb child," said her companions, hurrying her away; "she is naughty, and so they leave her."

"But why?" said Mignon. "I see each of you holding by the hand a little girl whom you appear to prefer, and who calls you her mother. Where is this dumb

child's mother? Who is poor Graziella's mother?"

"Oh, yes! she has changed her mother four times since she has been here, and every one has given her up; and when the last one left the convent, nobody has since been able to take care of her. See now how she looks! and yet good sister Gertrude dressed her and looked after her this morning. She was as clean as we are when she came down."

"Has she always been so unfortunate, then?" said Mignon, quite moved, and regarding her with pity.

"Oh, dear, no; she used to talk more than the others, and she understands you quite well—look! But she had a fright one day, and since that time she has never spoken a word. But it wouldn't matter if that was all."

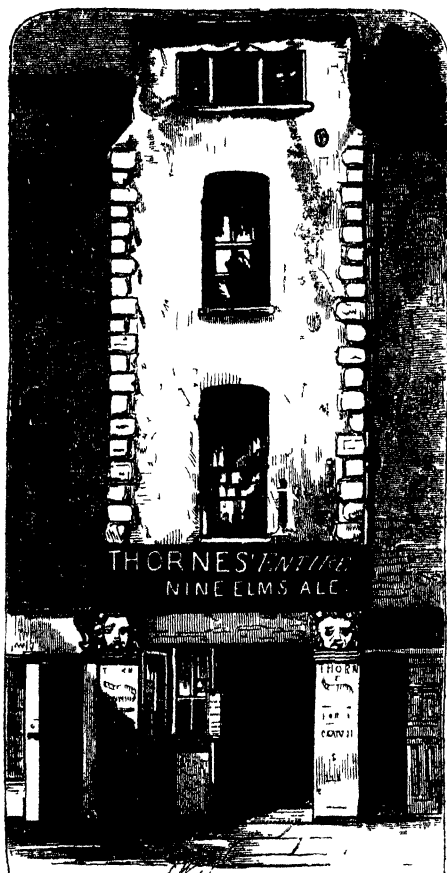
"But see!" said one, "how slovenly she is," and overwhelming Graziella with reproaches, she pointed out the disorder of her toilet, and roughly made her get up, pulling her by the hand.

"Let her alone, I intreat you," said Mignon, in her sweet voice, disengaging the child's hand, and taking it in her own; "see how she is looking at me; perhaps she guesses that I have had troubles, too—I, who to-day am so happy amongst you! Let me obey the thought which has just struck me, sisters, and let me try to be her mother; you will help me; you shall see that we will soon make her nice and clean. What must I do to gain permission to be her mother?"

Graziella, awkward, embarrassed, and shy, had heard these sweet words, and seemed quite surprised at them; and her features lighted up, for she so seldom received any mark of interest. Graziella wiped her face on her sleeves and her hands on her dress. She took Mignon's soft and white hands in her dirty ones, and, appearing to seek for some sound in her memory, panted under the influence of some great emotion. Making a great effort, she articulated with a suffering look, and in a guttural and jerking voice, "Mother, mother!" But this word, so sweet, so tender, so easy, was the only one which would come from her contracted lips.

"She speaks, she speaks!" exclaimed the children.

(To be continued.)



POETS:

THEIR LIVES, SONGS, AND HOMES.

JOHN DRYDEN, SURNAMED "GLORIOUS JOHN"

Like him, great Dryden poured the tide of song,
In stream less smooth, indeed, but doubly strong.

To enumerate the works of this great poet would be unnecessary, so familiar are they to all English readers. Who does

not know the "glorious John" of "Claud Halero," the dramatist, the satirist, *moralist*, *controversialist*, and, we must, alas! add, the mean adulator of wealth and rank, the shameless panegyrist of vice and profligacy,

the unblushing advocate of falsehood and corruption, and, in his own conduct, the renegade to political and religious profession?

For much that is objectionable in the writings of poets of the days of Dryden, allowances (as was stated on a former occasion) are to be made. For fancies which would now be justly considered overstrained, if not absurd; for praise which would at present be correctly deemed flattery; for warmth of expression, or description, which would be offensive to modern refinement and propriety; for all these, indulgence must be extended, and censure restrained in some degree. But when we see the greatest (with but one exception) of his contemporaries, not merely drawn within the vortex of a popular taste, but accelerating, if one may say so, by his directing genius, the whirlpool of folly and licentiousness; not falling into some errors of style, or being betrayed into some violations of delicacy and pure morality, but voluntarily selling his talents for the promotion of vice, no judgment pronounced upon such conduct can be too strong.

On taking a slight review of the life of Dryden, our indignation at this meanness will be increased by the knowledge that, in his case, there was no particular force of circumstances to impel him in the course he pursued. If he deserted his political opinions, he did so without inducement or compulsion; if he became a courtier in such a train as that which bowed before Charles the Second, he had not the slenderest plea of early prejudice, of personal attachment, of situation, or even of pecuniary advantage, for he seems to have been very ill rewarded. Nor were his worldly circumstances so poor, but that honest industry and self-respecting frugality might not have placed and upheld him in a position far superior to that he occupied, as the overworked and badly-paid poet laureate, the only office he seems ever to have obtained, either from the King himself or any other of his numerous patrons.

John Dryden was born August the 9th, 1631, at Aldwinkle, near Oundle, in Northamptonshire.

He was the son of Erasmus Dryden, of Richmond, and grandson of Sir Erasmus

Dryden, of Canon, Ashby, both in the same sire. As his family was one of consideration, so his worldly circumstances have been stated, by some of his biographers, to have been easy at least, if not affluent. He inherited, according to their account, an estate, the income from which was a sum of considerable importance in the time in which he lived, and which certainly appears to have been sufficient to procure him a liberal education, and the means of maintaining the rank and position of a gentleman.

If Dryden, therefore, abandoned the tranquil pleasures of retirement to plunge into the vexations and cares of public life, it was because he preferred the latter; no call of business or duty appears to have led him to do so. If he forsook the retreats of comparative innocence and virtue for Whitehall and Will's Coffee house, the society of the truly wise and learned for the gross pleasantries of Charles and the profane jests of the "wits," it was because such was his choice; nor do we find at any time of his life, this gifted man really preferring in writing, conversation, or friendship, the good, the noble, or the righteous; and though these facts must not blind us to the real beauty, and true grandeur, and right feeling of much that he wrote, it is impossible but that they must produce a very painful impression.

He received his education at Westminster, and was elected from thence to one of the Westminster scholarships at Cambridge, but does not appear either at school or college to have distinguished himself very remarkably, or to have raised any great expectations as to his future genius.

The first of his works presented to the public, or, at least, the first considered worthy of any notice, is his poem on the death of Oliver Cromwell, of which we might pardon the indiscriminating praise it pours forth, in consideration of the unquestionable merits of the ideas and verse, had it not been so speedily followed by the "Astræa Redux." It certainly is not a little difficult to reconcile the following lines in praise of the great Protector:—

His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone;
For he was great ere fortune made him so;
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

No borrowed bays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown fresh jewels did he bring;
Nor was his virtue poisoned soon as born,
With the too early thought of being king.

It is not a little difficult to reconcile these with the sentiments expressed concerning King Charles, in the description of the coronation:—

Next, to the sacred temple you are led,
Where waits a crown for your more sacred head;
How justly from the church that crown is due,
Preserved from ruin and restored by you.

Not that our wishes do increase your store,
Full of yourself, you can admit no more;
We add not to your glory, but employ
Our time, like angels, in expressing joy—

and preserve anything like respect for the good faith or good feeling of the writer.

In 1663 he commenced dramatic writing; this style of composition he always expressed his own dislike to, with what truth we cannot say. If his aversion arose from an opinion that it did not suit his genius, we must consider it one of the mistakes common to literary men, as certainly some of the finest passages of Dryden's poetry are to be found in his plays; if it was produced by dislike to the improprieties in language, character, and plot, then introduced on the stage, he assuredly gives no earnest of his honesty by any effort to render them less objectionable; and we can scarcely imagine it to have been caused by any peculiar difficulty which dramatic writing presented to him, as we find him the author of no fewer than twenty-eight plays.

Besides his original dramatic writings, he altered some of Shakespeare's plays, with what success must remain a vexed question, and furnished prologues for the performances of other play-writers, a prologue being considered in that day an indispensable part of the entertainment. That most of his plays would be now unrepresentable in their entire state, and that one at least was even then considered too gross for the public taste, is a sad and shocking consideration, especially when we recollect the many sublime and touching scenes he has written, the accurate delineation of character, the true exposition of feeling, the perfect conception of the varied passions of human nature, the various motives of human action which are so evident in his works.

His "All for Love; or, the World well Lost," founded on the story of Antony and

Cleopatra, has been justly held to equal, if not exceed, in correctness of conception and vigour of expression, Shakespeare's noble tragedy on the same subject; and it is with a sort of grateful feeling, as accepting the knowledge in some manner as a palliative for the faults of the writer, that we recollect his own peculiar love for this, above all others, of his dramatic productions.

His other original poems are not very numerous, the principal being, among the satires, "Absalom and Achitophel," and "The Medal," and, among his "Occasional Poems," the two already quoted from. His celebrated "Alexander's Feast" is, perhaps, the best known of all his works, and is, no doubt, to the generality of readers familiar as a "household word." Of his attempts at controversy, either in poetry or prose, little is now remembered, except the fact which gave rise to them, namely, his own secession to the Church of Rome, under circumstances which might well create a question of his sincerity.

He assisted in the translations of "Juvenal and Persius," which appeared in 1693, and in 1697 published his translation of Virgil, a work which has been styled by Pope "the most noble and spirited translation that I know in any language," though to this opinion, of course, there were many, as competent judges, who refused to subscribe. On his "Occasional Poems" he lavished those talents which, concentrated on some great work, might have formed a triumph of genius, to be handed down to posterity as a monument of the author's ability. On his inaugural gratulations, nuptial hymns, funeral dirges, his odes and addresses, commonplace, of course, as subjects for the muse, and fulsome in language, were wasted the energies which might have placed him for all future English readers on the same pedestal with Milton. For no poet of his day, or perhaps any day, exhibits more of the true metal of a poet—of the vivid imagination, the delicate conception and perception, the ability to give power to a delineation, and force to an expression—than does John Dryden.

But we are not to consider Dryden only as a poet—he excelled in prose, and has been justly considered the originator of a species of literature which has been, from

his time to the present, increasing in importance—criticism. Of his ability in this, Johnson writes, "The criticism of Dryden is the criticism of a poet; not a dull collection of theorems, nor a rude detection of faults, which perhaps the censor was not able to have committed; but a gay and vigorous dissertation, where delight is mingled with instruction, and where the author proves his right of judgment by his power of performance;" an opinion which, however justly or not it may be applied to Dryden's performances, may at least be considered as a standard by which to judge of all other efforts in the same line.

It is something to have been the first in a walk of literature which has exercised so great an influence upon all others; to have been the pioneer to a host of writers who have contributed to place English composition on its present footing of excellence; and great is the gratitude we owe to Dryden for this, although it may, perhaps, be questioned whether his criticisms originated in jealousy of rival poets, or zeal for the poetic art.

Dryden was married to a daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, the Lady Elizabeth Howard, and had three sons, Charles, Henry, and John, who all exhibited some literary talent. It would appear, from his having formed this connexion, that he habitually lived in the higher circles although his complaints of neglect as well as poverty are numerous. Perhaps his aristocratic marriage procured him as little pecuniary advantage or social influence as domestic happiness. He certainly does not seem, at least, to have had at any time that love for domestic retirement which denotes a thorough contentment with one's lot in life. But it is difficult to say in such cases where the fault lies. His sons were educated in the religion which the poet had chosen in the latter part of his life; and, though he appears to have adopted it for no better reason than as a means of rendering himself acceptable to James the Second, this fact alone proves that he could at no time have had any very strong prejudice in favour of any other. His son Charles held an official appointment in the household of Pope Clement XI.; Henry, it is supposed, entered some monastic establishment; and John, it is probable, also

belonged to a religious order before his death, as he died at Rome.

Dryden lived to the age of seventy. For some time before his death he had partly lost the use of his limbs; and a mortification in his leg terminated his existence on the first of May, 1701, at his residence in Gerrard-street. He is buried in Westminster Abbey. His son Charles was drowned four years after his father's death, during a visit to England, in an attempt to swim across the Thames at Windsor.

Dryden has been represented as of a gentle and kind disposition, courteous and refined in manners, and in temper benevolent and amiable. It seems probable that to this praise we may add the drawback of a somewhat feeble will, an indolent temperament, and (with a strong perception of moral excellence) a decided deficiency in moral firmness and dignity of mind. In society he was taciturn and rather retiring, but neither reserved nor morose. He was not deficient in vanity as an author, but completely unobtrusive of his acquisitions or performances. In his writings, however, he vindicates his claims to genius unhesitatingly, and asserts his superiority without scruple. A disposition incapable of work for the sake of *work*, or for future fame, or even for true present honour, made him the slave of a vicious manner and a corrupt taste for a paltry pay and an unworthy popularity; while a heart kind but not firm, and a mind capable of appreciating good but incapable of making any sacrifice for it, kept him from the shame which should have attended his meanness.

This seems to be the truest portrait we can now draw of him, who will, however, with all his faults, ever continue a favourite.

Poor Dryden! his arm-chair, in its own particular corner in Will's Coffee-house, was long known to the frequenters of that place, and, no doubt, many a lounge remembered the gentle poet, and quoted his witty conceits and graceful images, after he had left the cares and caresses, the sorrows and the pleasantries which attended his career. Long after he had ceased to adulate King Charles, to satirise Shaftesbury, to criticise Settle, to reproach Rochester, whom he had so often condescended to solicit for patronage, we may hope that all that was better and purer in his verse was remem-

JOHN DRYDEN, SURNAMED "GLORIOUS JOHN."

bered during the better and purer age that succeeded.

It is astonishing how little we know of Dryden's home life, and we suspect we are not far wrong when we surmise that his happiest hours were spent in that corner at Will's Coffee-house, more, certainly, after the manner of a bachelor than a benedict. We have engraved a view of the house in Fetter-lane where he undoubtedly lived for some time, although few writers make mention of the fact. Here, we think, a considerable portion of his life was passed. We are aware, from the date of some of his letters, that he resided for a short period with his noble father-in-law, the Earl of Berkshire, at Charlton, in Wiltshire; and we also find that he was in the habit of making frequent excursions into the country, for the sake, doubtless, of retreat and retirement. Chesterton, in Huntingdonshire, he was accustomed to visit, it being the seat of a kinsman of his—John Driden—and here he translated a portion of "Virgil." At Rushton, in Northamptonshire, he composed, according to an old tradition, the "Hind and Panther," and there is here a shady walk which, from the poet's liking for it, was called "Dryden's Walk." Gerrard-street, Soho, now No. 43, was his last town residence. Going from Little Newport-street, it is the fifth house on the left hand side; from its back windows could be seen the gardens of Leicester House. His removal to this place did not probably take place until a comparatively short time before his death.

Poor Dryden! how little the friendship of such companions as those with whom he lived is to be valued or depended on, is to be learned from the fact that, on account of some imaginary offence to the infamous Duchess of Portsmouth, in a copy of verses of which he was then even only supposed to be the writer, and the authenticity of which has since been always denied, the Earl of Rochester had him waylaid and beaten without mercy or compunction; and the other fact, that the honours to be paid to his lifeless body formed the subject of an indecent squabble, and the corpse of the court favourite and poet-laureate of so many years lay unburied for nearly three weeks.

As specimens of the facility for concen-

trating an idea into a little space without rendering it trite, and of combining elegance of expression with that "word-painting" which enables us to place it immediately before the reader's mind, we may place the following lines from his poem on the death of the Countess of Abingdon:—

So in the straiten'd bounds of life confined,
She gave but glimpses of her glorious mind.

She vanished, we can scarcely say she died;
For but a *now* did heaven and earth divide.

So softly death succeeded life in her,
She did but dream of Heaven and she was there.

Also this verse from the "Annuus Mirabilis":—

The general's force, as kept alive by flight,
Now not opposed, no longer can pursue—
Lasting till Heaven had done his courage right;
When he had conquered he his weakness knew.

And perhaps in the English language there is nothing superior in force, vigour, and dignity of expression to Antony's description of himself and his conduct as given to Ventidius:—

Ant.—I'll help thee. I have been a man, Ventidius.

Ven.—Yes, and a brave one. But—

Ant.— I know thy meaning.

But I have lost my reason, have disgraced
The name of soldier, with inglorious ease.
In the full vintage of my flowing honours
Sat still, and saw it prest by other hands.
Fortune came smiling to my youth and woo'd it,
And purpled greatness met my ripened years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs;
The wish of nations, and the willing world,
Received me as its pledge of future peace;
I was so great, so happy, so beloved,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains
And worked against my fortune, chid her from
me,
And turned her loose; yet still she came again.
My careless days, and my luxurious nights,
At length have wearied her, and now she's gone;
Gone, gone—divorced for ever. Help me, soldier,
To curse the madman, the indolent fool,
Who laboured to be wretched.

And we may well wonder how he who could so well describe pure patriotism could ever have descended to sycophancy:—

A patriot both the king and country serves—
Prerogative and privilege preserves—
Of each, our laws the certain limits show;
One must not ebb, nor t'other overflow.
Betwixt the prince and parliament we stand,
The barriers of the state on either hand:
May neither overflow, for then they drown the
land.

LOVERS AND THEIR LETTERS.

Patriots in peace assert the people's right,
With noble stubbornness resisting might;
No lawless mandates from the court receive,
Nor lend by force, but in a body give.

But peace to John Dryden, the most perfect master of the English language who ever took pen in hand. Would that our present poets, abjuring his errors, would learn something from a style unrivalled for correctness, elegance, originality, and that which used to be characterized by a now obsolete expression—"neatness." If we cannot forgive, we must endeavour to forget, some of the poet's faults in consideration of the service he has rendered to literature by so happy a model; unless, indeed, we remember them only to lament that he, who was capable of exalting our language to a refinement unknown to his predecessors, should have voluntarily degraded it far below the depths of their ignorant coarseness. Even Pope was not more completely possessed of this facility of expression than Dryden; and certainly, if there be a shade more of polish, of finish, in the latter author, it is fully compensated for in Dryden by the greater variety and added vigour he exhibits, as well as by an absence of that mannerism which has been objected to in his successor.

LOVERS AND THEIR LETTERS.

I.

ABELARD AND HELOISE.

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banished lover or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love
Inspires,

Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wish, without her fears, impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all her heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.—POPE.

In this paper we intend to say something upon "Lovers and their Letters," and we must, at the outset of our criticism, bespeak our fair readers to bear with our peculiarities in treating of a subject which discovers almost every kind of emotion that agitates the human breast. We ourselves are naturally emotional, therefore we may be erratic. At one period of our life we were very emotional; but we got over a great deal of it by tying the nuptial knot—a Gordian one, which nothing in life

can undo—although, like our father, Old Benedict, when we were a bachelor, we did not think we should live till we were married. However, we got married to our own Beatrice, and neither she nor we have ever regretted it. At least, we have not. She, however, sometimes says she might have done better, *if she had liked*; but as she has long ago given ample proof that she did not like to do otherwise than she has done, we take it for granted that she does not mean what she says, and so jog on together, proving every day that

They sin who tell us Love can die.

To be sure, ours does not burn either so fitfully or so violently as it did ere we had consecrated it at the altar of Hymen (or, as the negroes have it, entered the holy state of "hemlock")—

The sparkling cream of all Time's blessedness.

Still, it preserves a constant, never-dying flame, and enables us to declare with Southey, that

Love is indestructible.

Having thus propitiated the indulgence of our gentle readers, we will commence our criticisms with some of the epistolary correspondence of Abelard and Heloise, two long, lasting, and learned lovers—that is to say, the passion of these learned persons for each other endured throughout all changes of circumstances and time. It was, especially on the part of Heloise, as constant as the heat of the sun, although, in the cases of both, it was as clouded as that luminary sometimes is, with the vapours of misfortune. But who were Abelard and Heloise? We will now tell you, as an introduction to our comments upon their letters, and the briefest and best way to do this is to give their history nearly entire, as it is given in "Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Information."

Abelard was a Frenchman, who distinguished himself as a logician, a mathematician, and a divine. He seemed to be a man constant in all things, and he fell in love with Heloise, a beautiful young girl, the niece of a wealthy canon of the name of Fulbert. This person was so pleased with the learning and philosophy of Abelard, that he desired him to instruct his niece therein; and thus commenced an intercourse which has rendered the love of Heloise for Abelard as immortal in the modern,

as that of Sappho for Phaon was in the ancient world. Abelard entered upon his duties, but, instead of directing her path through the intricate mazes of learning, he taught her to love, and he himself became so intoxicated with this passion, that his lectures, which had hitherto attracted admiring crowds, lost their charm, and Fulbert, perceiving the cause, turned him from his house. Heloise followed him, and he conveyed her to his sister's in Brittany, where she gave birth to a son, whom she named Astrolabius. Abelard now proposed to Fulbert to marry Heloise, and, although he accepted the offer, the lady herself rejected it. She afterwards, indeed, consented to a private marriage, but never would own it, and did not scruple sometimes to swear that it was not true, which is inexcusable, although the motive from which it was done was to preserve the celibacy of Abelard's character in the eyes of the religious world, to which he belonged. This conduct, however, increased greatly the rage of Fulbert; and Abelard sent her, in consequence, to the monastery of Argenteuil, where she put on the religious habit, but did not take the veil. Fulbert now caused Abelard to be cruelly mutilated by ruffians, when he became a monk in the abbey of St. Denis, which he soon left, and retired to Champagne, where he, once more, became a successful lecturer. His fame procured him numerous enemies, particularly the professors at Rheims, who charged him with heterodoxy on the subject of the Trinity, and he was censured at the Council of Soissons in 1121. Subsequently he erected an oratory in the diocese of Troyes, called the Paraclete, which signifies "the comforter," but was soon driven from it, and next became abbot of Ruis, in the diocese of Vannes, when he gave to Heloise and some other nuns the Paraclete. After a life of many vicissitudes he died, when his body was sent to Heloise, who deposited it in the Paraclete. She lived many years after him as abbess there, and at her death was buried by his side. An elegant Gothic monument to their memory, built of the ruins of the abbey of the Paraclete, is now one of the most interesting objects in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, Paris.

Such is the brief and painful history of these unfortunate lovers, in the perusal of whose correspondence we pass through all

phases of sorrow and sympathy, even whilst admiring, accusing, judging, and condemning. Speaking of these letters merely as compositions, we find in them passages of the most enchanting beauty. The mixture of pathos, sense, and tenderness, with that eagerness, which is a characteristic of the passion of love, to know all about the object that is loved, forces from us our admiration, notwithstanding that such passages are disclosing an almost agonizing anxiety on the part of the writer regarding the trials and dangers of the object in whom the Alpha and Omega of her affections are centred. In a letter of Heloise to Abelard, we have a passage aptly illustrative of our remarks:—

"For Christ's sake, my Abelard," she says, "do inform us, and that continually, of each circumstance of your present dangers. I and my sisters alone, of all your friends, remain true to you. Let us, at least, partake of your joys and sorrows. Our condolence may bring some relief to your sufferings—a load borne on many shoulders is more easily supported. But should the storm subside ever so little, then be even more solicitous to inform us, for your letters will be messengers of joy. In short, whatever be their contents, to us they must always bring comfort, because this, at least, they will tell us, that we are remembered by you."

The last member of this last sentence is exquisitely touching, "At least they will tell us that we are remembered by you." By this we see how much he lived in her affections—how constantly and passionately she yet loved him, and how fondly she desired to be remembered by him. It is in passages such as this that we behold revealed to us that secret and silent faithfulness which abides in the female heart when it truly loves. No matter how stricken down woman may be by disappointment, heart-rending cruelty, and unmitigated misfortune, we see her capable of enduring the rudest shocks of the world's ruthlessness when exalted by love and religion. We see this especially in the case of Heloise—she is all truth and trustfulness. When we recollect that she has renounced the world solely to gratify Abelard, her passion assumes a self-sacrificial character. Her love and her sorrow become alike sacred, and she rises before us as a being

apparently compounded of higher elements than those of which, we are too apt to think, the rest of her species is created. But it is not so. They are all alike, high and low, rich and poor, when under the true influence of the passion.

*The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no peace in love's delightful heaven.
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless—
The virtue of a lover is excess.*

If the excess of love is its true virtue, we must confess that, in the cases of Abelard and Heloise, it assumes the character of a agonizing intensity. In a calm examination of the composition of their letters, too, we are almost led to think at times that there is made a greater effort at the production of fine sentiment than is, according to our notions and experience, consistent with the operations of a deep-seated, unchanging passion; but, whether this is so or not, we will observe here that Abelard is not satisfied with the enjoyment of the sole affections of Heloise in this state of sublimity existence, and all that she could bestow upon him, but must have these continued beyond the grave, and have her petition Heaven itself for the repose of his soul. Poor fellow! But this is in accordance with the rites of the Catholic Church; yet, when a beautiful woman, in the very heyday and bloom of her youth, has renounced this charming world, "this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire," as Shakspeare hath it, for the sake of one man, she has, in our humble opinion, done quite enough for any Lord of the Creation, and may, after his decease, be mercifully, if not reasonably, suffered to enjoy herself after the fashion of her own will. This at all events is our opinion, and we have loved and been loved, and perhaps are loved, with as much tenderness as ever Abelard was, albeit our path has been somewhat smoother in the matter, our passion a good deal less sentimentally expressed—but, for all that, not the less sincere—and our kindness and consideration greater by a thousandfold towards the woman of our affections than were ever those of Abelard towards Heloise. We have come to this conclusion, not from any extraordinary amount of over-weening egotism in ourselves, but from well ponder-

ing the following passage from one of the letters of that unfortunate lady.

"But how has it happened, let me ask," says she, "that, after my retirement from the world, which was your own work, I have been so forgotten or so neglected, that you never came hither personally to recreate my solitude, or ever wrote to console me? Account for this conduct, if you can; or must I tell you my suspicions, which are, also, the general suspicions of the world? It was passion, Abelard, and not friendship, that drew you to me; it was not love, but a baser propensity. The incitements to pleasure removed, every other more gentle sentiment, to which they might seem to give life, has vanished with them."

Here then is a pretty gentleman for a beautiful, faithful, affectionate, pure, learned, and lofty-minded lady to renounce the world for! Abelard, however, was not only a selfish, and, in our opinion, a cruel lover, but he would also seem to have been a delinquent in other matters of very little moment in our eyes, but still of moment, seeing that they are noticed by Heloise.

"I am surprised, my dearest Abelard," she exclaims, "that, contrary to the usual style of epistolary correspondence, and even contrary to the obvious order of things, you would presume, in the very front of your salutations, to place my name before your own. Decency and propriety require that, when we write to our superiors or our equals, the names of those to whom we write should have the first place. But in writing to inferiors, those are first mentioned who are first in dignity."

Although there might have been an impropriety, there was no indecency in "the style of epistolary correspondence" adopted by Abelard, but, as a philosopher, he might have been excused, if he did not, at all times, conform himself to those set modes of address and punctilios of ceremony—often fatal to friendship, far less to love—which are usually the only excellence of little minds, and the only arts studied by those whose intellectualities have no higher reach than the consideration of the dress they shall wear, or the manners they will assume to support a pretentious breeding, which has no exist-

ence in reality. Abelard may have had something of this in him, yet he was not a gentleman in all things. Indeed, we will observe that we have not always found the real gentleman, according to our experience of such, a rigid adherent to the punctilios of modes or expressions, although you might clothe him in rags, and you would at once detect him, or drag him, so to speak, through a gutter, and he would come forth undefiled by the operation. On the other hand, the made-up and would-be gentleman, though he glitter in diamonds, is at once detected by any person of the smallest perceptive sagacity. And so with the real and would-be lady. It is in *mind*, and not in *matter*, that all true breeding exists. Ladylike and gentlemanlike virtues are not superficial, and cannot be put on and taken off as a suit of attire for a holiday occasion. They are deep and sincere, and are the natural offsprings of an elevated understanding. They pervade the whole being, and are as remote from simulating a friendship or an affection which does not exist, as they are from doing a wrong to the tenderest and dearest objects of their hearts. We give our homage to a gentleman, wherever we find him, and to a lady we add our admiration, on account of her sex. They both command our affection, because we know that their sentiments are formed upon the principles of justice, their conduct regulated by the precepts of truth, and their outward manners the natural expression of the innate qualities of their minds.

According to these views, the sagacity of our fair readers will already have brought them to the conclusion that Abelard, in our opinion, could not have been a gentleman, notwithstanding his highly cultivated mind, the sacredness of his office, and the splendour of his social position; and they are right. Certainly, as we have said, he was not a gentleman. He had not the kind, the considerate, the generous feelings of such an exalted personage. He was all SELF, emphatically SELF, in regard to his treatment of the beautiful Heloise. He might have loved her, and, no doubt, did at first, with the most passionate tenderness; but by its very intensity it took the form of cruelty. The accidents of his life, and his sufferings on her account, were, assuredly, great; but

he required an immense satisfaction to be made for them, in her renunciation of the world. The mere asking of her to do this was cruel in the last degree; but, had it been a voluntary act on her part, it would still have been cruel not to have tried to prevent it.

"Abelard!" she says, in a reproachful passage, "when you had resolved to quit the world, I followed you, or rather, I ran before you. It seems you had the image of the patriarch's wife before your eyes, and I feared I might look back, and therefore, before you would surrender your own liberty, I was to be sacrificed. In that one instance, I confess, your mistrust of me rent my heart. Abelard, I blushed for you. For my part, Heaven knows! had I seen you hastening to perdition, at a single nod I should not have hesitated to have preceded, or to have followed you. My soul was no longer in my own possession. It was in yours. Even now, if it is not with you, it is nowhere. It cannot exist without you. But do receive it kindly. There it will be happy, if it find you indulgent; if you only return kindness for kindness, trifles for things of moment, and a few words for all the deeds of my life. Were you less sure of my love, you would be more solicitous. But because my conduct has rendered you secure, you neglect me. Once more, recollect what I have done for you, and how much you are indebted to me."

We are aware (now, be not angry with us, dear readers) that there is a strong tendency in some female minds to complain of neglect, when no such thing is intended towards them, on the part of the masculine gender. We are also aware that they sometimes sink or rise—we are not sure which is the better word—into a certain mental disposition, which disposes them to taunt their lords with having received such favours from them as can never be requited, and such as, in the redundancy of their mellifluous eloquence, it would be as difficult to repay as will be the National Debt. Notwithstanding these imaginary, rather than real, drawbacks upon their many perfections, however, men too often treat them with actual neglect, and Abelard seems to have been no exception to the general rule. Heloise, however, had her imperfections, but she was too just and generous

a creature not to allow that women had ever possessed a baneful influence over the greatest of men.

"Eve, our first mother," says she, "drove her husband from Paradise. Heaven gave her to be his helpmate, but soon she became his destruction. Delilah was alone strong enough to vanquish that brave Nazarite whose birth an angel had foretold. She delivered him to his enemies. When deprived of sight, he was no longer able to support his load of misery; involved in one common ruin, he expired with his enemies. Solomon, the wisest of men, was so infatuated by a woman—the daughter of a King of Egypt—as, even in the decline of life, to become an idolater. In preference to his father, who was a just man, he had been chosen to build a temple to the Lord; that Lord he had publicly announced by word and in writing, and he had taught his worship; but that worship he deserted. Job, that man of piety, had to endure the severest of all his conflicts from his wife. She instigated him to curse God. The arch-tempter well knew, what experience had often taught him, that the most convenient way to destroy the husband was to employ the artifices of his wife."

These examples are all from the sacred volume, and profane history is full of similar instances, which evidence the great influence which women have, in all ages, been able to exercise over man. But we do not think it is exactly right in *Heloise* to select only such examples as place her sex in an unamiable or reprehensible point of view.

If woman has sometimes used her power to stimulate the perpetration of crime, she has surely as often employed it for the purposes of good. Who attends the couch of sickness with so much gentleness as she? Who alleviates so much pain? Who promotes so much charity? Who so strenuously seeks to relieve the wretched and exalt the fallen? In short, who is the first to defend the weak against the strong, to administer consolation to the wounded heart, to bring light where there is darkness, ease where there is pain, and joy where there is sorrow? In the exercises of benevolence and charity, how often do we see her engaged! Her heart is a perfect reservoir of kindness; and under

the neglect, the wrong, and the suffering too often inflicted by that one who ought to cherish and support her, we have known it remain full to the brim for him down to the end of her existence. This is amply exemplified even in the case of *Heloise*. Whatever may be her sorrows, her heart teems with the deepest and most unalterable affection for *Abelard*. He is her all in all. She may reproach him with coldness, but all that she says is dictated by the unsatisfied yearnings of an uncontrollable love intensified by separation, and from pondering the cruel destiny which overcast with clouds the sunny canopy of their earlier existence. He may neglect her, but she is still the same, and it surprises us how she could continue to discover so many noble attributes in one whose character discloses so much selfishness.

"The termination of misery is itself a happiness," says he; "and they who really feel for others, whatever their own loss may be in the event, cannot but desire to see an end to their labours. The fond mother who beholds her son languishing in pain looks eagerly to its conclusion; she cannot support the sight, and she rather prefers his dissolution to witnessing his misery. The company of a friend is, indeed, pleasing, but I would prefer to see him away and happy than to have him with me and miserable. His sufferings, which I cannot remedy, are to me intolerable."

What are all these examples but a series of exemplifications of that principle—if it was such, and not an inherent deformity in his nature—of selfishness by which the whole tenor of his sentiments and actions seem to have been governed? All suffering is, to him, intolerable—and why? Because it violates the sweet repose of *his own feelings*!

We have now said enough to show the character of these lovers, and have quoted sufficiently from their letters to indicate the style in which they are written and the strain of sentiment by which they are generally pervaded. They can hardly be called "love letters." They are rather, on the part of *Heloise*, epistles expressive of penitent regret, yet breathing an undying attachment, without being mingled with very high hopes of entering, at the close of her life, into that kingdom "where the

wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Those of Abeldar are in the monitory style, and assume all the authority which is supposed to belong to one who enjoys the position of a guide, a counsellor, and a friend. He is frequently epigrammatic, and sometimes favours us with an antithesis. We fail, however, to discover the great genius which has such a resplendent effect upon the mind and heart of Heloise. This may arise from some defect in our own organism; but we must candidly declare that neither his epistolary correspondence nor his character have inspired us with any extraordinary excess of admiration. Indeed, when we remember that Heloise was beautiful and likely to be rich, we cannot help thinking that he was mean enough and despicable enough to play the lover in the prospective hope of clutching her gold.

The foregoing paper has been written in consequence of our attention having been drawn to a small volume published by Mr. Lay, King William-street, Strand. It contains, besides those of Abeldar and Heloise, other interesting love-letters; amongst others, some written by Henry VIII., Pope, Dean Swift, and Lady Wortley Montague. We think the notion a good one to bring together the "Love-letters of eminent persons"—that being the title of the book—and shall, at some future time, further draw upon the collection, and likewise set before our readers other *billets-doux* from new sources.

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

HIS MAJESTY'S PUDDING.—Pound two ounces of orange-peel with one of bitter almonds. Put it on the fire in a brass pan with an English pint of sweet milk; stir till it boils five minutes. Pour through a fine drainer, add half a pint of cream, stir occasionally till nearly cold. Have a quarter of a pound of ground white sugar beat up with six eggs. Mix all together. Butter and ornament a mould with raisins, pour in the pudding, steam two hours. Serve with a custard and sweetmeats round it.

SNOW PUDDING.—Dissolve half of a sixpenny package of gelatine (*Cox's* we find the best) in half a pint of water; add a pound of ground white sugar, the juice of four lemons, and the whites of two eggs. Beat all up till very light and spongy, then pour into a mould. When wanted, turn into a crystal dish, and serve with a custard round it made of the yolks of two eggs.

VERMICELLI PUDDING.—Soak four ounces of vermicelli in cold water for one hour; pour the

water off, put on the fire with a quart of sweet milk, shake it till it boils, draw it aside until the milk is all soaked in. Beat up four eggs with two ounces of sugar; mince two ounces of lemon-peel. Mix all together, and bake in a pudding dish. If boiled, it will require six eggs instead of four. Put in a buttered shape, and boil two hours.

FRENCH PANCAKES.—Take six eggs, separate the yolks from the whites; beat the whites on a dinner-plate to a snow; beat four yolks with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two of flour, and a teaspoonful of cream; add a little salt and a very little carbonate of soda; put in the whites of the eggs and mix gently. Put one ounce of butter in a fryingpan; when hot, pour in the whole pancake. Hold the pan a good distance from the fire for fifteen minutes; hold before the fire to brown on the top. Dish on a napkin. Put any kind of preserved fruit over it. Serve hot.

A DRY CURRY.—Mince four onions; cut sweetbreads, fowl, or veal, in small pieces, and fry in butter; add two tablespoonfuls of curry powder, and put all in a small stewpan. Send out the fryingpan with a teaspoonful of boiling water, and pour amongst the curry. Season with salt, cover closely, and stew till tender. Add a tablespoonful of lemon pickle and two of cream. Stir, and boil five minutes. Serve with boiled rice round the dish, the curry in the centre.

SHORT OR LUNCHEON CAKE.—Put into a basin sufficiently large to hold the whole ingredients half a pound of fresh butter, set it in the oven to melt. In the meantime, mix well with one pound of flour two teaspoonfuls of Borwick's baking powder, a quarter of a pound of pounded loaf-sugar, half a pound of currants, washed and dried, two ounces of candied peel, a little mixed spice, with salt to taste. Mix three well-beaten fresh eggs with the warm butter, then add the whole. Bake in a quick oven.

CAMBRIDGE PUDDING.—Two ounces of loaf-sugar pounded, two ounces of fine flour, two ounces of butter, the yolks of three eggs, the whites of two, and half a pint of new milk. Melt the butter in the milk, and mix the whole together. Put it in tea-cups, and bake half an hour. Serve with wine sauce.

RHUBARB JAM.—To seven pounds of rhubarb add four sweet oranges and five pounds of sugar. Peel and cut up the rhubarb. Put in the thin peel of the oranges and the pulp, after taking out the seeds and all the whites. Boil all together for one hour and a half.

TO BOTTLE GOOSEBERRIES.—Gather smooth-skinned gooseberries before they are quite full grown, pick them and put them into bottles, set them in a copper or boiler of cold water up to their necks, make a fire under them, and let the heat increase gradually; let them simmer ten minutes, but not quite boil, then take them out, and fill the bottles with water that has been boiled; when they are quite cold, pour a little oil on the top to keep the air from them, and seal them in a dry, cool place.

LEMONADE.—Very fine lemonade may be made by slicing four good lemons, adding four ounces of lump sugar, and one quart of boiling water. Cover up close till cold.

ICING FOR A PLUM CAKE.—Take the white of an egg, a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar, and a teaspoonful of gum dragon, melted. Mix them into a paste, and lay it on the cake.

ALMOND ROCK.—Boil half a pound of treacle and half a pound of raw sugar for half an hour. Split two ounces of sweet almonds, and when the treacle and sugar are poured out on a dish or stone which has been previously buttered, place the almonds on the top, and let it remain till it becomes hard.

To STEW PEARS.—To every pound of pears when peeled put half a pound of loaf sugar. Put the fruit into a stew-pan and cover it with cold water, and shut the lid quite close. Stew the fruit gently till tender, then add a few lumps of the sugar. After stewing the pears two or three hours, put in the cloves—twenty cloves to six or eight pounds of fruit—and the peel of two lemons. Keep adding the sugar by degrees. If the syrup is much wasted, add a little more hot water. They require stewing about ten hours very gently. When they are nearly done, add the juice of both lemons—it will add to their flavour and brighten the syrup.

THE FASHIONS AND PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

HOWEVER long delayed, the glories of summer must come at last; the sun must assume his royal robes of sapphire and of gold, and the earth her garments of green, embroidered over with all their fair and vast profusion of exquisite flowers. It is the duty of fashion to follow celestial and terrestrial example, and to show the fair ladies of England how they may best keep companionship with Nature in this renewal of her bright gala days of summer.

And first we will speak of our illustration, which exhibits a lady dressed in one of the newest mantles to be seen in the Gardens of the Tuilleries. The preference there is still for black silk, as best contrasting with every other kind of dress. The great distinction of shape is, that the ends in front descend in broad squares, being no longer rounded as they were last season. This mantle is trimmed with a bordering of *piqué*, made of its own material, and finished at each edge in the smallest possible vandyke. We have inserted the shape of this elegant article, which, being simple in form, will be easily understood and enlarged to the requisite size.

The dress, which also appears in our engraving, is made either of a very small check in silk, or of good mohair, which last fabric is now manufactured with great perfection. This is made with the Raphael body, and long hanging sleeves, and is completed up to the throat by an under-body in plain white muslin, composed entirely of plaits. The skirt is new, being single, and set into the body in double French plaits, down the centre of each of which a ribbon is carried, ending with a bow. This supplies the place of a double skirt, and is as ornamental as it is novel. Should the dress be purple and white, or brown and white, or green and white, the ribbon must be of the simple colour—that is, either plain purple, or plain brown, or plain green. We can assure our readers that there is a real elegance in this arrangement, which thus replaces the double skirt.

The bonnet most suitable to be worn with this dress is a rice straw, trimmed with a couple of bands in black ribbon carried across the top,

finished on one side by two bows formed by gathering the ribbon up at one edge, and placing a cluster of the dog-daisy in the centre of each. The curtain is a narrow strip of white, edged with black; and here we may remark that the curtains of all bonnets are much curtailed in depth, being sufficiently full but not deep. The inside trimming consists of a quilling of narrow white ribbon, reaching rather deeply down on each side of the face, and finishing with a bow having hanging ends, from which proceeds the short length of cap. The strings are either black or white.

Another elegant Parisian bonnet is made as follows:—A border of either chip or straw is laid round the front, of a transparent shape. Then follows a *piqué* of mauve-coloured silk, narrowing at each end as it reaches the ears, and from the centre of which descend two small three-cornered pieces, which might be called little half-handkerchiefs, in black spotted net, having a hem of an inch in width on their straight sides, and trimmed round with a white blonde of an inch and a half wide. We must not forget to say that a loose crown of white tulle had been previously introduced, over which these two pointed pieces hang very gracefully, not being tightly drawn into the stiff shape. The curtain is mauve, the trimming a bunch of white lilac. The inside trimming is a cap all round, a black velvet bow on one side, and a branch of white lilac on the other. The strings mauve.

The French ladies are now patronising clear white muslin for evening dress when ball costume is not required. This is made with a double skirt, the upper one being elegantly embroidered, and, if not so, both being finished with tucks. The body is high and full, the sleeves hanging, and for all ornament a long, broad ribbon, fastened on one shoulder, one end being brought over the back to meet the other on one side of the front, where they unite in a bow, which falls in long ends over the skirt. Perhaps we shall at once be clearly understood when we refer to the way in which Queen Victoria wears the Blue Ribbon, as it is precisely the same.

A very pretty headdress, suitable for young married ladies in dinner dress, is formed of two long, wide lappets of white tulle, finished at the edges with a hem and a narrow blonde, and dotted over at regular intervals with an alternate violet and gold bead. These may be either the Eugénie bead or simply those of the hollow gold, but they must be rather large. The upper part is composed of bows formed of the same, from whence the broad ends depend, and the effect is very elegant.

Let us say a few words on crinoline, which is certainly being modified, although we can by no means call it abandoned. As the summer advances there is one caution we must offer to our subscribers, and that is to remember that these hoops are most ungraceful unless their contour is entirely concealed by an abundant flow of the drapery of the under-skirts. When the stiff outlines are visible, we cease to wonder at the severe reflections cast upon the much-censured but widely-adopted use of crinoline.

For the very warm weather, the muslin scarf and the muslin shawl, prettily embroidered, will be much worn, as well as a simple scarf of the same material as the dress.



SUMMER DRESS AND MANTLE.

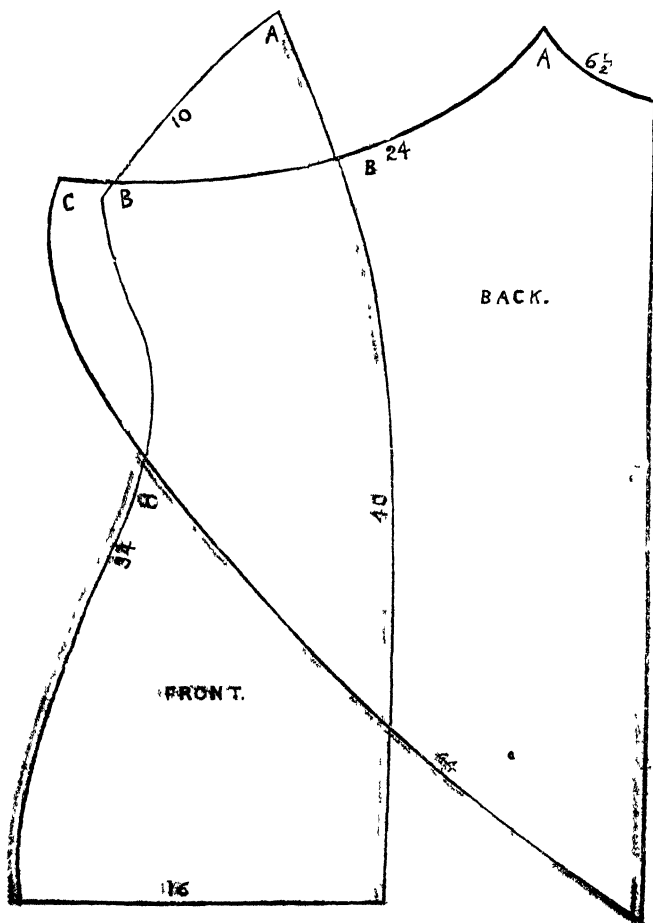


DIAGRAM OF MANTEE.

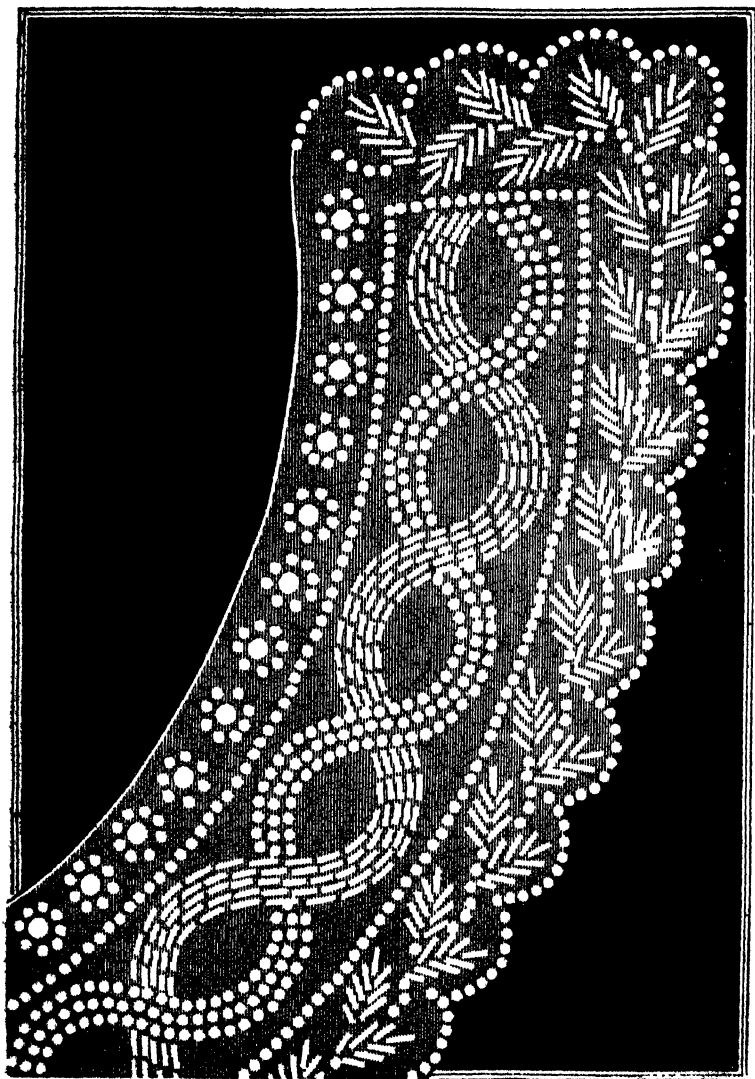
THE WORK-TABLE.

DESIGNED BY MADemoiselle ROCHE.

Glass is a substance which, in every form, is extremely beautiful. From the large plates which cover the walls of drawing-rooms, and give back, in their reflective faces, every other article that adorns the apartment, to the brilliant pendant which hangs from the elegant lustre, and reflects every individual colour which composes that most sublime idea which we call a ray of

light, all claim our greatest admiration as articles of manufacture unrivalled in beauty. Its ornaments have lately been more widely applied; therefore, much the shape of beads it is now an article of commerce. Fashion having recognised its value in this form, beads are now much used as a decoration in many articles of a lady's toilette. Headdresses of every style and shape owe to them much of their elegance. Mantles are extensively trimmed with them.

The beads and articles which we give in our illustration



COLLAR IN ORNAMENTAL BEAD-WORK.



POPE'S VILLA. TWICKENHAM

POETS:**THEIR LIVES, SONGS, AND HOMES.****ALEXANDER POPE, POET AND PHILOSOPHER.**

We're weak enough to think Pope a great poet; And, what is worse, we're not ashamed to show it

THIS poet, who for a long period reigned the unrivalled arbiter of poetic taste, if not the undisputed centre of poetic love, has of late years fallen somewhat from his high position in the temple of Fame. Certainly, if we should compare his easy, facile verse with the spasmodic, convulsive rhythm (or, sometimes, no rhythm) of modern poetry (?), his simple language with the exaggerated force of some present writers, his plain phraseology, unmistakable in meaning, with their mystic power and misty sublimity, having accustomed ourselves to admiration of the latter, Pope's poetry will appear tame by comparison. Unquestionably he did sacrifice much to mere sound; much power, truth, grandeur, pathos, even good sense, to mere harmony; yet, as real poetry is composed of many elements, perhaps it is sometimes thought that we can

as ill spare the graceful elegance of Pope's versification, the pleasing melody of his well selected language, as we could the added vigour of thought of succeeding writers. Especially, as we have in his case, the counter-balancing advantages, that, if power be sometimes wanting, it is never ill-used; he does not wield a thunderbolt for the destruction of a butterfly. If his sentiments are sometimes false, the falsehood is palpable and plain; there is no cloud of unintelligible sentences in which to mingle the real and the ideal, and carry our reason astray. If grandeur and pathos are not always as elevating or as subduing as they might be, at least the former never takes the overleaping bound which precipitates it into the ridiculous, and the latter never descends to the maudlin. If Pope occasionally wrote what was no sense, he never wrote anything of which the sense was obscure. If we can-

not always agree or approve, we can always comprehend. If his position cannot always be proved, at all events there is no difficulty in knowing what it is. These are no small merits in a writer; and when we come to consider the individual, when we approach to make acquaintance with the man, when we draw near familiarly to enter into converse, as it were, to sit by the fireside, to accompany the walks, to join in the amusements and employments, to share in the studies, and to sympathise in the hopes and cares of this most polished of our British poets, Pope's character will stand forth and challenge our approbation and esteem. Honest and firm in just, wise, benevolent, firm in ships;

of filial piety, a untiring industry, of earnest his laudable ambition, charity may well veil his few errors and foibles, no less from a tender consideration to his many infirmities than from a just admiration of his virtues.

Alexander Pope was born in London (some say in a house in the Strand) on the 22nd of May, 1688. By his own account, his father was a relative of the Earl of Downe, and his mother a daughter of William Turner, a landed proprietor of Yorkshire, who had three sons, two of whom died in the service of Charles I., while the third attained the rank of a General in the Spanish army. His father certainly was engaged in trade, whatever may have been his ancestral claims, and seems to have prospered in his calling, as we find that he was enabled to retire from business, at no very advanced period of life, with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds. With this sum he took up his abode at Binfield, in Windsor Forest, and to this home the future (we may almost say the then) poet was called at twelve years old; for even at this early age Pope had distinguished himself, not so much, perhaps, by his childish compositions, remarkable as they were, as by the steady pursuit of knowledge. The resolute search after information, which commenced thus early, never relaxed during the course of his life.

Having received a home education until his eighth year, he had been then placed under the care of a Catholic clergyman, named Faverner, who appears to have been

a man of much ability and learning, and whose method with his pupil was singularly judicious and successful. From his tutorship he was removed to two schools in succession, one at Twyford, near Winchester, and another at Hyde Park Corner. Of the course of education at these, Pope does not speak very favourably; nor does he appear to have been much indebted to the instructions of a second private tutor, also a priest, of the name of Deane, with whom he spent some months after taking up his abode at Binfield. In fact, to his own energy and application alone was he indebted for his education and the development of his genius. We are told that,

"finding little advantage from external help, he resolved thenceforward to direct himself, and, at twelve years old, formed a plan of study, which he completed with little other incitement than the desire of excellence."

We must not forget, however, that Pope had one encouragement—and that one, perhaps, the most powerful that can be offered to the young—the approbation and sympathy of his friends. The youthful student whose pursuits are discouraged, or, at best, looked coldly on by those of his own kindred—whose efforts are unappreciated—whose hopes and aspirations, whose toils and pleasures are unshared and uncared-for—will feel some allowable envy for the boy whose genius was fostered at least by kindness, by merited praise, by friendly criticism, by wholesome, candid, and tender advice. It is related that his father used to propose subjects for his poetry, and suggest corrections and alterations as he thought fit; and, as we have no authority for supposing him a man of any superior ability or learning, we may reasonably admit that parental love and approbation formed stronger encouragements to the young aspirant for fame than any other influence could have done.

Pope showed an early preference for the poetry of Dryden. He resolved to take him as his model in versification; and there is a story extant of his having persuaded some friends to introduce him into the coffee-house which Dryden frequented, in order that he might have the pleasure of seeing him—a circumstance from which he derived gratification for the whole of his life. However, as Dryden died before Pope

had attained his twelfth year, the authenticity of this anecdote may be considered doubtful—at least, it would be no very difficult matter to persuade a child of ten or eleven years that he had seen a person who, perhaps, at the time was many miles off, especially as he could have no after means of detecting the fraud, if such had been put upon him.

Of Pope's poems, his earliest is his "Ode on Solitude," which is supposed to have been written in his twelfth year. At fourteen he made a translation of the first book of "Thebais," and is also supposed to have then written his poem on "Silence." Wishing to acquire the modern languages, he removed, at this time, for a short period, to London, where he studied French and Italian; and, having then settled at Binfield, he devoted himself in earnest to the pursuit of poetry.

At this early age, when the education of most men is but at its commencement, Pope had not only chosen, but qualified himself for, his pursuit in life. Unwearied, indeed, must have been the industry, steady the judgment, and accurate the discrimination, which rendered him so very early able to fix his choice, without dread of future regrets or failures. For all those who imagine that genius requires nothing but its own light to guide it, it may be advantageous to know that he who at sixteen was an accomplished classical scholar, an excellent modern linguist, and a person of extensive general information, considered it necessary to the improvement of his talents, to make and maintain an acquaintance, even during the progress of his own labours, with all that was worth studying in the literary world.

Pope confesses to have tried all styles of poetical composition; but he acted wisely in adhering nearly altogether to that most suited to his genius, the didactic. The most generally known, perhaps, of his original poems is his celebrated "Essay on Man." The "Elegy on the Death of an Unfortunate Lady" is still so popular that few collections of poetry are published without it, but the story appears to have lacked some of the romance thrown over it by the poet.

The "Rape of the Lock" achieved a signal success, which it must even now be acknowledged to have merited; although the inci-

dent which produced a poem so elaborate and highly finished would, at the present day, scarcely provoke a sonnet for the corner of a newspaper, from the veriest scribbler who ever "ran home to verify the loss of a lady's lapdog." His greatest undertaking, no doubt, was the translation of "Homer's Iliad," and it must be considered a perfect proof of his amazing industry that this was completed in little more than five years, having been begun in 1712 and finished in 1718, the author's thirtieth year. Dr. Johnson characterizes it as the "noblest version of poetry which the world has ever seen." As a translation, it has lost favour since then, but as a specimen of felicitous versification and elegant and noble diction, it never can. Perhaps the most really beautiful, however, of all Pope's poems is his "Epistle from Elisea to Abemard," than which, probably, there is no more exquisite piece in the English language. Except in this and the "Elegy," there is little tenderness in his poetry; he aimed rather at being the severe moralist, the keen satirist, who should dictate axioms of wisdom and virtue, and lay the rod on folly and vice. He has been condemned as an unbeliever in revelation; for which judgment there appears to be little cause, except that his writings are singularly unsectarian. It can scarcely be necessary when addressing a professedly Christian community, with the lips or the pen, on the subject either of moral or mental improvement, to state our own belief in so many words; the very fact of the exhortation implying it. But, no doubt, in Pope's day, as well as in our own, there were many of those conscientious Christians who refuse to hear *anything* a man has to say on *any* subject, except it be prefaced with a recitation of his creed. He belonged to the Church of Rome, and ever affirmed his sincere belief in the religion he professed. The prevailing spirit of the age in which he lived forbids the supposition of his being a hypocrite for any pecuniary advantage, and it is certainly difficult to conjecture for what other he could have assumed his faith. In the year 1728 he published the "Dunciad," now scarcely known but by name. Special satires, of course, belong but to their own time, as it is impossible for posterity to judge either of the felicitous application of the wit or the truth of such performances. If his literary

enemies smarted under the attack, they had an opportunity of revenge on the appearance of his "Essay," in 1733, yet it would seem to have passed with little criticism at the time. In the period between, Pope lost one of his earliest and most attached friends, Gay, and his last surviving parent, his mother at the great age of ninety-three. His father had died ten years before. The filial piety of our poet cannot be too much admired. "His parents had the happiness of living till he was at ease in his fortune, and without a rival in his fame, and found no diminution of his respect or tenderness. Whatever was his pride, to them he was gentle. Life has, among its soothing and quiet comforts, few things better to give than such a son."

Rare praise this! Rare character for a man immersed in laborious mental toil, surrounded, as brilliant genius must ever be, by flatterers and by foes; by worshippers and by detractors. Nor were his endearing qualities reserved but for these—his best-loved relatives.

Few, perhaps, could number such a host of real friends as he. He has been accused of an overweening affection for great acquaintances; but if he liked such society as society, the liking never interfered with his steady attachments; and the man who, with the natural infirmities of sickness and deformity, and the petty fables of vanity and peevishness, could attract and retain the regard of so many of the wise, the virtuous, and the good, must have had many other good qualities besides his talents and his industry.

Much has been said of his parsimony, and many anecdotes are related of the ludicrous manner in which it was sometimes displayed; but, after all, it appears to have amounted to little more than a proper and just frugality. His selfishness and irritability have also been commented on, without sufficient allowance being made, in the one case, for the feebleness which obliged him to depend on, and almost exact, the attentions of others, and, in the other, for the very natural tone of habitual ill-health.

Verily, our song-birds have warbled with clipped wings and heavy hearts sometimes; with dim eyes, and drooping heads, and ruffled plumage! So extreme was the delicacy of Pope's constitution through life, that we are told he always

wore a fur doublet beneath his shirt, and could not stand erect without the support of stiff canvass stays. He could not dress or undress without assistance, and was so susceptible to cold as to be obliged to have a sedan-chair placed in a boat, in which he sat with the glasses down to take the air on the water.

Beyond his few political satires, Pope took little or no part in public affairs. He was a genuine lover of elegant retirement—that retirement which enjoys society while shunning publicity and notoriety. In the year 1715 he purchased his villa at Twickenham. Here he removed with his parents, and here, except when occasionally visiting his friends, he spent the rest of his life. Here he planted his fruit-trees, and attended to his hothouses, and watched his flowers; here he made his famous grotto, which was but an underground passage to his garden; here he was supposed to have refused a visit from Queen Caroline, which was also supposed never to have been offered. The latter supposition we may now be permitted to consider the most likely of the two. From hence he sent forth those charming descriptions of Nature which must always fascinate the imagination, while, at the same time, they can appeal to the most sober judgment to witness to their truth. And here he indited those marvellous comports which, long proved to have been logically and theoretically false, will yet almost make us wish to believe them true.

With the exception of Cowper, there are few poets of whose home-life we know so much as Pope's. His letters are filled with allusions to the occupations and pleasures of his domestic hours; and it is not a little curious to remark the strain of amiable and quite unconscious egotism thus pervading the character of two, in other respects, totally dissimilar authors; as Cowper has been justly considered the first poet of any consequence, since the days of Alexander Pope, who dared to break the spell of his great predecessor's magic numbers, and originate a style of his own.

Notwithstanding his great infirmities his life was prolonged to his fifty-seventh year. He died on the 30th of Mar., 1744. For at least five years before, he had suffered from asthma and dropsy, and his last

twelve months were spent in almost unmitigated suffering. We are told that, while delirious during the last days of his illness, he used, in his transient moments of consciousness, "continually to say something *kind* of his present or absent friends." Oh! what a noble lesson! good, indeed, must be the heart that could rise above his accumulated miseries! But well-disciplined, also, must have been the spirit which did not, on such a death-bed, belie the life's training.

He was buried at Twickenham, beside his parents, so dearly loved and dutifully respected, where there was, some time after, a monument erected to his memory by the Bishop of Gloucester.

Our great critic says of his writings, "He was one of those few whose labour is their pleasure: he was never elevated to negligence nor wearied to impatience; he never passed a fault unamended, by indifference, nor quitted it in despair. He laboured, first to gain reputation, and afterwards to keep it. He had recourse to every source of intelligence, and lost no opportunity of information; he consulted the living and the dead; he read his compositions to his friends, and was never content with mediocrity when excellence could be attained. His independence secured him from drudging at a task and labouring upon a barren topic. He never exchanged praise for money, nor opened a shop for condolence or congratulation."

To this nothing can be added. If Pope failed in his aim, at least he failed in nothing which it was possible for him to achieve. That there are more exalted regions in poetry than he reached is of no consequence to his reputation. In his own sphere he is unrivalled; and that he has (which is undoubtedly the case) been daily decreasing in favour is owing rather to a host of puerile imitators than to any fault of his. That he will never be allowed to slip altogether out of public estimation, we may be certain. We may reject his philosophy, for it is altogether false; his reasoning, for it is totally unsound; but we can never afford to part with his poetry. It is easy to prove that such a proposition as—

For forms of government let fools contest;
What'er is best administered is best,

is altogether untenable; and that a fulfilment of the wish—

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue,

would lead to very irreligious and immoral results in the case of untrained or ill-trained consciences. Yet few, perhaps, can repeat his "Universal Prayer" without feeling the better for it, or peruse his "Essay" without some elevation of the moral tone; while the sublimity of the "Messiah," the exquisite tenderness of "Eloisa," and the pathos of the "Elegy," are flowers that cannot be permitted to be rooted out of the garden of English poetry.

Perhaps Pope owes something, and not a little of his excellences as well as his peculiarities, to the influence of surrounding circumstances. With a fortune sufficient to place him above the reach of want, though not above the laudable desire of profit, his life was essentially that of an accomplished scholar and gentleman. His tastes, habits, and pursuits were all refined and elegant, and his writings must have caught the tone of his life. The age in which he lived was one in which genius, long crushed beneath the storms of civil war, withered by the blasts of political controversy, had sprung as it were to life, and, "as iron sharpeneth iron," the goodly company of wits and sages, of bards and philosophers, encouraged each other in the path to honour and renown. Among his intimate friends may be numbered almost every name of celebrity in that period—Swift, Steele, Warburton, Congreve, the celebrated Earl of Oxford—even Addison's natural jealousy of so great a rival could not quite prevent his admiration, or subdue his regard. His attachment to Gay never knew a variation; and if there were some among his intimate associates who were only great by birth or fortune, still it was the fashion, so to speak, for the noble and wealthy in those days to surround themselves with men famous for learning or genius, so that Pope's constant companionship must have included all who were eminent in art, science, or literature.

In his home at Binfield first, and then at Twickenham, he enjoyed just such calm pleasure and gentle employment as al-

lewed him leisure for his favourite, and, though diligently pursued, yet not engrossing, pursuit, and, like poor Cowper, his sorrows and infirmities were cheered by kind home companionship and attention.

It is remarkable that Pope's poetry has always been chosen for the study of the young. It has been ever a text-book for preceptors. If alighted in the drawing-room, it maintains its place in the nursery and school-room—a tacit acknowledgment of the necessity for early forming a correct taste in that which has been stigmatized as the mere mechanism of poetry, and one which may lead us to question whether, in numberless instances, any poetic taste whatever would have been developed had the aliment supplied been of a different character.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN LONDON.

III.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

In one of the pleasantest suburbs of London, nestled down among green trees, not very far from the famous Cromwell Lodge (the residence not, however, of the great Oliver himself, but of his son Henry), amid some of the few remaining meadows yet to be seen near that metropolis "whose paths are paved for three miles round" (ah! and how many more than three, we would like to know), stands a quiet, unassuming old building, remarkable neither for loftiness nor elegance, but within whose far-stretching galleries, corridors, and ateliers, covering a space little short of an acre of ground, may daily be seen not only one of the finest collections of fine art in the country, but also the largest and most important body of female art-students in England.

The nature of the studies that could attract daily from all parts of the metropolis nearly two hundred female students, and keep them closely employed from ten in the morning to three in the afternoon, is surely well worthy our attentive consideration. Nor should the fact be overlooked that the great mass of the women attending these classes are eventually destined to support themselves, either as drawing mistresses, wood engravers, designers, or painters.

The rise and progress of this gallery of science and art, and the formation of the metropolitan schools of art, are very curious—being rather a consolidation of old institutions than, as is generally thought, a new creation of the Government.

This gallery of science includes the Royal Dublin Society—which was receiving a public grant as early as 1800—the Schools of Mines—which were organizing from 1837 to 1851—the Industrial Museum of Ireland—founded in 1845—and the School of Design, which owed its origin, in 1837, to Lord Sydenham. Up to 1852 all these institutions were acting independently of each other, and were subject to different kinds of ministerial responsibility, when they were united under a single Parliamentary authority, and were required to publish an annual statement of the results of their working; and one signal beneficial effect of this consolidation has been to call increased public attention to these institutions, and generally to lead the public more largely to demand the assistance offered by them than when they were insulated.

The average monthly attendance at this Museum, since it was opened in June, 1857, has been 44,000; while no less than 110,000 persons have visited it in the evening since the same date.

The contents of the Museum are very heterogeneous, although science or art is the basis of all the collections; the fact is, the collections came together simply because space was provided for their reception. For years they have been, for the most part, packed away unseen, or were very inadequately exhibited. The architectural collections were for years buried in the cellars of Somerset House; the prints and drawings had never been seen by the public; the educational collections were packed away for three years unused; and the trade collections, which were so very attractive at the Exhibition of 1851, were also, until very lately, stored away. Now the whole of these collections, with a vast number of additions, are to be seen well arranged, and with everything made as intelligible as possible by descriptive labels. So (to use Mr. Cole's language), while other collections may attract the learned to explore them, this is so clearly arranged as to woo the ignorant to examine it; nor

is there a pleasanter sight in London than the evening exhibition, where many working men and women, with their children, may be seen, surprised and delighted at the brilliant appearance of the Museum when lighted, and astonished and instructed at the beauties with which they are surrounded. Drawings, casts, and photographs—vegetables, fruits, and spices from the East—some of the fine carved chimney-pieces from Antwerp or Padua—altar-pieces from Troyes and from Ghent, and carved oaken panelling from ancient houses in our own land—copies from fresco, and mosaics from Milan and Ravenna—painted glass from Torcello, Winchester College, Cologne, Normandy, and Belgium—decorative furniture, quaint old chairs, bedsteads, exquisitely carved cabinets, marriage coffers or chests, all decorated with gold and allegorical pictures. These, and a thousand other objects, attract and edify the visitor.

The public here may also consult and compare the different models of schools recommended by the National Society, the Home and Colonial Society, Homerton College, and others. Every new map, diagram, book, desk, &c., used in teaching, is placed at the disposal of the visitor, for inspection, who may have the capabilities, advantages, and disadvantages of each explained by an intelligent attendant, if inclined to ask any questions. Nor may we forget to mention the Sheepshanks Collection of Paintings, which in one sense, however, we believe to have been over-rated; or the gallery of engravings, now in course of arrangement; or the library, which, at a merely nominal sum, is open to all.

But it is not so much with the Museum as with the training department that we are now more particularly concerned, seeing that there are no less than sixty-nine schools of art throughout the United Kingdom in connexion with the department at Kensington, and educating upwards of 35,000 students in drawing and painting. Besides this direct action, the department further aids by examination and prizes. There are three grades of examinations; and every one, however taught, is free to offer himself or herself for examination, and take the prize attached to the grade. These prizes begin with a pair of compasses, and terminate with 10*l.* worth of

works of art, given to the school of art which produces the student who successfully competes with all the other students of the whole schools. And even these prizes themselves exert, generally, a beneficial influence, for, being copies taken by means of electricity and photography of the great art-treasures in Europe, they are thus collected for the benefit of the country, and, by this self-acting process, distributed as prizes to local museums and schools, lay the foundation for the establishment of local museums of art. This system of examinations and prizes is also in full force in the Royal Dublin Society, where the prizes are valued and keenly competed for; and we are glad to add that some of the most successful competitors are women.

Besides the training-school at South Kensington for female students, there is a school for women not in training at Gower-street, and female classes at the district schools of Spitalfields, Finsbury, and the Charterhouse.

The school of design, which was, in a great measure, the origin of all this teaching, necessitated the establishment of schools of drawing, and, to secure this, the *training school* was established, in order to *teach as students and train as teachers* those who should thus be enabled to disseminate this widely-based and extensive course of education throughout the country.

View this great movement from which-ever point you may, and a benefit is seen—a palpable, undeniable benefit to the country—as a means of disseminating copies of some of the grandest works of art the world has ever produced, and of thus educating the tastes of the masses; for, be it known that education of the industrial artist alone is not all that is required; manufacturers complain that productions from the designs of eminent artists find but little favour with the general public, who perversely prefer the worthless designs to which they are accustomed.

Again, any employment that can be devised to lessen the number of governesses must be of immense importance to that body, and, if to them, to the whole nation; and we were glad to learn from one of the heads of the department the other day, that *immediate* and remunerative employment can be obtained for female students, as certificated mistresses, as soon as they

have completed the course of study prescribed.

The class for wood engraving is not so flourishing; the competition with men is great, and, as a rule, the work is required to be completed so rapidly, that women, except in a few rare instances, lag in the race. This ought not to be, and we are greatly inclined to believe that, would women but join hand to hand, and assist each other more than they have ever been accustomed to do in former times, this difficulty might be overcome.

It is notorious that, from as early as the sixteenth century, Italy, Germany, France, and Holland have produced women who have handled the graver in a masterly manner, and whose works are to this day prized as gems of art. Every one conversant with the history of engraving knows the names of the three Stellas, of Elizabeth Sirami, Madame Merian, Madame Le Hay, and many, many others.

If, as is said, it is the practice among men for some master to gather round him a number of pupils, not quite novices in the art, who work with and under him, why should not some patriotic, earnest woman, who understands the business, collect these young females after leaving the Kensington School, and where they have been well trained, allotting to them the ruder and more mechanical parts of the work, touching up, after the example of the men, those blocks intrusted to their care, and thus carry on a business on the same principles that her brother would conduct it?

The time is come when women must change considerably from the course they have pursued for the last fifty years. There is no art better adapted for the capacities and capabilities of women than wood engraving, and if, as has been shown, the art can be accomplished by them, it would indeed be a most intolerable disgrace that the chance of a new profession for women should escape their grasp simply from want of business habits.

Some of the engravings produced at this school are fully as fine as anything produced in the periodical literature of the day, and we firmly believe with Mr. Burchett that, if the opportunity be only offered, there is talent enough in the schools to re-habilitate ornamental art in

this country, and to put to shame those who deny that there are in us the powers necessary to achieve this work.

All students studying engraving *must* also study perspective drawing from objects and from the surface, and pay 4*l.* a session—this present session lasting from the 1st of March to the 30th of July—but students studying drawing are not bound to learn engraving, and pay only half price. Of course they vary as much in *grade* as in appearance. A certain proportion of these students are studying for certificates; a few of the more talented are designers; and, the better to illustrate what we mean, we will add that one young lady, with whose family we are acquainted, received a 5*l.* prize for an exquisite chintz pattern of her own composition, and afterwards sold the same to Messrs. Holland, the great upholsterers, for 20*l.* more; whilst some of the students are younger members of the aristocracy, the daughters of earls, and “My Lady” in their own right.

The school is, of course, quite separate from the Museum, and it is only by favour that strangers can peep behind the scenes and see Lady Blanche perched among old bones, skulls, and casts of gods and men; or Mary Jones painting the dead bird and bunch of wild flowers. If numbers and noise are signs of life, we can only say that, on our last visit, there were no signs of decay or lassitude, and, clothed in every colour of the rainbow, and bright with health and youth, the fair students were a very fair representation of Young England—industrious, but not yet toilers; awake to the value of work, but not to its importance; anxious, indeed, to conquer, but not ready to die for art; very far from what their best friends could wish them to be, but wonders when we remember that ten years ago they were—where? and echo answers, Where? M. S. R.

TO MAKE COWSLIP VINEGAR.—For a nine-gallon cask, to eight gallons of water put ten pounds of coarse sugar. Boil it ten minutes, strain it into a tub, and let it stand till it is the heat you work beer. Then add ten quarts of cowslips (stalks and flowers chopped together) and a teacupful of yeast. Let it stand four days in the tub, stirring it often. Let your cask be quite clean when you put the contents of your tub into it, and set it in a moderate sun. Cover the bung over with paper. The vinegar will be fit for use in six months. The longer it is kept, the better it will be.

MIGNON; OR, THE STEP-DAUGHTER.

GRAZIELLA.

GRAZIELLA hurried Mignon along, running with all her speed towards the superior, who was walking with some ladies in the orchard. She placed herself before the group of nuns, presented Mignon to them whilst kissing her hand, and repeating with an effort, "Mother, mother!" And she looked at Mignon with ecstasy and admiration.

"The dumb has spoken—she has spoken!" repeated the children. "Mignon makes the dumb to speak!"

"What! Mignon," said Madame Thérèse, the superior, quite surprised, after looking at the nuns, "you wish to be the mother of this poor abandoned one? You will be doing a good work, for we are very fond of her, and, in spite of her careless habits, she is not naughty, and you will love her when you have heard her sad history. I acknowledge I have occupied myself with her for some time, but without success; but you, her companion, if you treat her with softness and love, perhaps you may succeed, for it is a direct sympathy like this she requires. At all events, my child, I like to see you try this, which proves you have a good heart. We will register you as her mother, and you shall take sister Gertrude's place, who was an excellent mother to her, but who did not get on very well, as you see, in spite of all her care. You will be answerable for her work and her appearance; but we will not be too severe at first, for you will have much to do. Take courage, then, my child, and rely on your own heart."

"Well, Graziella, now you are happy; you have found a mother, and Mignon has loosened your tongue. Let us hear. Speak again!"

"Mother, mother!" said Graziella with an effort, and with great signs of joy.

For an answer Mignon stooped down to the poor little thing, embraced her tenderly, and said to her schoolfellows, "From this moment she is my daughter, and who loves me will love her!"

Then, taking her hand, she did not leave her any more, but commenced relating wonderful things to her, all the time busy-

ing herself with her toilet, which certainly needed a little improvement. The first place to go to was naturally the fountain, where Mignon washed her daughter's hands and face.

Was not this an interesting group—this spontaneous union of beauty and ugliness; of infinite grace and awkwardness, which almost bordered on brutishness; of a liveliness of intelligence and a timidity which more resembled idiotism; of a pride which protected, and a weakness which had found support and unexpected sympathy? Every eye understood the charm of the contrast, every eye followed the young mother and ungraceful daughter, who was jumping round her and looking proudly at every one, for she now felt she was not alone, and kept repeating "Mother! mother!"

To say that amongst so large a number there were not some mocking smiles and envious looks, would be to deny the existence of tares in a field of wheat. Without thinking what might have given rise to the emotion which had been able to draw a few inarticulate sounds from the poor dumb child, a voice amongst a knot of girls said laughingly, "She makes the dumb speak—she will soon make the blind see and the lame walk!" But Mignon was too happy; she did not wish to see or hear anything of this inoffensive spite, and when the play-hours were over, she followed her companions, after having tenderly embraced her daughter Graziella, who, after the young mother's hasty toilet, was no longer recognisable.

They were happy, both of them; and who knows which experiences the greatest joy—he who receives the daily bread, or he who gives it?

Whence came she?—that pitiful-looking creature, whom we found so wretched under the plane-trees of the convent, and whom we left happy in sweet Mignon's hands, her new mother. Must we relate her sad history, that everlasting story of misfortune—the account of the fruit fallen before the autumn, the flower faded before night has come?

Certain she was at one time a pretty child, all joyous, radiant, prepossessing, and amiable, the joy and hope of her home.

What stormy wind, then, was it that so soon broke this poor reed?

A few years ago, had you entered the study of Marx, the sculptor, you would have seen a rare thing in this world—a happy family!

How I love to penetrate into these sanctuaries of art, and breathe the moist, fresh air of the study, and watch the first dawning of the inventive genius, to see and touch the clay that, under the skilful hand, will assume a form, and, what is still more, show a mind! I love to examine these shapeless masses, some already thrown aside, others carefully preserved; to follow the finished subjects—the baked earthen, finely-chiselled; the favoured models, placed under glass shades, the graceful statuettes, the white phantoms of plaster, the completed expression of the artist's desire, and, finally, the blocks of marble, whose qualities the sculptor at a glance can understand, and of which he says—

God's work is there!

I still stay before the vigorous workman who rough-hews, and removes, with an effort, the beauties of the marble, in order to develop and discover the ideal figure hidden within that heart of flint. Then I watch the thoughtful face of the artist, giving the finishing touch to his creation, giving life to matter, and lovingly polishing the graceful form.

Where can you find a more enviable refuge! Where can you repose more completely from the vulgarities of life; from the commonplace intercourse of the world, and from the weight of business! How one loses the thought of the grossness of the world in the contemplation of art; in endless communion with the good, the beautiful, the true, in the effusion of that friendship so natural amongst artists! This is, indeed, worth living for!

In this way was Marx, the sculptor, happy, when young and strong, surrounded by his wife, child, a few good friends, delighted with his first success; animated by creative genius, he modelled the damp earth, merrily singing meanwhile, and dreaming of the future; or, perhaps, holding his wife's hand, he played with his little Graziella on his knees, at that time all intelligence and prattle.

Oh, happy days! days already numbered!

But, as the almond-tree yields to the sun's first advances its fresh buds, and dewy flowers, then come the north winds of April, and blow and strip the leaves from its crown; so disappear and perish the artist's hopes.

We must live! cruel words which call home wandering spirits, and plunge into despair the expanding soul, and inclose us within the iron circles of reality. We must live! and what artist knows how to draw from the bowels of the marble his daily bread?

Of all the arts, sculpture, perhaps, is that which offers the most desperate impossibilities, and which imposes the hardest labour. The poet with his pen, and the painter with his pencil, express an idea, and can at once bring their works to light. But the sculptor, after many years of study, so as to acquire certain knowledge to commence this most unprofitable career, requires a large establishment, must mould the damp earth like a workman, and hew the stone like a mason.

If, at last, the artist has modelled a figure which answers to his expectations, he must buy the marble at an immense price. He must pay the artisan, also, an immense price who rough-hews under his master's orders. He must spend many days and nights in a giant's labours. He must be able to turn the work about to please at every aspect, whilst the poet only tells us what he likes about his heroes, and the painter gives us but one surface.

And then, when everything is accomplished, when the great day has arrived, when the question is to bring the work to light, there is everything to fear from the indifference of the public, and the irony or cruelty of the unknown critic, who, by a stroke of his pen, can break a marble statue as easily as silence can ruin the artist.

With what love had Marx caressed his charming creation of Graziella, inspired by one of Lamartine's most poetical pieces. Likely enough, he had chosen this subject because it was the name of his much-loved daughter. With what happiness he had drawn from the marble the beautiful figure which the great poet had dreamed of! What success was foretold to him when the connoisseurs, seated on the couch, went into ecstasies about, and praised this

beautiful apparition, turning slowly on its pivot and presenting in turn all its admirable proportions in the rose-light of the study, contrived by the red blind of the high window! It was life which animated this beautiful figure, turning so gracefully, all desolate and languishing; they were real tears which flowed from her eyes; in truth, the marble wept.

A rich American who was in Paris, and was commissioned to buy an *assortment* of works of art, not from any knowledge of them, but from the artist's reputation and according to the orders of his correspondents, had seen Graziella in the study, and had almost promised to purchase it after the exhibition of fine arts. But on one of the first days of the exhibition, Marx saw the American approach his house, carrying with him two little papers containing killing, ironical, and, as they say, very witty articles on his statue. They were two poisoned arrows come to strike the defenceless artist.

"You understand," coldly said the New World speculator, "that this publicity depreciates your *wares*, and that I should not be able to give my own money for this marble unless at a reduction of a third, say 33½ per cent., from the price agreed. That is the custom in cottons and coffees when they are damaged."

The troubled artist did not condescend to answer that these critics contradicted themselves in their statements; he did not wish to call others to witness that. His statue was left with him. It was like the black speck, not ^{so} bigger than a man's hand, which shows itself at the verge of a splendid horizon, and which soon becomes the tempest.

He must soon pay his accounts, as he has forgotten to do it, carried away by the charm of his subject and love of his art. He had spent more than six thousand francs for marble, the artisan, models, &c., an enormous outlay for an artist. He had engagements to fulfil, and then came evil days. His wife, uneasy at the future, and guessing the troubles that Marx tried to hide from her, fell seriously ill. Instead of continuing his labours, he was obliged to have recourse to other expedients to seek for assistance.

One of his friends took him one day to a M. Crèveœur, a rich trader, an amateur

of the fine arts, but very much occupied and absorbed by a large business, but, nevertheless, kind and generous.

"My dear Monsieur Marx," said the merchant, "I very much regret not being able to go and see your Graziella, which I scarcely saw at the exhibition; but I have no time to spare. As soon as I have a little liberty, depend on me. Like every one else, I admire your talent, and I must have something of yours."

Then, noticing the sorrowful look of the artist, he added, looking at him with interest—

"But, tell me, how do your orders and your works stand?"

"Sir," said Marx, "I have no claim to your benevolence. Then why trouble you with my embarrassments?"

"Tell me all," quickly replied M. Crèveœur, all the time sorting his papers; "who would not feel interested in a man like you?"

"Well, sir," said Marx, making an effort, "the agent pays us something on account as we proceed in the execution of his orders; this money is soon swallowed up in expenses for labour and necessities of life; in short, so soon as the work is finished, the proceeds have already disappeared, and we are not any better off; and I hoped that if you came to see my Graziella, for which I have been at a large expense——"

"Really, I cannot," said M. Crèveœur; "but if you are in want of a little money, my dear Monsieur Marx, do not hesitate to ask. I should be too happy to assist a man of talent whom I respect and esteem"—and, presenting him a paper—"give me a receipt for the sum that you want, payable when you like."

Marx stood fully astonished.

"Sir," said he, "this is an unusual thing that you are doing, for you only know me through my friends. I cannot tell you how grateful I am; it is a hard necessity for which I accept it. May I then write a receipt for two thousand francs, payable in a year? for, before that time——"

"Double the amount and the time," said M. Crèveœur; "and, adieu! for they are waiting for me. We shall see one another again."

He told his cashier to pay four thousand francs and take a receipt, payable in two

years; he went away, making many apologies, and pressing Marx's hand affectionately, who saw himself, for the moment, out of trouble.

Owing to the unexpected assistance, Marx began to labour again; but his circumstances became worse. His wife did not recover, the expenses of his house increased, and no orders came in. The two years rolled on, and, when the expiration of his engagement for four thousand francs arrived, he was not able to provide for it.

Not daring to present himself to M. Crèveœur, he wrote, begging a delay, but received no answer. But, one day, the merchant let him know that he was too ill to go out; that he reckoned on having Graziella, if it was still to be disposed of; but, in the meantime, Marx need not take any notice of his note, which would not be presented to him.

The calm which these kind words brought to the artist's home was not of long duration, for, a short time after, a counting-house clerk knocked at the study door, and presented the fatal document for four thousand francs, indorsed by the widow of M. Crèveœur. Marx, turning pale at the sight of this signature, which told him of the death of a generous protector, answered that he had no money, and that he would go and explain all. The clerk took his pencil, wrote on the margin, with the force of habit, *no effects*, and went away.

The following day Marx received a stamped protest; then Madame Crèveœur's lawyer, feigning conciliatory measures, came to get Marx's signature to a more compromising and dangerous document, so much so, indeed, that one day he was served with a writ demanding the payment, to Crèveœur's heirs, of four thousand francs and expenses.

After having written to several friends, from whom he received no answer; after having exhausted all his resources to procure money, and offered his Graziella to the American at a very low price—who would not have it, although it was offered to him at this reduced rate—he summoned up courage and went to Madame Crèveœur, who received him with frigid haughtiness; told him that it was a matter of succession; that she was a weak woman, without means of defending her children's

rights, but that he could come to an understanding with her solicitor.

"But, madame," said Marx, "you are, perhaps, not aware of the interest that M. Crèveœur always professed to take in me. He left me at liberty to pay, and I only ask time. I have some friends who will assist me."

"Doubtless, you don't take into consideration M. Crèveœur's negligence in wishing to deprive the widow and orphan of their patrimony, for this engagement has been due a long time, and we are losing the interest."

Marx, humiliated, resourceless, and hopeless, left, with his eyes on the ground, the sumptuous house of the widow and orphan, and entered his dilapidated and abandoned study, silent and resigned. Everything that he used to love was now an object of discouragement. His arms, which had been able to endure twelve hours' labour without fatigue, because moral courage sustained him, were now unnerved; his legs would no longer support him, and he fell on a sofa at the foot of his statue.

His daughter Graziella knelt down, kissing his hands, telling him that better days were coming, and entreating him to conceal his uneasiness, so that her mother's rest might not be troubled, for she was in great danger.

However, the lawyers continued in silence their process of ruin and destruction. Marx was one morning seated in his study, his head buried in his hands; an unusual noise was heard at the door—there was a violent knocking, and several ill-looking people entered together, one of them exhibiting a warrant.

"Are you Monsieur Marx?" said the bailiff's follower in a bass voice. "We are charged to take you to prison for debt; but don't be alarmed; we know the respect due to an artist; a carriage is below."

"For pity's sake, silence!" said Marx, stopped as he was going up to his wife's room. "I am at your service," and, leaving word to explain that he would be absent for a short time, he left, bestowing a parting look on his wretched house.

Graziella entered at that moment. Misfortune, when it does not succeed in killing the intellect in a precocious nature, develops it excessively. Childhood, born for joy, disappears under the influence of grief.

Graziella understood all, rushed down the staircase, and reached the street just as they were shutting the door, and, bare-headed, followed the carriage, which rolled rapidly away.

The passers by stopped, surprised, but did not attempt to detain this light arrow shot into space, which cleared every obstacle, but they still followed her with their eyes, and questioning one another as if she were a meteor.

She at last arrived, panting and exhausted, at the same time as the carriage, slipped between the sentinel and the porter, entered unperceived before her father and the sheriff's-officers, and begged for mercy with so much energy, that they took compassion on her wild look, and she was conducted to the superintendent's room.

"Sir, my dear, good sir!" cried she, "it is my father, and my mother is going to die!—pardon, par——"

The words expired on her lips in a deep sob. She fell back, uttering a frightful cry.

The superintendent's wife, attracted by all this noise, arrived in great haste, and surrounded the child with a thousand caresses. At last she saw her revive, and repeatedly asked her how she felt.

Not a word, not a sound! Large tears rolled down her rosy cheeks. Two suppliant eyes were raised to the charitable lady; but not a word, nothing! Poignant grief had left too deep a wound in this budding organization, dedicated from this time to silence and suffering.

But how were they to conceal from the poor father this fresh trouble—worse than all others?

The superintendent's wife—there are generous hearts everywhere—after having taken every care, wished to restore the little dumb child to her mother. She was so affected at the destitution of this sorrowful family, that she sent a doctor and a nurse for the sick.

But, alas! all her efforts were soon useless, and Graziella's mother expired a few days after, without knowing the great misfortunes which had gathered round her family. It was then that the kind lady herself took Graziella to the Convent of St. Augustine, where she had been educated, for she knew she could rely on the solicitude of the good Superior.

(To be continued.)

GREAT MEN AND THEIR MOTHERS.

The mother, as she instills the lessons of piety and filial obligation into the heart of her infant son, should always feel that her labour is not in vain. She may drop into the grave, but she has left behind her influences that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped, and will do its office.

THE meagre manner in which most English biographies are written must ever be a subject of deep regret to all interested in the inner life and social aspects of the great men who form our gallery of worthies. So little, indeed, has been preserved of their domestic histories—so little been gathered from the daily chronicle of their lives—that, beyond the registration of birth, death, and marriage, and the equally bald enumeration of mother, father, and wife, in most instances the student is compelled to accept a description of the works of the man, and an account of his writings, instead of a history of the very man himself, in his character of a gregarious and dependent creature.

The mothers of great men who *must* have exercised an untold influence for good over their sons are, undoubtedly, legion. Authentic accounts of such women, unfortunately, as we have already shown, are both scattered and rare, and, when they do exist, are sketches rather than perfect portraits—rude, rough outlines, not finished pictures.

The mothers of Rubens, Vandyke, Wilkie, and Gainsborough were women whose maternal influence was exercised actively and with a most beneficial effect on those four great men. The name of the former, before her marriage, was Maria Pypelink, of a well-known family of Antwerp, from which city she was driven with her husband by the religious feuds that then distracted the state. Her son, the great painter, was born at Cologne in 1577; and, losing her husband ten years after that date, the whole care of governing and directing the family devolved upon her. She carried them back to Antwerp, and exhibited a vast amount of energy and talent for business by the way in which she contrived to recover a great part of her property.

When Rubens had completed his sixteenth year he was placed, after the fashion

of those days, as a page to the widowed Countess of Lalain; but his taste for higher and nobler occupations had been already called forth by a careful education; and the irregular course of life he was compelled to lead in this situation was so little suited to his disposition, that in a short time he again returned to his mother, when he earnestly intreated her to be allowed to devote himself entirely to painting as a profession, a request which was accordingly granted.

How he toiled, worked, and conquered, we all know, for his works are with us to this day; but how the mother acted upon the son, and the son upon the mother, must be simply a matter for conjecture. Yet how real and true that living influence must have been, may be gathered from the fact that, in 1608, when dwelling at Genoa—being *fleed*, courted, and working hard at the "art that can immortalize"—upon receiving a letter from Antwerp, announcing the dangerous illness of his mother, he started instantly for "home;" travelling night and day, almost frantic with filial anxiety. Alas! in spite of all his haste, he arrived too late; his mother had died on the 14th of November previous.

Rubens was no ordinary man, nor was his grief ordinary sorrow; he regretted her so passionately, that for four months he hid himself and his sorrow in the Abbey of St. Michael, where his beloved mother was buried, lost in the deepest seclusion, during which time nothing but his pencil and a few chosen books had power to afford him any consolation. The natural consequence of this indulgence in solitude of a grief so unavailing and so intense, was a fit of that mental malady to which genius is so liable—namely, *melancholia*. Genius, however, contended with sorrow, and, by degrees, his active mind recovered its tone.

He might well mourn for her; for, from his mother, Rubens undoubtedly inherited that invaluable spirit of order—that astute, careful, though, perhaps, grasping disposition—which made him so successful a politician, so useful to the princes of his time, and so able an architect of his own great fortunes. It is recorded of her, that, though frugal, not to say abstemious in her own habits, she never denied her sons

the comforts or the luxuries of life. They were early and carefully trained to habits of piety and labour. Who can then wonder that they loved her living, and mourned and revered her when dead?

It was owing to the influence of his mother that Vandyke was placed in the studio of Henry Van Balen, an historical painter of some repute, who had studied under Rubens. In fact, he most probably owed his predilection for art, not so much to his father's calling—that of a painter on glass—as to his mother's taste, which led her to embroider designs, both in landscapes and figures, some of which she executed with great skill; and, finding her son disposed to follow the same bent as herself, gave him all the instruction of which she was capable, and in every possible way in her power fostered his genius.

Sir David Wilkie was still more signally assisted by his mother; for, being born in Fifeshire, where his father was a minister, he was necessarily, from the very locality of his birth, shut out from the ordinary chances of studying the profession to which his talents directed him; added to which, his father was painfully impressed with the idea that there was little or no chance of his son's earning even his bread by painting. But in his mother young Wilkie found a truer and a safer guide; for she, having a clearer perception of her son's genius, and a more hopeful and prophetic reliance upon its future appreciation by the world, counteracted the efforts of her husband to crush the talents of the boy; and ultimately, through her persevering endeavours, he was sent to Edinburgh, in 1799, with some specimen drawings, and a letter of introduction from the Earl of Leven to Mr. Thompson, the Secretary of the Trustees Academy for the Encouragement of Manufactures; where, with the advantages of good instruction and regular discipline, he made a progress that more than compensated for his mother's intercession.

The mother of Gainsborough was another illustration of the truth that the men who have made a conspicuous figure in life generally attribute the origin of their success to maternal training. This painter was born in Suffolk; and, through the care and expense bestowed by their

mother upon their early education, young Gainsborough and his brothers were superior to most of the youths of their own age in the town, in talents and acquirements. The father was a man of peculiar habits—a clothier by trade, and a Dissenter in religion. The mother was a sensible woman, and proud of her sons; and to her, and to her alone, did he owe all his early advantages.

The tale of Cowley's discovering in the window of his mother's apartment a copy of Spencer's "Fairy Queen," in which he very early took delight to read, till by feeling the charms of verse he became, as he relates, irrevocably a poet, is well known. Not so the truth that his father died before his birth, and that he was, consequently, left to the sole care of his mother, who is represented as struggling earnestly to procure him a literary education, and who, as she lived to the age of eighty, had her solicitude rewarded by seeing her son eminent and partaking his prosperity. We know, at least, according to his biographer Sprat, he always acknowledged her care, and justly paid the dues of filial gratitude. It was at her solicitation that he was sent, and admitted, into Westminster School, where he soon distinguished himself.

The sister of Hampden, the great Hampden, was the mother of Waller, the poet, who, as might have been anticipated, educated her son before his removal to King's College, Cambridge. Waller's father died when he was quite an infant, and in after years, when his mother lived at Beaconsfield, the poet built a house for himself, called Hall Barn, not very far from where his mother resided. Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets," tells us that, although she was related to Cromwell and Hampden, she was very zealous for the royal cause, and when Cromwell visited her she used to reproach him; he, in return, would throw a napkin at her, and say he would not dispute with his aunt; but finding, in time, that she acted as well as talked for the king, he made her a prisoner to her own daughter in her own house.

King Alfred's instruction and reward, given and offered by his mother, so well known to all our readers by poems, paintings, and records, was repeated in after years in the history of the "marvellous boy," whose short but eventful life

commenced, as it ended, in indigence and misfortune—Chatterton. He was a posthumous child of a poor teacher, and was committed, at the age of five years, to the care of a Mr. Love, who had succeeded Chatterton's father in the Free School at Pile-street, Bristol, where, showing no aptitude for learning, he was returned to his mother as a dull boy, incapable of improvement. She was rendered extremely unhappy by the apparently tardy understanding of her son, till he fell in love, as she expressed herself, with the illuminated capitals of an old French musical manuscript, which enabled her, by taking advantage of the momentary passion, to initiate him in the alphabet. She afterwards taught him to read from an old black-letter Testament, or Bible, nor is it unreasonable to suppose that his peculiar attachment to antiquities may, in a considerable degree, have resulted from this little circumstance.

"The son (his own letter to Walpole) of a poor woman, a widow, who supported him with great difficulty," was, nevertheless, supplied by that loving heart with the ill-spared pence to hire books from the circulating library; for, by his tenth year, the now apt scholar had acquired a taste for reading. Nor was the lad ungrateful, for, when in spirits, he would enjoy his rising fame, and, confident of advancement, would promise that his mother and sister should be partakers of his success; and, during the whole term of his apprenticeship to the attorney, he was in the habit of regularly visiting his mother every evening before nine o'clock, and she was seldom two evenings without seeing him, while his frequent letters, when absent, prove the continuity of his affection.

Gibson, the sculptor, the son of a Welsh landscape gardener, was encouraged at a very early age in a disposition which he showed for imitative art by an intelligent mother; and it was the same parent who exercised a wholesome influence over the fate of Marmontel, a French writer who flourished in 1723, and author of some admired "Moral Tales." His father was a peasant, and it was to his mother, who was superior to her husband in intelligence, and an excellent woman in every domestic relation, that he was indebted for an initiation in the rudiments of knowledge, in the principles of religion and morality.

It is related of the Hon. Thomas Erskine that, early in life, he entered the navy, when, not liking the profession, he obtained a commission in the army, and subsequently changed his profession a third time at the pressing intreaty of his mother, a woman of lofty and highly-cultivated mind, the sister of Sir James Stewart, and daughter of the well-known Scotch lawyer and Solicitor-General of that name.

Newton, Hume, and Dr. Adam Smith had all alike the misfortune never to have known the care and affection of a father, and all shared the same blessing of a prudent and circumspect mother. The mother of the great philosopher married again, but never permitted the new alliance to interfere with the performance of her duties towards her son. She sent him, at an early age, to the school of his native village, and afterwards, on attaining his twelfth year, to the neighbouring town of Grantham, that he might be instructed in the classics. Her intention, however, was not to make her son a mere scholar, but to give him those first principles of education which were considered necessary for every gentleman, and to render him able to manage his own estate; but, finding him exhibit such an ardent desire for mental improvement, his mother very wisely released him from the obstacles which her prudence had thoughtlessly thrown in his way, and, on the representations of his uncle, Newton's mother once more sent him to Grantham to pursue his studies.

The bodily constitution of Adam Smith was stolid from infancy, and required and received the tenderest solicitude of his mother for the preservation of his life, who, by some, was accused of over-indulging her son; but the conduct of that parent was best indicated by the growing temper and disposition of the child, and Mrs. Smith, during her long life, which extended till within twelve years of the death of her son, had never occasion to reproach herself for any indiscreet kindness, but had the happiness to see her parental care acknowledged to the hour of her death by every attention which filial affection could prompt.

Last, but not least, indeed, to our minds, the most touching example we know of maternal influence was the dying prayer and dedication to the service of God of Frederic Schwartz, that apostle of the East,

by his pious mother, who, while passing through the Dark Valley of the Shadow of Death, solemnly devoted her young son to her Saviour and her God, exacting from her husband and spiritual guide a solemn promise that they would use every means in their power for the accomplishment of this, her last and earnest wish. Let those who are ignorant of this wonderful man's life study it, and see how the influence of a good mother works even after death.

AUNT MARGARET AND I.

THE BISHOP'S VISIT.

IN TWO PARTS.

II.

VERY much surprised, and not a little indignant, was our Hatty, next morning, on being apprised of the visitor she was to expect, and very morosely did she set about preparing breakfast for the wretched creature, who surveyed the food provided with a sufficiently hungry eye to prove that real distress and misery were but too truly her portion, although she begged to be allowed to take away a part, on the plea of its being too much for her to eat at once. Hatty, however, was far from being really unkind, so she replied to her request, though in rather a peevish tone, "No, no; my child; finish what you've got, it's little enough; you shall have a piece of bread to take away," and, not only did she take care that it should be a piece sufficiently large to be a security against hunger for the remainder of the day, but, on Aunt Margaret producing a bundle of spare garments which we had collected the evening before, she insisted on adding something to it from her own stock. Every morning for a fortnight did our miserable little *protégés* come by invitation to take her daily dose.

After the first few days she was permitted, at her own request, to perform sundry little offices, in lieu of more regular service, as a return for the alms received. She first begged to be allowed to "weed the garden, please;" then she was employed occasionally to go an errand, which she always executed with fidelity and despatch, although sometimes intrusted with money, which, to one in her wretched condition, must have been a temptation.

But not all our address and ingenuity could elicit from her anything concerning her own history. Questions, hints, intreaties, hopes of future advantages, were all vain, as, no doubt, threats would also have been had we tried them.

When asked her name, she replied "Julia," and when interrogated as to



where she had come from, she replied —, naming the county-town; no other cognomen, nor any more definite locality, could we get her to confide. To "the town," indeed, I believe, she betook herself each evening, thus walking, at least, ten miles per diem, as we could not ascertain from our villagers that any person of her description was located in D—. She

always seemed anxious to go, too. After having received the portion dealt with no sparing hand, and discharged such little tasks as I have mentioned, her civil "please, is there any more to do?" was evidently an intimation of her wish to depart; a wish augmented, perhaps, by her desire to avoid the questioning which, long after Aunt Margaret and I had ceased

to pursue it, was still continued by Hatty with unabated determination.

After each day's failure, it was commonly the custom for Hatty to be very wroth for an hour or two, and sometimes even to continue for the remainder of the afternoon her audible mutterings against "wagrants and impostors;" as well as her general opinions concerning the insecurity of dealing with them "as had something to hide, and was always afraid of being found out;" but the fit of vexation always cleared off before morning, so that, by the end of the fortnight, she had come to look upon the daily visit as an event indispensable, if not to the economy of the household in general, at least to her own individual comfort; and, indeed, grew sometimes so communicative and confidential (notwithstanding the little confidence she could win in return) over an extra cup of tea, that Aunt Margaret was more than once obliged to remind her of the danger to which such indiscretion might lead.

At the end of the fortnight, a morning passed without the appearance of our pensioner. We did not take much notice of this first breach of her established custom, and only hoped she had perhaps found some employment; but when three mornings passed without her usual knock, we began to feel a little anxious. "Could she have met with any accident? Could she be sick? or, alas! could she have been detected in any act of peculation, and become amenable to the law?" Morning after morning passed, and Aunt Margaret and I actually fretted, and grew weary of our work, and threw away our books, after obstinately keeping our eyes fixed long after our thoughts were far away, to indulge in another useless string of conjectures. And then we began to take long walks, and make inquiries of the dwellers on the outskirts of our village, and we even projected a journey to "the town," until convinced, after much deliberation and consultation, of the utter hopelessness of such an expedition without any clue to guide us in our inquiries.

As to Hatty, she grew superstitious in her fears and ominous in her forebodings. Her dreadful recollections of appalling accidents, or deaths from sickness and famine, kept us in a state of nervous anxiety, while her frightful dreams of

murders committed in lonely places, actually threw us into a constant fever of apprehension, notwithstanding the reasonable doubt that there could be any temptation to take the life of a creature so poor, and possessing so little to excite the cupidity of the most avaricious or unscrupulous.

But, spite of anxieties and conjectures, fears and prophecies, days, weeks, and, at length, months went by, and still she came not. The bishop's visit began to be talked of as a thing of "long ago," and our own little episode connected with it to be mentioned each time it occurred to memory with less of hope, perhaps of interest. The summer had faded into autumn, and autumn had darkened into winter, and that, too, was almost brightening again into spring. We had had rather more than the usual amount of sickness in D—, owing to a wet season, and Aunt Margaret and I had consequently more than usual work. Very unpleasantly, too, after almost all our poor people were well—after "old Simmons," the last lingering sufferer with ague, had been able to exchange his bed for the sunny bench at his cottage door, and Mrs. Mabba, who had burnt her foot so badly at Christmas, was quite strong enough to throw away her crutch—the hooping-cough broke out in quite a new direction, and we had the gardener's two little boys and our laundress's daughter laid up with it, besides Mrs. Sloper's, our charwoman's, six children, who, I am sure, coughed enough to frighten any person out of his senses. Mrs. Sloper always said "it was because they was so strong, bless 'em;" but we felt convinced it was the damp of the two back rooms, so close to the river, where she lived, and succeeded, after much trouble, in getting her to exchange them for one on a second floor, nearly as large as both, and which would answer until she could exchange again.

However, with all these cares, our time was pretty well taken up; and one evening we returned rather late from administering a dose of hippo to her youngest, whom we had found in a rigid and rather black condition, on our arrival with some barleywater and custard-pudding for the eldest girl, who was beginning to crave for food. We were accosted, near our own door, by a tall, dark woman, of masculine appearance and powerful frame, though

gaunt and even sickly-looking in her present aspect, who begged to speak with us. Considerably frightened, I must acknowledge, we still deemed it good policy to reply civilly; and, somewhat reassured, notwithstanding the increasing darkness, by the knowledge of being so near home, we requested her to speak.

"You are Miss Graham?" she said, addressing my aunt.

She answered in the affirmative.

"You remember, ma'am, perhaps, Julia, the girl you were so kind to last summer?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, tell us! She is well, I hope?" quoth we in one breath.

"She is well, ladies," said the woman.

"She sent me—she told me to call, at least, knowing I should be in this part of the country. She bid me say she thanked you, and she told me to give you this."

'Tis nothing of a present, but she meant it as a keepsake like."

And she drew out from a piece of paper a little leather-covered needlebook, and presented it. It was just such a paltry little article as might be purchased from a pedlar for a few pence, yet I am not sure but it was not received with more emotion than many a costly jewel has been.

"You are her mother?" I said, after we had again hoped Julia was well, and requested her to convey our thanks and good wishes.

"I am belonging to her," she said evasively. "Yes, we are related."

"Where did she come from?" I said; "I mean when she first came here? What had she been doing? Where had she been living?"

"Wish me," she replied. "No; God help me," she added, after a little pause, "not with me then. What's the use of asking where such as she and me lived?" she continued bitterly. "She was poor enough, be sure, and hungry and miserable, when she came to your door; and I was—where I could do nothing for her if she had been twice, or ten times, as poor, and hungry, and miserable."

"You were ill?" said Aunt Margaret, "or in trouble? Why did she not say so? We should have been glad to assist you."

"Little good your assistance would have been in my trouble! Yes, I was in trouble," she said, with a hard emphasis on the word.

"She always said she came from —," said I, with an adroit attempt to throw her off her guard; "she always went in that direction, too."

"Yes," said she drily; "'twas asizes time. Mayhap she went to see the judges."

"Where is she now?" said Aunt Margaret, changing the tenor of our inquiries.

"I don't know," she replied, adding immediately, "I won't tell. I'd give you her message if you'd cease questioning. She bid me tell you she was well cared-for. You may believe that. I've told many a lie, and will again, I suppose; but that's the truth. As to where she came from, or what she was, what matters it? She didn't tell you herself. What is it to me? She thought you'd be glad to know she was well, and *cared-for*—she said that."

"We are, indeed," said Aunt Margaret and I at once.

"I've nothing more to say," said the woman; "such as I seldom bid 'God bless you.' If you should ever want, I hope you'll meet a friend, that's all." And she turned to go away.

"Stay, stay," said Aunt Margaret; "is there nothing we can do?" pulling out her purse as she spoke. But the woman made a gesture of refusal, and, drawing her garments around her, walked quickly off into the shadows of the night.

Six years had now passed away. The bishop's visit was indeed talked of as an event of long ago. Many other events had had their day of interest in D—. We had trimmed a new bonnet for Mrs. Sloper's eldest, married to a respectable young carpenter, whose family, indeed, were at first very indignant at the match. But poor people, thank Heaven, have not much time to nurse their indignation, and, in less than a month after the marriage, the two mothers-in-law might be seen on a Sunday afternoon enjoying a comfortable gossip by the church-yard stile, while the young people were taking a walk.

Mrs. Shepherd's two eldest boys had been sent to school, from which they used to return each Christmas and Midsummer, with an increasing power of noise and mischief.

Our little crooked dressmaker had migrated to a distant shire, to reside with a sister lately widowed and established in a good business, in which our good work-

woman's assistance would be invaluable. And, in short, all those various changes had taken place, which a period of five or six years inevitably brings.

It was a cold spring morning, frosty, with a sharp easterly wind, and we were breakfasting later than usual; for Aunt Margaret had a slight rheumatism in her left shoulder, which prevented her sleeping well. The newspaper, therefore, which our good neighbour, Mr. Leader, kindly lends us the day after he receives it, was handed in just as I was pouring out the tea, and Aunt Margaret, putting on her spectacles, and turning, of course, to the "Births, deaths, and marriages," read aloud—

"On Tuesday, the 17th inst., at the episcopal palace at —, the Lord Bishop of —,"

"Dear me!" I said, putting down the teapot, and dropping the lumps of sugar, one after another, into the slop-bowl instead of Aunt Margaret's cup.

"Take care, my dear," said Aunt Margaret. "Yes, indeed, he is dead. I am very sorry."

"Such a good man," said I.

"And such a clever man," said Aunt Margaret.

"Such a good bishop, too," I added.

"I don't know about bishops, my dear," said aunt, "I am afraid."

Aunt Margaret has some notions of her own on Church government, but what they are will not appear now, for, just at this moment, Hatty entered with a plate of toast.

"So, Hatty, the Bishop of — is dead," said I.

"Lord bless his lordship," said Hatty; "leastways, I mean I'm very sorry. But if you please, ma'am," she continued, turning to my aunt, "there's a young woman in the kitchen as wants to see you—a very respectable young woman."

"Inquire her business, pray," said Aunt Margaret.

"Oh, I don't think she has any business, ma'am," said Hatty, shooting out her words with extreme volubility, and manifesting altogether no common degree of excitement; "and she'll wait till you're quite disengaged, ma'am. She's a very respectable young woman."

Our curiosity was sufficiently excited to make us despatch our breakfast rather

quickly and repair to Hatty's dominion to see our unexpected visitor. A very decent young woman rose at our entrance, and, displaying an uncommonly pretty and intelligent face, illuminated by a pair of brilliant black eyes, curtsied civilly and "hoped we were well;" adding, "I dare say you don't recollect me, ladies."

"No, indeed," we replied together.

"I'm Julia, ma'am—Julia Connor I'm called now; for my mother was an Irish-woman, and that was her name."

In an instant we were shaking hands, and congratulating, and asking a hundred questions; while Hatty fidgeted about, making believe to be busy, and muttering, "Such a respectable young woman."

"I'm well off now, ladies," Julia said, in answer to our inquiries, "and I've been wishing for a long time to come and thank you for your kindness."

"You have very little to thank us for," interrupted Aunt Margaret.

"More than you know, ma'am," she replied. "It was not the food nor the clothing, which, God knows, I needed sorely, nor the kind words, which I wanted still more badly, but this was the first home I ever saw which was not a home of sin and misery; this was the first house in which I ever rested, where God was not blasphemed and goodness despised; here I ate the first meal for which the Giver was thanked, and here I first heard a blessing asked on the returning day, which before then had been to me only a return to sorrow and hardship, and often crime."

"Thank God," said Aunt Margaret fervently.

"I am not going to say much of what I was before I came here," she continued; "for I should have to speak of others—one other, at least—and she is in her grave."

"Was she not your mother?" said Aunt Margaret. "Indeed, it is from no rude curiosity I ask the question."

"She was my mother, ma'am," she replied, and added, wiping her eyes, "she was buried last week (we had perceived she was in mourning). God has hidden her life now, 'tis not for me to bring it to light."

"No, certainly," said I.

"And very right," muttered Hatty, arranging a plate on the dresser; "'tis easy

to be seen she's a respectable young woman."

"I haven't much to tell, ma'am," continued Julia. "I lived as all other children brought up like me live; before I came here, I begged, and I lied, and I cheated, and I stole; I quarrelled with miserable wretches like myself, as those older than I quarrelled with their companions in crime, and I used the name of God, as they did, only to give vent to my bad passions. But after I came here, I began to think differently; I saw that peace, and quiet, and confidence were pleasant things, and I wished I could have them. We left this place after I had been coming here for a fortnight, and went a long way off; but I never forgot my longing for better ways, though, for many a day after that, I practised—for what else could I do?—my old habits. At length, we happened to be for some time in a large town, a considerable distance from here, and there was a kind lady who had a school for such poor girls as I. It was only by stealth, for a long time, that I crept in for an hour or two each day, but I was a quick learner, and got on. Then the lady noticed me, and commended me, and she gave me some clothes to make me decent, and employed me in various ways to keep me from the necessity of being dishonest, and she taught me to sew, and got work for me from her friends—work which I was obliged to do in secret, lest I should be robbed of the materials; and when we were going to leave, then she offered, if I would stay, to take me into her house and give me 'a trial,' as she said, for six months. Well, ma'am, I was allowed to stay with her, and there I lived for two years, until my kind mistress was obliged to leave that part of the country, and then she recommended me to a friend, and with her I have lived since, till six months ago I heard my mother was dying (I had sent her money whenever I could—honest money, ma'am. Oh! you may believe I knew too well the value of dishonest money to meddle with it; I had rather we had both starved); so I told my mistress, and she was not angry with me for leaving, but helped me, and I brought my mother to that place (she was able to be moved, though stricken with a mortal disease), and I got plenty of work, for I had many

kind friends, and I tended her and helped her till she died. I had a weary time, and a heavy trial, but I do not complain, and thank God she did not die as she lived. I am going back to my place next week, for the young woman, who was hired when I left, went away the morning my mother was buried, and, in the meantime, my mistress said I wanted a holiday; so I came here to see you, ladies, for somehow the house and the garden, and you and Mrs. Hatty, seem old friends like."

I need scarcely tell, I suppose, how glad we were to receive and entertain her. She went over the garden, and recognised a great many friends among the flowers (the two carnations had been dead some time, and the scarlet passion-flower had not survived the first winter). Hatty exceeded her usual skill in making a most wonderful pudding for the kitchen dinner, and invited a select circle of her friends to meet at tea, including Mrs. Sloper's eldest, now nursing her own. Julia spent a pleasant week in D——. Mr. Shepherd gave her a handsome Bible and Prayer Book when she went, and Mrs. Shepherd a work-box. I shall say nothing of our own presents. We have heard nothing of her since, but I have no doubt she is doing well, and Aunt Margaret and I often talk of her, though, on these occasions, as well as when we remember her in our prayers, we cannot help thinking, with much humiliation, how small had been our share in the work which had borne such good fruit. As to Hatty, who is much given to borrowing her language as well as her ideas, she never mentions her without designating her "a most respectable young woman."

PRIZE QUOTATIONS.

AMBITION.

[As every man is an epitome of his species, so every one has an ambition of some kind and to some extent, however it may be expressed by terms invented to define its existence only in modified degrees. When immoral means are employed for its gratification, ambition is generally used in a bad sense; and, as it is among the most restless of all the passions, it has received an almost endless variety of illustration from the poets. Milton, in his chief of the fallen angels, exhibits it under its sublimest aspects, and Shakspeare, in his Richard III. and Lady

Macbeth, under its most revolting. We, therefore, announce "Ambition" for our next subject. Let it be remembered, however, that our "Poetry of the Passions" would fail in their highest intent if they did not suggest to our fair readers and competitors an examination of themselves, and an occasional, if not a frequent, comparison of the operations of their own inward natures with those of the individuals whom they find represented through the medium of the poets.]

POESY OF THE PASSIONS.

GRIEF.

Next went Griefe and Fury, matcht yfere;
Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Downe hanging his dull head with heavy chere,
Yet inly being more than seeming sad;
A paire of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched many people to the hart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they ladd,
In wilful languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolour's dart.

EDMUND SPENSER, born 1553, died 1598 —
[*Faerie Queene*.]

Like an huge Aten of deepe engulft gryfe,
Sorrow hangeth in thy hollow cheest,
Whence forth it breakes in sighs and anguish
ryfe,
As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused
stryfe.

Faerie Queene.

Griefe fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, born 1564, died 1616. —
[*King John*, Act 3, Scene 4]

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macbeth, Act 4, Scene 3.

My grief lies all within,
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul.

King Richard II, Act 4, Scene 1.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief,
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief
That heaven and earth are colour'd with my woe.

My sorrows are too dark for day to know;
The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have washed a
wanish white.

Or should I thence, hurried on viewless wing,
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of glow and spring
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,
And I (for grief is easily beguiled)

Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud,
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant
cloud.

JOHN MILTON, born 1608, died 1674. —
[*The Passion*.]

At thy appearance, Grief itself is said
To shake his wings and rouse his head.

ABRAHAM COWLEY, born 1618, died 1667. —
[*Hymn to Light*.]

Oh! nothing now can please me:
Darkness and solitude, and sighs and tears,
And all the inseparable train of grief,
Attend my steps for ever.

JOHN DRYDEN, born 1631, died 1701. —
[*The Amphitryon*.]

Mine is a grief of fury, not despair!
And, if a manly drop or two fall down,
It scalds along my cheeks, like the green wood,
That, sputtering in the flames, works outward
into tears *Cleomenes*.

There is a kind of mournful eloquence
In thy dumb grief, which shames all clam'rous
sorrow.

N. LEE, born 1645, died 1692.

I am dumb, as solemn sorrow ought to be;
Could my grief speak, the tale would have no
end.

OWEN, born 1651, died 1685 —
[*Caus Marus*.]

Till, hopeless, plung'd in an abyss of grief,
I from necessity receiv'd relief,
Time gently aided to assuage my pain,
And Wisdom took once more the slacken'd rein.

MATTHEW PRIOR, born 1664, died 1721. —
[*Solomon*.]

The storm of grief bears hard upon his youth,
And bends him like a drooping flower to earth.

NICHOLAS ROWE, born 1673, died 1718. —
[*The Fair Penitent*.]

That eating canker, grief, with wasteful spite,
Preys on the rosy bloom of youth and beauty.

The Ambitious Stepmother.

The silent heart which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done),
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That Solitude's the nurse of woe.

THOMAS PARNELL, born 1679, died 1717.

'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweaving rove
Amid the nightly dew.

Patri Tale.

Grief! more proficient in thy school are made,
Than genius or proud learning e'er could boast.

EDWARD YOUNG, born 1681, died 1765. —
[*Night Thoughts*.]

A change so sad, what mortal here could bear?
Exhausted woe had left him nought to fear,
But gave him all to grief. Low earth he press'd,
Wept in the dust, and sorely smote his breast.

Paraphrase on the Book of Job.

But oh! against himself his labour turn'd;
The more he comforted, the more she mourn'd:

Compassion swells our grief: words soft and kind
But soothe our weakness, and dissolve the mind,
Her sorrow flow'd in streams!

Vanquished Love.

Words will have way; or grief, suppress'd in vain,
Would burst its passage with th' outrushing soul.

AARON HILL, born 1685, died 1749.

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
And evening tears upon the grass be spread;
The rolling streams with watery grief shall flow,
And winds shall moan aloud, when loud they blow.

JOHN GAY, born 1688, died 1732.—

[*The Shepherd's Week.*

Alas! the Muses now no more inspire,
Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre;
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.

ALEXANDER POPE, born 1688, died 1744.—

[*Sappho.*

While she stood,
Transform'd by grief to marble, and appear'd
Her own pale monument; but when she breath'd
The secret anguish of her wounded soul,
So moving were the plaints, they would have
sooth'd

The stooping falcon to suspend his flight,
And spare his morning prey.

* E. FENTON, born 1691, died 1730.—

[*Marianne.*

Grief,
Of life impatient, into madness swells;
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.

JAMES THOMSON, born 1700, died 1748.—

[*The Seasons.—Spring.*

His savage limbs
With sharp impatience violent he writh'd,
As through convulsive grief; and his hand,
Arm'd with a scorpion-lash, full oft he rais'd
In madness to his bosom; while his eyes
Rain'd bitter tears.

MARK AKENSIDE, born 1731, died 1770.—

[*Pleasures of Imagination.*

Then oft is found an avarice in grief;
And the wan eye of Sorrow loves to gaze
Upon its secret hoard of treasure'd woes
In pining solitude.

W. MASON, born 1725, died 1797.

Grief is itself a medicine, and bestow'd
To improve the fortitude that bears the load;
To teach the wanderer, as his woes increase,
The path of wisdom, all whose paths are peace.

WILLIAM COWPER, born 1731, died 1800.—

[*Ode to Charity.*

Yet have we not—I would allay that grief,
Which else might thy young virtue overpower,
And in thy converse I shall find relief,
When the dark shades of melancholy lour.

JAMES BEATTIE, born 1735, died 1803.—

[*The Sage.*

Esteem none happy by their outward air,
All have their portion of allotted care;
Though prudence wears the semblance of content,
When the full heart with agony is rent;

Secludes its anguish from the public sight,
And feeds on sorrow with a sad delight:
Shuns every eye to cherish darling grief,
This fond indulgence its supreme relief.

HANNAN MORE, born 1745, died 1813.—

[*Search after Happiness.*

Grief, a thousand entrances can find,
Where parts superior dignity the mind.

Ode to Sensibility.

Like a pent-up flood, swoln to the height,
He pour'd his grief into my breast with tears,
Such as the manliest men in their crossed lives
Are sometimes forc'd to shed.

JOANNA BAILLIE, born 1762, died 1851.—

[*Rayner, Act 1, Scene 1.*

Woman's grief is like a summer storm,
Short as it violent is.

Basil, Act 5, Scene 3.

She shook not, shriek'd not, rais'd no maniac cry,
Nor wrung her hand, nor heav'd one heart-deep
sigh;

But stood aghast, too awful for relief,
Mute, stiff, and white—a monument of grief.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, born 1768, died 1845.—

[*On the Death of a Parent.*

To me alone there came a thought of grief,
But timely utterance gave that thought relief.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, born 1770, died 1850.

The heavy sigh,
The tear in the half-opening eye,
The pallid cheek and brow, confessed
That grief was busy in his breast.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, born 1771, died 1832.—

[*Rokeby.*

Trembling astonishment of grief he felt,
Till Nature's sympathies began to melt;
We wept in stillness through the long dark night,
And, oh! how welcome was the morning light.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, born 1771, died 1854.—

[*World before the Flood.*

She shuns adoring crowds, and seeks to hide
The pining sorrows which her soul oppress,
Till to her mother's tears no more denied,
The secret grief she owns, for which she lingers
sighed.

MRS. TIGHE, born 1773, died 1810.—

[*Psyche.*

I, too, remember, Madelon replied,
That hour, thy looks of watchful agony,
The suppliant grief that struggled in thine eye,
Endearing love's last kindness.

ROBERT SOUTHY, born 1774, died 1843.—

[*Joan of Arc.*

Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem,
And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream;
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—
For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile;
On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief,
And teach impassion'd souls the joy of grief?

THOMAS CAMPBELL, born 1777, died 1844.

Oh! grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate

In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live, or fear'd to die.

THOMAS MOORE, born 1780, died 1852 —
[*Lalla Rookh*.]

Oh! who can paint his agonizing throes,
When on his ear the fatal news arose!
Child'd with amazement, senseless with the blow,
He stood, a marble monument of woe.
Then on the bank in silent grief he stood,
And gaz'd intently on the stealing flood;
Death in his mien and madness in his eye,
He watched the waters as they murmur'd by.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, born 1785, died 1806 —
[*Clytso Grove*.]

Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife;
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.

LORD BYRON, born 1788, died 1824. —
[*The Dream*.]

Silent and pensive, idle, restless, slow,
His home deserted for the lonely wood,
Tormented with a wound he could not know,
His, like all deep grief, plunged in solitude.
Don Juan

The wither'd frame, the ruin'd mind,
The wreck by passion left behind,
A shrivel'd scroll, a scatter'd leaf,
Sear'd by the autumn blast of grief!

The Giaour.

There is a tear that trickles still,
Announcing all the worst of ill,
Too bitter for relief,
That when by some dire mis'ry curst,
Swells the stretch'd heart-strings till they burst —
It is the tear of grief.

HOBART CAUNTEE, born 1794, died 1852. —
[*Tears*.]

The world: — it is a wilderness,
Where tears are hung on every tree:
For thus my gloomy phantasy
Makes all things weep with me!
Come, let us sit and watch the sky,
And fancy clouds where no clouds be;
Grief is enough to blot the eye,
And make heav'n black with misery.

THOMAS HOOD, born 1798, died 1845 —
[*Ode to Melancholy*.]

Old men by his side
Knelt in their silent grief, and many a band
Of mourners sought their streaming tears to hide
In the green thickets; others on the sand
Sate pale and mute, by sorrow stupefied.

MARY HOWITT, born 1800. —
[*The Stranger's Tidings*.]

And though, at times, impetuous with emotion,
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest, —
We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

H. W. LONGFELLOW, born 1807. —
[*Resignation*.]

The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe!

N. P. WILLIS (American poet). —

[*Abraham*.]

F. CATTELL.

WANTED, A PLAIN COOK.

WE were once acquainted with an obscure but worthy individual, remarkable for nothing but a conspicuous absence of those personal charms and graces which are usually supposed to form, in themselves, a general letter of recommendation, belonging to that anomalous class of nautical persons usually found at sea-bathing places, and which may be described as half-fisherman, half-yachtsman; and, laudably wishing to advance his position in society, our friend applied for a berth on board a Queen's ship; when, being interrogated as to his capabilities, he described himself as "an ordinary seaman." The officer in command, capable of appreciating a joke (though, in this case, it was quite unintentional), immediately engaged him, observing that he could not fail of giving satisfaction in that line, being "the most ordinary seaman he had ever met with."

Now, as in this case, the employer applied to the person of the applicant the expression which he had used to denote his capabilities, we often think that, when inquiring housekeepers head their demands for domestic help, as above, the words are intended to convey a quibble of the like nature; for, assuredly, if the learned disquisitions on cookery in the abstract, and the elaborate directions for cookery in the practice, which are daily emanating from the press, be taken as indications of the public taste in this matter, no official in our domestic establishments is less wanted than "a plain cook," in the usual acceptation of the term.

Certainly a great many of the writers on this universally interesting subject of cookery have totally left out of sight the very necessary direction of the worthy Mrs. Glass, so often quoted that it is liable to be considered rather hackneyed, "First catch," &c., as even the late amiable Mr. Soyer (not to mention other authorities), in his "Cottage Cookery," proceeds alto-

gether on the supposition that the cottager always has something to cook, a supposition not quite well-founded. And even in households where the culinary apparatus includes other articles besides the "black pot," and the tastes of the family may be supposed to be of a grade corresponding to their superior domestic appointments, it is just possible that, for the preparation of his inviting little dinners, some of the principal ingredients may be wanting. Admitting the probability that a pound of veal may be made to do duty as a "barn-door chucky" in the manufacture of "cock-a-leeky," without risk of detection, and that bullock's liver can be so disguised as to be actually palatable—we had almost said, as to create no disgust—till one may be excused for not seeing very clearly what substitute can be made use of for the knightly "sirloin," or how our familiar, and, indeed, we must say, rather despised acquaintance, "roast shoulder of mutton," is to be brought to table minus the shoulder.

An exceedingly clever gentleman, who promulgated his opinions on the "dinner" question a short time ago, in a leading journal, was found to labour under the slight imputation of not possessing as sufficient a knowledge of arithmetic as of gastronomy; for, placing the annual income at a certain sum, and the family to exist thereon at a certain number, he allowed an outlay for the one meal per diem, which would have left but a very insufficient margin, not only for the clothing, &c., of the persons dining, and the wages of the cook and his or her assistants, but also for the apparently equally necessary meals of breakfast and supper. Possibly, dinners of a certain description obviate the necessity of any other sustenance to the partakers; still, as it may reasonably be supposed that, in many families, there are members not yet beyond the pap-boat or the bread-pudding; and as, at all events, the individuals partaking of these *recherché* repasts require some comforts, not to say elegances, for the "outer man," this ingenious gentleman's problem was found rather difficult of solution.

A laudable desire, indeed, to do the utmost that can possibly be done not unfrequently, in cases of this sort, leads people rather beyond what is practicable, and, therefore, very often ends in doing nothing

at all. We take one or two cases in which a certain thing has been, or may be, effected, and then endeavour to adjust to the line of conduct in these instances pursued, the numberless cases where, from a variety of causes, it would be a mere impossibility that such a plan could be carried out. No one can deny that our food might be made both more palatable and more wholesome than, in nine cases out of ten, it is made by those who undertake to cook it; or that a proper knowledge and practice of the culinary art would give us more elegant and less expensive dinners than are to be seen on half the tables in the kingdom. But those who undertake to set these matters right, keep in view one or two exceptional cases, where the mistress of a family or her subordinates have perfect leisure to devote every energy to this solitary domestic accomplishment, and are, therefore, not only able to reform their own cookery, but that of their friends; ignoring, or at least forgetting, the many instances in which this exclusive attention would be impossible. Consequently, we have Hortense spending her morning in the manufacture of an exquisite "little dish," which is to surprise Henri or Jules, and her afternoon in writing a history of her success to her "chère Héloïse;" the while Mary or Jane has been endeavouring to darn through the couple of dozen pairs of little stockings in her work-basket, with the unpleasant consciousness that Betty or Sally is infallibly roasting the beef to a cinder, or boiling the mutton hash at a gallop, in the kitchen.

It is a fact, and a lamentable one, that a great, we may say the greater, portion of our working population, male and female—and in this class we include those labouring with the head as well as with the hands—really have so little time to eat, not to say prepare, the food they earn, that their attention is never awakened to the necessity of thought on this matter, until unwholesome diet and irregular hours of eating have produced indigestion, disordered stomachs, diseased livers, and the doctor's bill arouses them to a consciousness of this mischievous neglect.

Still, although this is the case, we doubt whether the number of cookery books constantly put forth for their instruction have done, or are calculated to do, the good they

were intended. We fear that a closely-printed volume is frequently laid aside with "Well, when I'm quite at leisure some morning I shall look it over;" or "Really, when I have time, I shall try what I can do in preparing one of those nice little puddings, or those ragouts or stews; and when next we invite the Thompsons or the Jacksons, maybe we might succeed in accomplishing one of those elegant-looking bills of fare;" and so forth. The book is consigned to the shelf unread, and the Thompsons, and the Jacksons, and the Joneses eat our underdone beef and mutton, and our half-cooked vegetables, as usual.

Now, the only remedy appears to be that the choice, use, and preparation of food should be made a branch of education. Should we write book after book, addressed to the adult population, on the necessity of acquiring a knowledge of mathematics, for instance; and could we, with the most perfect truth, state that their well-being in life mainly depended on the acquisition of such knowledge, the chances would yet be twenty to one that not two in a hundred, nay, in five hundred, of those ignorant of it, would set themselves seriously to work to learn it. Because, launched on the theatre of life, they cannot pause, or turn aside from the part they are performing. And yet thousands of boys are daily being taught this very science without any difficulty, or the slightest interference with their other duties, who will, perhaps, in after life, have no further use for the knowledge obtained than to assist them in balancing a ledger. Such is the state of the case in point, with this important difference, that, whereas mathematics are only useful and applicable in some out of the many employments and vocations of mankind, the consideration "what to eat, drink, and avoid," concerns every human being born into the world.

It is not merely whether we shall dine well or ill, though this is, in itself, no small thing; it is not merely whether a family shall sit down to a well-prepared, comfortable repast, neatly set forth, and, with cheerful looks and pleasant conversation, enjoy the hour of meeting, conscious that economy, no less than taste, has ministered to their gratification; or whether they shall be huddled, in a vulgar scramble, around a badly-ordered table, to eat in-

nutritious, perhaps insufficient, food, with the disagreeable reflection that the *ménage* so conducted is extravagant and wasteful. All this is bad enough; but it is not merely this—it is actually whether people shall be happy or miserable, healthy or the reverse, long-lived or short; whether we shall enjoy refreshing viands or be forced to swallow nauseous drugs; whether we shall walk forth in the breath of Heaven or pine in sick chambers.

Were this view of the subject kept steadily before the minds of the thinking portion of society, it would not fail of doing good.

The necessity of training every woman to be a practical cook, of course, no one would advocate. But sufficient theoretical knowledge to enable every female to judge correctly of what quantity and quality the food of a healthy human being should be, might be attained with little trouble, in the course of those years usually devoted to education. No one ought to be ignorant of the various nutritious properties of meat, fish, fruit, and vegetables, nor in what proportions it is safe and wholesome to partake of them, solely or together; yet we every day see mothers forbidding ripe fruit to little eager creatures, seivered with summer heat, and forcing on them rich food, which the stomach loathes, twice or thrice a day; or pale, soft-fleshed, languid infants crammed with arrowroot, isinglass, jelly, or "arabica revalenta," while the healthy blood that might be brought into their cheeks by roast-beef and bread and butter is vainly endeavoured to be supplied by teaspoonfuls of cod-liver oil. It is the same with the adult population; working men eat pounds of meat when they can get it, dry bread and cheese when they cannot, be such articles of food good or bad in quality, suited or not to their constitutions, occupations, hours of rest, place of habitation, &c. If biliary derangement ensues, they apply to the doctor, and get some "stuff," and what bad food (bad for them) has begun, bad physis increases, or eradicates at the expense of an impaired constitution. "But these are only the very ignorant, only those belonging to the most uneducated classes." Is it so? We would very much wish to know how many men and women in the middle ranks of life have any, ay! the merest elementary,

knowledge of botany, chemistry, physiology? What are the nourishing or medicinal properties of various vegetables? what their effects on the human organization? in what degree the different modes of cooking—i.e., roasting, boiling, baking, &c.—increase or diminish the wholesomeness of meat or fish? the time which any particular food requires for digestion? And other considerations of a like nature. Yet this is the very knowledge which should be first imparted—should be instilled as the foundation or groundwork for the reformation of our style of living, for the dismissal from their domestic functions of all *plain* cooks who shall presume to make their dinners as uninviting as their faces.

"Must our cooks spend their leisure hours botanizing, and our maids-of-all-work be practical chemists? Nonsense, my good madam; much better let them attend to the cleaning of their kitchen ranges and the polishing of their saucepans!"

We must only reply that, what they do not know and cannot know, their employers ought and may. Few and simple are the instructions necessary to make any person, not incorrigibly stupid or obstinate, do the practical part of cooking well, if the instructor and purveyor bring to the task the knowledge we have recommended. And few are the moments (and those certainly not ill-spent) which the instructor need take from other and no less necessary duties for the communicating of such, if the knowledge has been thoroughly acquired in early life. But when employer and employed are both alike ignorant, the evil goes on without a remedy.

We have not quite done with cookery-books yet. It is not alone that they in general (for there are some excellent exceptions) rush into the practice before imparting the theory, or that they proceed too much, as hinted at before, upon the supposition that the same practice is possible in all cases, but that, mistaking the "reverse of wrong for right," they substitute for the time-honoured opinion, that, whatever was wholesome must, of necessity, be palatable, the axiom that, whatever is palatable must, of necessity, be wholesome. Instead of recommending boiled mutton and stick-jaw dumplings

(very unwholesome they sometimes were, whatever our grandmothers may have thought), they recommend savoury fries and seasoned stews, with just as little thought of the digestive capabilities of those who are to eat them. By all means let us make a reformation; let us never cease reforming our style of living; but let it be on the right principles of health, economy, propriety, comfort, not on the paltry one of pampering the appetite. We heartily despise the man or woman who is not content with a good joint simply cooked, nay, who cannot on an occasion eat the same cold, although we have no objection to its being dressed to more advantage in any other way; and though we think every one may, nay, ought to dine well (if they can), in order that they may live in better health and temper, it does not follow that people should "live" merely that they may "dine."

The most serious, if it were not, at the same time, the most absurd question involved in this subject, is, perhaps, the "giving dinners," as it is called. This has been so well treated, lately, by able writers, that one hesitates almost to say anything more on a proceeding which even the "dinner-givers" themselves perceive to be ridiculous and feel to be a nuisance. It is related of the eccentric Dean Swift, that when any of his friends came to pay him a visit, with the evident expectation of being asked to dinner, he always presented them with the price of it instead, and, being a frugal man, he limited the value of the meal to a shilling. Probably he only treated in this manner those among his acquaintances whose society he did not consider worth the cost of an entertainment, and meant it as a hint that he would gladly pay to be rid of their company.

Probably ninety-nine of every hundred persons who feel themselves bound to give a couple of expensive, troublesome, and frequently vulgar entertainments, during the year, would gladly pay ten times as much to each person invited, if they could get them to accept it in lieu of the compliment supposed to be conferred by the soup, fish, entrées, plate, glass, and damask. Much has been said of the ostentation and vanity exhibited in providing such a feast, but a very witty author has too completely exposed the "humbug" (excuse us) of such

matters—has shown so plainly the utter impossibility of the guests supposing that such occasions are a sample of their entertainers' usual style of living—that we must conclude vanity has very little to do with it, which only makes the senseless custom the less pardonable.

Let the rich provide such banquets—the cost will not inconvenience them—and they need not spend, besides money, time, temper, and anxiety; but, in the name of common sense, let all the happy middle-class return to their old-fashioned tea-drinkings. Let them collect their friends for a social evening, made cheery by pleasant conversation, by good-humoured mirth, by reading, by music, by stereoscope, by microscope, by the thousand and one resources for making such meetings pleasant, and not invite them to sit for half an hour in awkward silence, until the servants have spread on the table a repast in which there is neither good taste nor elegance, and from which they derive no pleasure but the satisfaction of afterwards abusing it.

We have heard of a period when supper parties were fashionable, and have been told by friends who recollected such *réunions*, much of the delights of those meetings, which were represented to have been gatherings of wit and talent. However, as some elderly gentlemen whom we have heard expatiating on these pleasures, were, during our own recollection of them, much afflicted by gout; and as we cannot remember that any of them were remarkable for philosophy or repartee, we are inclined to be dubious as to their good effect on the physical or moral constitution.

On the whole, it appears that Nature's dictates cannot be much outraged with impunity—that the sustenance which she has provided for human nature is best eaten in its simplest form, and at those times which she points out—that our repasts ought to be regulated by our means, our constitutions, and our appetites—that the less, fashion, and the more, reason has to do with the matter, the better—that the person who can prepare such simple food is, in reality, the educated *artiste*—while the disguise of unwholesome viands beneath a deluge of villainous sauces, and under a flourish of unpronounceable names, is the “plain cook not wanted.”

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

BLACK CURRANT VINEGAR.—To four pounds of fruit very ripe, put three pints of vinegar. Let it stand three days; stir occasionally. Squeeze and strain the fruit. After boiling ten minutes, to every pint of juice add one pound of lump sugar. Boil twenty minutes.

MEDLAR JELLY.—Ripe medlars, covered with water, boil to a pulp; squeeze through flannel. To every pint of juice allow three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar; then boil an hour and a half.

The former recipe will be valuable in July, to those who have an abundance of black currants. The beverage is far superior to raspberry vinegar as a summer drink, and invaluable for sore throat. Medlar jelly is a luxury, and elegant in appearance.

RASPBERRY CREAM.—Rub a quart of raspberries, or raspberry jam, through a hair sieve, to take out the seeds, and then mix it well with cream. Sweeten with sugar to taste; put into a stone jug, and raise a froth with a chocolate mill. As your froth rises, take it off with a spoon, and lay it upon a hair sieve. When you have got as much froth as you want, put what cream remains into a deep china dish, or punch-bowl, and pour your frothed cream upon it, as high as it will lie on.

STRAWBERRY JAM.—Bruise very fine some scarlet strawberries, gath red when quite ripe, and put to them a little juice of red currants. Beat and sift their weight in sugar, strew it over them, and put them into a preserving pan. Set them over a clear, slow fire; skim them, boil them twenty minutes, and then put them into pots.

TO COVER PRESERVES.—Moisten thin brown paper with the white of egg. This perfectly excludes the air.

TO PRESERVE EGGS.—Fresh-laid eggs should have the shells buttered all over; then put them into a pan with layers of dry salt or bran between each layer. The small end should be downwards, and all must be closely covered to keep out the air. The eggs will be good for several weeks.

BREAD CHEESECAKES.—Slice a penny loaf as thin as possible, pour on it a pint of boiling cream. When well soaked, beat it very fine, add eight eggs, half a pound of butter, a grated nutmeg, half a pound of currants, a spoonful of brandy or white wine. Beat them up well together, and bake in raised crusts or patty-pans.

THE FASHIONS

AND

PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

In our illustration, it will be seen that we have introduced a summer dress, which we will proceed to describe. We have selected a muslin; but the same style is equally eligible for the *barège*, the *organdi*, or the silk. These are all made with patterns on the skirts. The body is low, with a slight fulness at the waist in the front and the back. Points are not worn with these dresses, but, in their stead, braces are adopted. We have given one, formed of mauve-colour quilted ribbon.

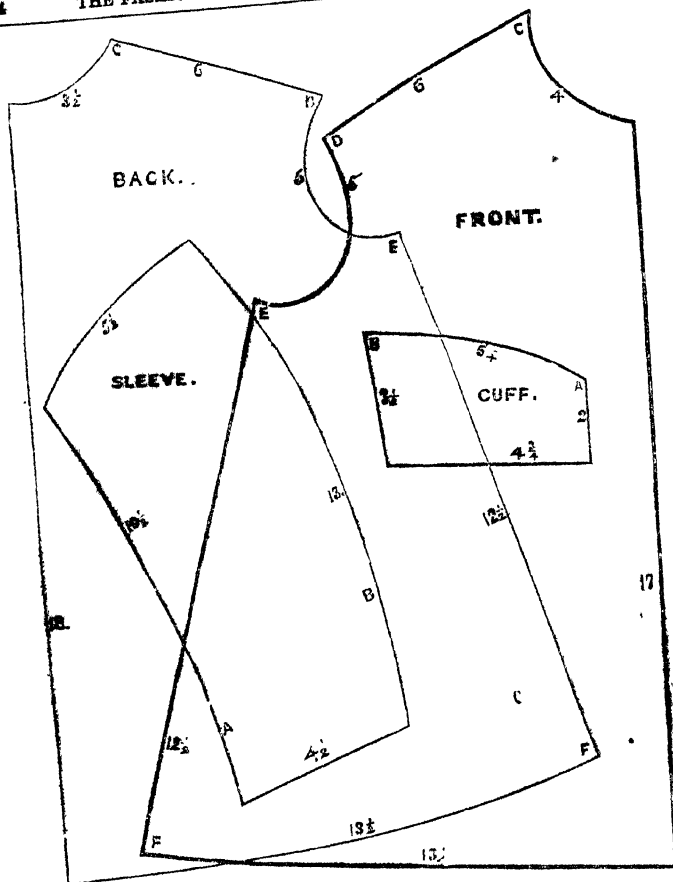


SUMMER DRESS

These pass over the shoulders, from the centre of the waist in the front to the centre of the back behind, ending in both places with a bow and ends those in the front descending low. Across the front are five rows of quilled ribbon and the same at the back. The sleeves are hanging, having a bow to correspond placed at their opening in the front. The chemise is of spotted net, drawn in to fit the neck by means of a ribbon to match covered with a fulness of the net, and having a narrow lace at the top and the bottom. The under-sleeves are of the same net,

confined round the wrists in the same way as at the neck with bows and also of net and ribbon. There is also a bow at the throat.

These braces which are now very fashionable, are a sufficient ornament for any dress, and can be transferred from one to another. They are also made in black velvet, which is very effective; but, of course, bands are substituted for the quillings. In silk dresses, the Parisian ladies are now wearing sashes manufactured with ends matching the borders of their dresses; but we are not sure that these are yet purchasable in London.



WORKING PATTERN OF CHILD'S PARDESSUS.

It is remarkable how strikingly simplicity sometimes assumes the air of the highest style of fashion. The French ladies are now proving this fact by the adoption of a very inexpensive costume. Young ladies are now wearing a casaque and skirt made of the same material, frequently a Swiss print. Among these we have noticed a stripe of white and lavender, which has the best effect. These casaques are made in two ways—in the first, they are tight to the body, which is

continued down into the ample width of the skirt; in the second, they are also continued from the body, but they are so cut as to fold into large plaits at every seam, in which way they give fullness to the skirt. Here we must notice that the stripes are not across the breadth from selvage to selvage, but perpendicular. This sort of stripe will soon be extremely fashionable, the former one being out.

Mauve and white muslins in stripes and checks

are now in great favour. The colour is so extremely beautiful that we cannot wonder at the preference. These are made with a double skirt, the body full in front, and slightly so at the bottom of the waist behind, hanging sleeves, a narrow band of its own material round the waist, ending with a large bow, with long, wide, flowing ends in front, which make an elegant finish. A scarf of the same completes the dress, which is in excellent taste.

The bonnet most suitable as an accompaniment to these light and graceful muslins is of clear white, the curtain being set on in double French plaits, with a broad beading. The trimming has a simply stylish peculiarity; it consists of a length of tulle, in the form of a small scarf, which is fastened down exactly in the centre of the front with a bunch of red-tipped May upon it, another exactly similar being placed on the curtain behind. The ends of this piece of tulle are thrown towards the back of the bonnet, being slightly confined. Inside trimming also of the May-blossom.

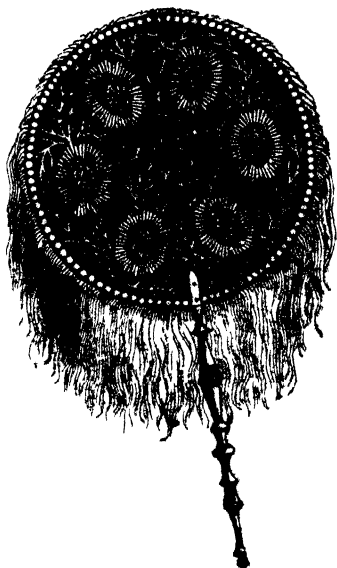
Having given the above as a dress promenade bonnet, we shall now mention a second, which, in our estimation, is equally stylish, yet possessing durability. It is of rice straw. The curtain is of pink, broadly bound with black. A broad black ribbon is fastened on to the centre of the front of the bonnet with a small bow of the same, the two ends are brought over the rim into the inside of the bonnet, the one side ending with a cluster of small rosebuds, the other with a bow of pink ribbon and black velvet, forming the inside trimming. Cap all round. Strings of the same broad black ribbon. These black ribbon strings will keep their favour in Paris.

The two kinds of parasols which are now dividing the fashion are those formed of two tiers of founces, and large sun shades, which are found so useful either in the fervid heat or the stifling shower. The first are elegant, the second useful.

At parties in the country, ladies are wearing natural flowers in their hair intermingling with them a few blades of those elegant grasses which fashion has lately brought into use among its artificial imitations. The red geranium looks admirable in dark hair, while clusters of various and lighter kinds accord better with softer tints.

As it is apparent that a working pattern of the muslin dress would not be useful, we have taken the opportunity of supplying a diagram for a child's pardaues, which we trust will be acceptable to many of our subscribers. It is Parisian, and extremely simple, made in cashmere, piqué, or printed satteens, and richly braided

be worked. A pair of wire frames must be purchased, the size of which must be traced on two squares of crimson velvet. The shape of the flowers must next be cut out in white velvet and laid on to the crimson circle, being slightly tacked down at the edge in their proper places. The beadwork is then commenced. The centres of the flowers are formed of loops of beads, composed of three or four clear white, three gold, and three or four clear white, every loop the same, and the centres filled in with these loops. The leaves of the flowers are not raised like the centres, but are formed of strings of beads of clear white, opaque white in the centre, and clear white again



at the edges, according to the shape of the leaf, the widest part taking about three of each. This beadwork is over the white velvet flower, which shows through and gives extreme richness, the centres being all raised by means of the loops. The small spray work is composed of clear white, with every point ending with three gold beads. This is extremely pretty. The whole arrangement is perfectly easy of execution, and will be found well to reward the labour, as, when completed, these screens are most ornamental. After the beadwork is completed, the crimson velvet must be well stretched over the wire frame and the back lined with white silk. The edge is finished with a deep erpe fringe, with a row of rather large clear white beads all round laid on to the fringe. The beads must be threaded on a fine strong cotton. The best for this purpose is 20 of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s crochet, which is sufficiently strong and yet fine enough to pass through the beads.

THE WORK TABLE

EDITED BY MADAMEISLE ROCHE

We give this month a design for a hand-screen, which is both new and handsome. This, being an article of ornament admitted into the most elegant drawing-rooms, will, we feel sure be acceptable to many of our subscribers. The style of work produces a very rich effect, it being a combination of white and gold beads on a crimson velvet ground, the flowers being worked on white velvet. We will proceed to describe, as clearly as possible, the manner in which it is to



DESIGN FOR HAND SCREEN.



COWPER'S SUMMER HOUSE AT STONEY

POETS:

THEIR LIVES, SONGS, AND HOMES.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE name of Cowper immediately conjures up to the mental vision of the imaginative reader two pictures, most opposite in feature, colouring, and style. On the one hand we have the kindly, genial, social, and accomplished member of a small but elegant society; the promoter of friendly meetings, the cheerful companion of pleasant morning walks and delightful evening parties; the amateur painter, gardener, mechanic; the enlivener of the fireside circle at home; the benevolent dispenser of charity to less-favoured firesides abroad: while, on the other, we have the melancholy enthusiast, the despairing victim of religious frenzy, the "stricken deer" that left the herd to bury its pains and sorrows at a distance from the haunts of its kind. Perhaps every one now believes the former to have been the poet's true character. Poor Cowper's malady—the

product, probably, of a too delicate nervous organization, which might have been rendered more robust by healthful collision with the work-a-day world—is now, in the minds of all intelligent and unprejudiced people, separated from his natural dispositions, habits, tastes, as well as from his real religious principles and opinions. It would do much harm, and render his works, as preceptive lessons of religion and morality, worse than useless, did we suffer the opinion to be inculcated that his sometimes so-called "religious experiences" were at all necessary to the formation of his truly Christian character; that the writhings of his crushed and broken spirit in his insane moments were in the slightest degree requisite to produce the living faith and consistent practice of his sane ones. How far, in the inscrutable dispensations of Providence, his affliction may have

been necessary to increase the fervour of his imagination; to add depth to his enthusiastic feelings, or impart breadth to his speculative faculty; to give him, in short, some of those chief qualifications of a poet which he possessed in so eminent a degree, is a consideration beyond human power, and one which it would be, therefore, presumptuous to enter on.

William Cowper was born at Great Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, on the 26th of November, 1731. Of this place his father was the rector, and it is to his recollections of this abode of his infancy he alludes in his "Lines on his Mother's Picture." That feeling, supposed by philologists to be connected with what is usually styled the organ of locality, must have been at all times a very prominent one in his nature; his attachment to places being a thing remarkable. The family from which he was descended was both ancient and distinguished, his grandfather, Spencer Cowper, being a younger brother of Lord Chancellor Cowper, and himself a judge in the Court of Common Pleas. It is to be observed that, while the poet retained through life a grateful and loving sense of his mother, who died when he had scarcely attained the age of six years, his father, who lived much longer, and of whom, therefore, he may be supposed to have known much more, is scarcely mentioned by him in his works, and appears to have attracted but little of his affection. A cause for this may be found in the fact of his having been sent from home immediately on his mother's death; and the extreme unhappiness which, from the tyranny then allowed in public schools, and the shyness of his own nervous and sensitive nature, he experienced during his schoolboy life. This probably occasioned him, in some manner, to connect, though perhaps, unjustly, with his horror of such establishments, an indifference, if not dislike, to the parent who had consigned him to a system worthy of being stigmatised in his "Tirocinium." That his father was really a good and pious man may be gathered from the cursory notice of him in the poem before-mentioned, on the receipt of his mother's picture.

The first school to which the poet was sent, was conducted by Dr. Pitman, at Marketstreet, in Hertfordshire. He remained there but a few years, in conse-

quence of a complaint in his eyes, which rendered it necessary to release him from study, and place him under the care of an oculist for some time. He was then removed to Westminster, where he remained until his eighteenth year.

Cowper was one of those poets whose genius was not developed until comparatively late in life. None of his biographers record any instance of the exhibition of talent during his youthful days. He does not even appear to have been of a particularly studious habit; and though, at a comparatively early period of his life, he had so far turned his attention to literary pursuits as to give occasional assistance to friends engaged in them, he attracted no attention by peculiar genius.

On leaving Westminster, he was articled to a solicitor (Mr. Chapman) for three years, during which time his constant companions were the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who seems, at this period, to have had little more taste for legal study than himself. Cowper's aversion to it was extreme, and not ill-founded; as he was aware that the exceeding shyness and nervous diffidence of his character must ever have prevented his succeeding in a profession demanding a high degree of moral courage and self-possession.

Notwithstanding his dislike, however, he entered the Temple; but, as his friends judged it impossible he could advance in a profession so repugnant, they used their interest in procuring for him a situation which, it was supposed, would have accorded no less with his tastes than his wishes, namely, that of reading clerk and clerk of the private committees of the House of Lords.

This office, involving the, to him, dreadful necessity of reading in public, he declined to accept, and was then offered another, the place of Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords, which, it was hoped, would not necessitate anything disagreeable to his peculiar feelings. In this hope he and his friends were disappointed; and the circumstances of its being found requisite for him to appear before the bar of the House to entitle himself to his situation—of his horror on discovering this necessity—his unceasing application to the business of his office, in order to insure his competency when he came to appear—his ever-

increasing dread—and his being unable, at the last, to make the necessary experiment, and thereby forfeiting his situation—are too well known to require a detailed account here.

At this period may be dated the commencement of poor Cowper's malady. He was obliged to be placed under the care of Dr. Cotton, at St. Alban's—a physician celebrated for his treatment of nervous disorders—and who proved so successful in his case that, after the lapse of a year, he was sufficiently restored to retire to a temporary residence of his own in Huntingdonshire. Here he became acquainted with the Unwin family, which shortly resulted in a friendship and his becoming a member of their household, to which he belonged for the rest of his life. At first the family circle consisted of the Rev. Mr. Unwin, his wife, a son (the first member of the family with whom our poet became acquainted), and a daughter.

The elder gentleman was, a short time after the commencement of their acquaintance, killed by a fall from his horse, when the family removed to Olney, in Buckinghamshire. Thenceforward, Cowper was, to the widowed Mrs. Unwin, as a second son; and she, to him, in all his after-infirmities of mind and body, as the tenderest of mothers.

From 1767 to 1787, Cowper continued to reside at Olney. At that period he removed to Weston-Underwood, to a residence provided for him by the kindness of his relative, Lady Hesketh—Mrs. Unwin, of course, accompanying him.

To these two places belong all the remainder of his life; except the short period before its close, when he was removed by his relative, Dr. Johnson, to Norfolk, for change of air, and during a brief visit paid to his friend and biographer, Hayley, at his seat at Eastham, in the county of Sussex.

At these two beloved residences, Cowper spent his cheerful days, or wore away the sad hours of his despondency. The house at Olney is described by the late Hugh Miller as being situated at the base of an angle in the centre of the main street of the village. It is now used as a school; but the remains of his summer-house, built with his own hands, are still to be seen. The garden has been divided, and part appor-

tioned to the adjoining residence, and but few of the beauties he describes (which, indeed, perhaps owed their greatest charm to his own imagination) exist. Weston-Underwood is situate about two miles from Olney. His house there was much more comfortable and commodious; and it possessed to him the additional advantage of not removing him from a neighbourhood where he had a beloved circle of friends, and opportunities for usefulness and happiness.

His favourite walks, the scenes of many of his poems, the subjects of his charming descriptions, the haunts sacred to his friendships and his genius, at the latter-mentioned place, are also described by the eminent and gifted man before spoken of, whose death was caused by the same malady which clouded the life of the poet. The "Peasant's Nest," described in "The Task," the "Wilderness," the "Alcove," "Yardly Oak," the scene of "The needless Alarm," are portrayed as they now appear; and a vivid impression conveyed to the reader's mind, not less of the actual beauty of the various scenes than of the affectionate fervour of Cowper's imagination, when called forth in the praise of what was justly endeared to him by the hallowed associations of charity and friendship.

During Cowper's residence at Olney, he enjoyed a pleasing employment in being associated with his friend, the Rev. John Newton, in the distribution of 200*l.* per annum, allowed to the poor of that parish by an opulent merchant of London, Mr. John Thoroton. It is probable, also, that he was not seldom employed as the almoner of others among his richer friends, an occupation peculiarly agreeable to his benevolent disposition.

The first volume of Cowper's poems did not appear until the year 1782, when the poet had passed his fortieth year. Several hymns by him had been previously collected and published by his friend, Mr. Newton, and a few other pieces had appeared from time to time in the periodicals of the day; but this was the first volume brought out in his own name and under his own auspices. It contains the admirable pieces of "Hope," "Table-talk," "The Progress of Error," "Charity," &c.; and, although his style must, from its novelty, have burst, in a measure, upon the literary

world, it seems to have been received without a *furore*, indeed, but with approbation. For five years before the publication of this volume, poor Cowper had suffered a return and accession of his mental malady, and it is probable that, to the kind and judicious care of his friends, which led him to the exercise of his poetic genius as an employment salutary and grateful, we owe the gratitude due for such an important addition to English literature, as he does not seem to have contemplated, at any time up to this period, devoting himself to an author's life. In the year 1784 he published his "Task," a poem suggested by his friend Lady Austen, who had previously been the means of his producing his inimitable "John Gilpin," by having told him the story in prose one evening during a period of his returning dejection. Having once devoted himself to poetry, his powers of composition must have been rapid, as the following year (1785) produced "Tirocinium," with a sufficient number of smaller pieces to form a volume. A couple of years after this he removed to Weston-Underwood, and here he began his translation of "Homer," which was published in 1791. In 1794 his dependency again returned, and, notwithstanding all the affectionate care of his friends, increased so rapidly that he was soon unfit for any occupation, and sank into a state of melancholy from which nothing could arouse him.

For little more than ten short years had he held a place before the public eye, and he was now again sinking into mental oblivion. His long-tryed friend, Mrs. Unwin, was already in a state of helpless imbecility, an affliction which he has touchingly portrayed in his poem "To Mary," in which he appears to have a consciousness that her increasing care and anxiety for him had hastened the natural infirmities of age—a consciousness which must have been inexpressibly bitter to his sensitive mind. God, who saw fit, however, to withdraw his countenance from his servant, and allow his latter days to be thus clouded, was also pleased mercifully to make the period of his suffering short, as he lived but until the year 1800, his bodily health daily decreasing with his fast-falling mental activity. Death relieved him from further misery on the 25th of April in that year.

"The Task" is probably the most familiarly known and the most admired of all Cowper's longer poems. The constant exposition of his peculiar tenets (the very extreme of Calvinism) which prevails in, and, indeed, forms the groundwork of, "The Progress of Error," "Conversation," &c., must make them less acceptable to the general reader. His shorter pieces are probably strange to no English ear, and his hymns have seldom failed of receiving their just tribute of admiration. Every faculty which seems necessary to form a true poet, Cowper possessed—a vivid imagination, a quick perception, a love, but not an exaggerated one, for the beauties of Nature; a ready sympathy with human feeling; a rich vein of wit, not untinctured with satire; a remarkable facility of composition (the ballad of "John Gilpin" was, with the exception of a few after touches, written in a few hours), and a ready command of language. To these may be added, a knowledge of human nature, which only wanted a more extended acquaintance with society, an increased intercourse with the world, to be perfect; and a liberality of mind which was *perfect* on all subjects, except that which either formed the cause of, or was developed by, his mental disease. His description of the requisites for "Friendship" is the happiest effusion of the kind ever written; replete with humour, good sense, good taste, and good feeling, so excellent, indeed, that it is difficult to refrain from transcribing it here, particularly as it seems calculated, especially for female perusal and consideration—the peculiar susceptibility of women's feelings more frequently leading them into ill-judged friendships. It is also valuable as a proof that the candid and unreserved are not more prone to err in this respect than the more cautious; Cowper himself being one of the most open and generous of the human race, and yet meeting with the rarest instances of constant and disinterested friendship.

The "Report of an Adjudged Case," again, together with "The Modern Patriot," "The Love of the World Reproved," and "Pity for Poor Africans," are unsurpassed as satires; while his "Tirocinium" must commend itself to all conscientious parents earnest for their children's moral and social welfare, notwithstanding that the opinions

he expresses may be a little prejudiced. On one topic alone, and that one the subject which has been peculiarly, in all ages, the poet's own, Cowper has never touched—love. It has been supposed that an early and unfortunate attachment was, in some respects, the occasion of his youthful sensitiveness, which increased to melancholy, and at length despair; but there is little evidence that he was ever under the power of any very strong feeling of this nature, however he might have contemplated, in his earlier youth, the forming of a matrimonial alliance. At all events, his silence on this fertile theme is not a little remarkable, and scarcely to be accounted for even by the fact of a youthful disappointment. If the disappointment ever did take place, he has shown a very singular delicacy in avoiding the subject as portion of his own feelings or experiences.

We may take leave of our gentle poet with the happy feeling that, if his life had much of woe unutterable, it had also much of pleasure, intense, pure, and real, though not unalloyed. On one subject alone were his views distorted, or his anticipations and recollections gloomy; on all others his remembrances, experiences, and expectations were bright and genial; no falsehood ever grieved him, or contempt wounded him, or malignity embittered his spirit. Strange that he could, in the love which surrounded him, trace the manifestations of that perfect love into which he has entered for ever.

One trait in Cowper's character should not pass unnoticed—his exceeding tenderness towards, and love for, the brute creation—a tenderness carried to the extreme of considering all field sports unjustifiable. His dog Beau; his tame hares, Puss, Bess, and Tiney; his birds, and other pets, occupied a large portion of his time and affections, and seem to have ranked next in his regards to his rational companions. Some of his friends appear to have shared largely in this characteristic; the "Wilderness" mentioned in the "Task" having been set apart by the "Throckmorton family" as a burial-place for "pets," where their graves are still to be seen, adorned with appropriate inscriptions.

The engraving represents a view of his summer house at Olney, showing him in the midst of some of his pet animals.

MIGNON; OR, THE STEP-DAUGHTER.

So passed away a month; then, one day, the director of the prison received from Italy, in an anonymous letter, the necessary amount to pay the sum and expenses of Marx's acceptance. The director hastened to fill in the entry in the gaol-book, and announced to the artist that he was at liberty, preparing him for the fatal news which still remained for him to learn.

Marx searched in vain to know whence came this unhopd-for assistance. He regained his house in the midst of cruel apprehensions, hardly rejoicing in his liberty; and, in reality, he did not long profit by it, for he fell into a languid state, and soon died beneath the weight of his grief, repeating Graziella's name.

Thus was it that the little dumb child found herself alone and abandoned at the age of twelve years. Don't you forgive the poor child now her becoming ugly, ungainly, and awkward? The maternal cares of the good nuns had no influence on this character, soured by despair, infirmity, and the scoffing of some of the children, whose thoughtlessness and inexperience rendered them sometimes cruel. Thus was it that all grace, youth, and vivacity had disappeared, and given place to a state of prostration and depression.

But one look from Heaven—from the sweet Mignon—had penetrated to the bottom of this broken heart, and had discovered and reanimated a spark of life. A tremulous voice had pronounced, with ineffable tenderness, the word sacred above all, the word which carries hope, the word *mother*! Despair had vanished at the sound, the ice which encompassed this little heart melted before this magic ray, and the child, the poor orphan, was once more linked with the living world by this *one word*; and an echo had repeated—not with her powerless lips, but through the depths of her reanimated and revived heart—"Mother! mother!"

* * *

THE FISH.

According to popular belief, there are some unlucky stars that shed their baleful influence around, as soon as their dull and dreaded light appears on the horizon. Again, there are some treacherous plants

whose beauty attracts and captivates, whose perfume enervates and lulls, and whose sap is bitter and deadly. Perverse natures there are, too, which, like the emanations of an evil genius, exert over all they touch, and everything that surrounds them, their destructive power.

These beings, often endowed with a fatal power, are like a plague upon the earth, living but for their own selfish and hateful ends, and resembling a burning lava flowing over the yellow harvest, leaving nothing but ruin and desolation in its track. They would almost make one doubt Divine justice, but that, according to the designs of Providence, they sometimes serve as a contrast and proof to that virtue whose triumph they sometimes unwittingly prepare. Woe, ever woe, to those who fall unaware beneath the claws of these pitiless vultures. Let them appeal not to the heart, or rather to the heart which no longer exists, and declare that they must either fly these evils or seek refuge in death. If the unhappy ones are vanquished, the wicked will repose as conquerors on the fresh grass of their tombs, as impassive and as cold as the petrified lava on the devoured harvest.

We wish, for the peace of humanity, that we could ignore the existence of such monstrous natures; but who is there that has not, at some time or other, been damaged by their talons? If we have to paint them, as a shadow at the bottom of the frame where the mystic figure of Mignon is to shine, may it, at least, not be our lot to delight in the portraiture of their horrors and vices, but to judge them and foretell their punishment; may it not be ours to place them on the pedestal which is already prepared for them, but to show the infernal demon, hurled down under the foot of the Archangel.

In the narrowest part of the Rue du Sentier, there used to be, at the bottom of a court, a quiet-looking shop, to all appearance devoid of luxury, but in which, nevertheless, a large business was carried on in very valuable articles. There it seemed as if the richest productions of the world were centred—Indian cashmeres, Italian silks, Turkey carpets, gold and silver goods manufactured at Lyons, the fine fabrics of the North, and the beautiful prints of Rouen.

The head of this house, so modest in appearance, and so powerful on account of its long standing and immense connexion, was Aimé Crèvecoeur. He was the successor of the Crèvecoeurs whose name, descending from father to son, was so well known in the annals of commerce; and, although this name was not preceded by an ennobling particle, the Crèvecoeurs, by their proverbial honesty, generosity, and wealth, found themselves, without question, at the head of the commercial aristocracy of the Rue du Sentier.

The time had not arrived when a misplaced show of borrowed luxury and ostentation, which can deceive no one, appeared necessary to attract and draw the crowd. An immense business was done at these old-fashioned establishments, which might well be called houses of trust, a word which signified something *then*, although it was not written on the door, and which, since that time, has been somewhat abused.

Aimé Crèvecoeur was still a young man, and who, beneath a somewhat cold exterior, possessed a tender and easily-moved heart. He had married the daughter of a rich Lyons manufacturer, who had brought an immense fortune to this already powerful house. The young wife was agreeable and well-informed; but to her simplicity, her amiability, and the eagerness with which she tried to make herself useful, who would have been able to recognise the rich wife of a rich merchant, when she received the ladies of fashion with so much politeness and deference; who, concealing, as they often did, their pecuniary difficulties beneath a deceitful appearance and an impertinent exterior, had thereby assumed what some women of the world think the genuine attributes of good taste?

Crèvecoeur, overwhelmed with good fortune, held in great esteem by the commercial world, and enjoying much domestic happiness, doubly felt his felicity when a last gift from Heaven completed his desires. A charming daughter, impatiently expected, appeared, to make his home complete, and still more to enliven this blessed solitude. He called her *Thérèse*, for it was the name of his much-loved wife.

Every grace, every beauty seemed united in the beautiful miniature, which seemed born with a smile from Heaven.

Her mother gave to her child her whole

care and attention, and nothing was overlooked that could please either the eye or the mind during the charming progress of infancy, which develops and unfolds itself like a rosebud in the morning air.

Oh! young mother, keep near you, and press to your heart like a bridal bouquet, this fresh flower which Heaven sends to you, or you would not be a mother! Dedicate to these eager little hands, to these thirsty lips, the treasures of your bosom; clasp well in your arms this little angel, whom God confides to you, or, maybe, He will say, "She is not a mother," and the angel will fly away!

Yes, on this tradesman's house, at the bottom of the narrow and damp Rue du Sentier, in the midst of the vulgar cares of business, poetry had descended in companionship with love and beauty. Crève-cœur was intoxicated with this unspeakably-lovely sight—more lovely than any that a father might dream of—a young, affectionate, and amiable mother, having on her breast a sleeping infant, resembling an emanation from Heaven. Admiring those large blue eyes, that angelic smile, that transparent tint, that pure form, which Raphael attempted, in his most sublime creations, to portray, the young mother, full of emotion and pride, would sometimes say—

"Oh! my husband, she is too beautiful for this world."

And, indeed, the effect that the first sight of the little Thérèse made on one was surprise at the apparition of a being almost supernatural. It seems as if that radiant figure softly illuminated everything around her, and shed over every other heart the charm which seemed like the essence of her own. It was much more so when, leaving her mother's knee, she began to walk and talk. Whence came, then, that light movement except from invisible wings, which carried her and made her fly over the ground? Whence that celestial voice? It came from the heart and went to the heart.

It was still more so when she began to grow and to think, when she revealed all the treasures of her little soul, when she became a graceful and tender companion for her young mother.

How proud was he, Aimé Crève-cœur, when, during his walks, he held Thérèse's

hand, and the passers-by, the mothers and the children particularly, stopped to contemplate this touching face, to wonder at the mysterious charm of the angel, and repeated, in a low voice, "How beautiful she is!" And she, also, the little Thérèse, already understood the joy she scattered around her; but she was not affected by it, or proud of it; not prouder than the beautiful rose before which you linger and say, "How lovely it is!"

But enough, enough joy, happy family; pass on to others the cup of happiness, so that every one may, at least, moisten their lips. Already, yes, already, it is your turn to suffer!

The bell has tolled. The young mother is dead, bringing into the world a child which never saw the light of day.

Crève-cœur, in the midst of his treasures, found himself as unhappy, as despairing, as the poorest creature. Thérèse was five years old. Who would protect this frail being, who would instruct her—above all, who would love her? Nothing can replace a mother.

He tried to devote himself to business, to give himself up to speculating largely; to travel, after having confided his daughter, his treasure, in safe hands. But everything called him to Thérèse, and yet, near her, he felt still more that dreadful blank which the absence of the mother of a family leaves in a house.

So passed away two years, without bringing any consolation to his wounded heart. His only pleasure was in sometimes assisting the afflicted, and sympathizing with misfortune in remembrance of his dear wife. But an urgent matter of business now obliged him to leave Paris again. The reason was to give prompt assistance to the head of an important manufacturing firm, an honorable man, who was just then temporarily embarrassed. He could not part from his dear little Thérèse, and, surrounding her with every care, accompanied by a devoted servant, he set out with her for M. Morin's manufactory, situate in one of the rich and fertile valleys of Normandy, below Rouen. He was received as a saviour, for he immediately furnished M. Morin with the means of extricating himself, at the moment when his ruin seemed inevitable, and, besides, he brought him fresh orders, which

enabled the manufacturer to keep his large body of workmen employed. But the overflow of gratitude could not make Crèveœur forget his trouble. He still wept over that Thérèse who had so soon gone back to Heaven, and still more over little Thérèse who was left on earth with no support but himself. He felt his energy diminishing, and it seemed to him as if he himself needed a helpmate and guide. But in spite of his apparent indifference to everything that surrounded him, he could not behold unmoved the love and adoration which his charming Thérèse had gained, from the time of her entrance into the house, and, above all, the great sympathy which might be noticed in the looks of Mademoiselle Suzanne, M. Morin's eldest daughter. She was a tall young girl, twenty-two years of age, with hair blacker than the raven's wing, of haughty manners, and with bright and fascinating eyes, and of which advantage, and all others, knowing how to make the most.

How many times had Crèveœur surprised her, holding in her arms the beautiful child, and so forming, by the very contrast in the two natures, a charming pair! Then Suzanne would appear to be quite nervous, putting a handkerchief to her eyes, and Crèveœur himself could scarcely account for the deep feeling which seemed to come from the bottom of his heart, when he saw this beautiful creature, forming, with her powerful and bare arms, a refuge, and, as it were, a new cradle, for his Thérèse, his much-loved angel.

He avoided family gatherings, and often walked, in the evening, in the winding-paths of the large park, which extended to the end of the meadow as far as the wooded hills, which ascend in an amphitheatre.

The noble and fertile province of Normandy is covered with these enchanting sites, and trade prospers there and enlivens it, without detracting from the charm of this peaceful nature, but rather giving it a new interest by the many thoughts that the sight of its activity gives rise to. The park was crossed by a little river, which meandered gracefully round the hill, and cast into the fresh valley the waters which fertilized the meadow, and which were useful, at a greater distance, in the manufactory.

It may be that Suzanne knew that Crèveœur liked this walk, for she sometimes met him there, and seemed to shun and avoid him when she found herself, as if by accident, in his presence.

And came by chance, as a maiden may,
Where the minstrel carolled his roundelay.

One beautiful summer's evening, little Thérèse, attracted by the gambols of a brood of young ducks, was stooping over the side of the river, in which a full-grown person would run no risk, but where a child would perish if it were not assisted. How was it that the little creature was alone there? Who had forgotten her, and exposed her to such danger?

"Poor child!" suddenly cried the piercing voice of Suzanne, approaching her.

Thérèse, alarmed, extended her arms, made a quick movement to catch hold of a branch, lost her balance, and fell, uttering a loud cry.

The brave Suzanne threw herself in the water without hesitation, picked up the poor child, who was covered with slime and weeds, and, keeping herself above the water, which came up to her waist, resisted the current which was forcing her away. Raising the child above the water, and at the same time pressing her to her heart, she called for assistance in a despairing tone, for, perhaps, it was a little difficult for her to get up the steep and perpendicular side without assistance.

He who first heard this doleful cry, and who came in all haste, was the unfortunate father.

"She lives!" cried Suzanne, covering the child with kisses. "Don't fear anything. I saw her tumble in from a distance; she has not been two seconds under water. She lives! Don't tremble so, but help me."

Crèveœur, beside himself, and paler than death, received in his arms the fainting child, who soon came to herself, and deposited her cautiously on the grass. Then, holding out his two hands to Suzanne, he assisted her to get out of the water, all dripping, but smiling, and proud of her heroic deed. The brilliancy of her complexion increased that vigorous beauty which would, no doubt, have captivated Crèveœur, could he have attended to anything else besides his child's danger.

The moment that Suzanne was out of the river, without troubling herself about

her dress, without listening to all that Crèveœur tried to say to her in his gratitude, she took Thérèse in her arms, began undressing her, and, in an authoritative tone, sent her father to ask for clothes and assistance from the house.

"Be quick!" said she to him. "You can tell me that another time. But stay, wait a moment."

Crèveœur remained motionless, obedient already to the influence of this powerful voice, this energetic will, which, perhaps, would one day rule over him.

Suzanne quickly took up her shawl, which she had thrown on the bank of the river before getting down; with a mother's solicitude she covered up the child, who was shivering with cold, but who was just coming to herself, and already smiling and embracing her.

"Now, take your child," said she to him, "and run to the house. We will put her in a warm bed, and there will be nothing to fear."

"And you, dear child, dear angel, preserver?" said Crèveœur, in a voice trembling with gratitude.

"Well, as for me, I have taken a cold bath, and that is very healthy. I shall return with you; let us proceed; but don't look at me in that way, and take care of *our child*, whom you are carrying."

How those two words, *our child*, spoken at random, moved Crèveœur to the depths of his soul! He cast a look at Suzanne as if supplicating her to attach a meaning to these words, *our child*; but Suzanne was gazing at the landscape. He admired so much energy and devotion, united with such simplicity, and thoughtfully contemplated this powerful nature, this superb beauty, with a queen-like bearing, who made the large flowers of the meadow bend under her dripping dress and wet feet, and appeared to think of nothing but Thérèse.

Was it not a triumph for the valiant Suzanne to go back to the house with the child whom she had saved from an almost inevitable death, with the father to whom she gave up his dearest, his only treasure? Had she not done more by this one stroke than Crèveœur could have done by advancing any amount of money?

Suzanne insisted on placing herself near his child's bed, and there passing the night.

"Go and rest yourself," said she to Crève-

œur, "men are good for nothing in these little matters. You see that your child is in good hands; set your mind at rest; I will not leave her."

And so the little Thérèse, well warmed in a nice bed, experienced no further suffering. She soon fell into a peaceful sleep, without wishing to relinquish Suzanne's protecting hand.

The following day, Crèveœur, thoughtful and silent, remained with his eyes fixed on Suzanne, who appeared insensible to his gaze. She never left Thérèse alone now, but appeared more attached to her than before the river adventure, arranging so that the little one might sleep in her room; in fact, it was quite an adoption.

Had Suzanne guessed that the greatest charm to a generous heart is devotion and sympathy? Did she know, like the bird-catcher, that, to have the father, you must take the little ones?

Sometimes Crèveœur believed he saw in the tender affection which Suzanne professed for Thérèse a feeling of pity for himself and his loneliness, and this feeling seemed more probable when Suzanne tried evidently to conceal it, by avoiding a *tête-à-tête*.

However, one day, Suzanne, looking like one of Titian's beautiful Madonnas, was holding the beautiful child in her arms, under a tree in the garden, telling her pretty stories.

"Suzanne," said Crèveœur, approaching her, "what shall I do when you are no longer with me to take care of my child? And you, Thérèse, who will love you when we go away?"

"Will you engage me as governess?" said Suzanne gaily, with a provoking look.

"Have you not understood me, Suzanne?" said Crèveœur sorrowfully, taking her hand. "From the first day that I saw you holding my child on your knees, and embracing her, have not I thought that you alone could be her mother? My looks ought to have told you that. But from the time that you saved her, God must also have told you. She is yours, Suzanne. Will you so soon abandon her?"

"Don't talk like that," said Suzanne, appearing quite touched, and hiding her face in her hands; "do not disturb my peace of mind. Have I not done enough to avoid this interview? If I have always shunned you, can you not understand why?"

"Speak to me no more about impossibilities," said she, turning away her head, and lifting her hand to her eyes; "have pity on me!"

"Are you not free?" said Crèvecoeur. "And would not Thérèse's mother herself be pleased, when I wish to give, as a second mother to my child, one who has preserved her to me—one who loves her with so much affection?"

"Yes, I love her," said Suzanne with energy; "I love her!" and convulsively pressed Crèvecoeur's hand; then she placed her finger to her lips, as if entreating him not to say a word, and fled from him.

"Why will not Suzanne be my mother any longer?" said Thérèse crying. "Let us stop here, then. What should we do if we had not her with us?"

Crèvecoeur, quite overcome by his beloved daughter's tears, tried to console her, but, at the same time, could find no consolation for himself.

Suzanne's refusal he could only attribute to motives of extreme delicacy, for he knew she was almost portionless. Being the eldest of a numerous family, her father would, doubtless, be able to give her but a small dowry.

The display of this disinterestedness increased his esteem, to which was added a still more tender feeling. He made up his mind to speak to Mr. Morin.

"My dear friend," said he to him, "you say that I have been of some service to you, but I really don't deserve any thanks, for, after all I have seen, I know that my money is in good hands, and that you will soon make your fortune. But, if an acknowledgment is of consideration to you, and if you wish to return the favour, you can do so at once. Give me your Suzanne, we can no longer live without her; you will then be giving a mother to my child, for Providence has pointed her out, by putting Thérèse's life in her hands, and thus will be bound still more firmly the links of our unalterable friendship."

"What are you thinking about, Crèvecoeur?" said Morin, rising, as if to put an end to the interview. "You wish Suzanne, who has nothing, to marry a millionaire? But, my friend you will find, in the neighbourhood of the Rue du Sentier, fifty heiresses, from whom, in your position, you will have but to choose. You have just saved me, and you wish me to

make a bad business of it for you. No, you shall not have my daughter, And then—pardon the expression—I must know if she likes you, for she is rather romantic in her tastes, and we do not profess to be always able to direct her likes and dislikes."

"Don't trouble yourself about that," said Crèvecoeur. "If she is not easily led, it is she who will guide us, and we shall be glad of it. But you, Morin, it is you, then, who refuse me your daughter? Are you going to let us depart so? See what condition my poor Thérèse is in. Ought I to regret all my life the stay that I have made in the bosom of your family?"

"All that I can do," said Morin, after having consulted his wife, and somewhat shaken in his resolutions by the enormous advantages of this unexpected proposal, "is to prevent you from doing a foolish trick; but do not reckon on me to assist you in it. You know my position. Suzanne has nothing, that is all I have to say to you."

So things progressed to Crèvecoeur's satisfaction, and, perhaps, as much to the satisfaction of her whom he already loved more than he imagined. The following day he found himself again in Suzanne's way in the garden, just at the time when she appeared to wish to avoid him.

"Suzanne, dear Suzanne," said he, stopping her, "why do you shun me? Have you, then, some serious reason for repelling me? for he who would woo you for your fortune is unworthy of you. Even your father has given his consent; and now it is you only who shun me—you only, Suzanne, who cannot make up your mind to love me."

Suzanne's face looked radiant.

"My father!" said she; "has my father given his consent?"

And she threw herself quite confidently on his bosom.

"I always loved you," said she, in a low and trembling voice; "I always loved you, Crèvecoeur. Did not you know it—could you not guess it?"

And she raised towards him an ardent look.

Crèvecoeur, filled with joy by the look she gave him, pressed her to his breast. Their union was sealed by a long embrace. The happy man (or, rather, the man who believed himself happy, and that amounts

to precisely the same thing) entered the house with Suzanne and his daughter, and presented his new wife to the assembled family, referring to the promise that had been made not to oppose him in his wishes.

Suzanne appeared so overcome, so full of joy, and so softly affectionate, and knew so well how to nourish the growing passion of Crèvecoeur, that it was necessary to satisfy everybody, and to quiet so much impatience, and hasten the wedding, which, after a short absence on the part of Crèvecoeur, took place at M. Morin's, and was followed by splendid *fêtes*, in which the charming Thérèse shone like the evening star amidst the glories of the firmament.

Crèvecoeur, after having loaded Suzanne's sisters with presents, and left the workmen solid marks of his generosity, took leave of the family, and went back to the house in the Rue du Sentier full of hope. But was it not, rather, Suzanne who took possession of her new domain, dragging after her two captives, and holding in her net the two gold fish which had suffered themselves to be taken in the little river near Rouen!

(To be continued.)

THE MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN.

A mother is a mother still—
The holiest thing alive.

WORDSWORTH.

Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yes, they may forget.—XIX ISAIAH, 16.

HUMPH! we give you two statements, one from beneath, one from above—the first poetical, the second practical. Ah! this is a painful, an important matter, and we would rather not look the question so fully in the face; yet this question of maternal influence and affection is one of vital importance, for, though custom, circumstances, companionships, the winds of heaven, the very air we breathe, the spirit of the times in which we live, and the natural temperament with which we are born, away us with their mighty influences, yet, the still more ceaseless and far more subtle workings of maternal example, reproof, or exhortation, tell upon the formation of character with an almost irresistible

force. We would even venture so far as to assert that no mother ever faithfully fulfilled her maternal duties without reaping a rich harvest of comfort and satisfaction in the behaviour and demeanour of her sons.

The question of maternal influence naturally divides itself into two distinct branches—the moral and the intellectual. The latter, we confess, is a more difficult and more dubious matter to deal with than the former, since daily and hourly demonstrations confirm the truth of the adage, that "as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," while, until lately, so little attention has been paid to the action of mind upon mind, that we grope, as it were, in mid-day, when we endeavour to trace the connexion between the mind of the mother and her offspring. Our own opinion is, that a son inherits the same description of mind as the mother, only that it is more intensified, and cast in a more masculine mould; from custom, circumstances, and education, it is trained, deepened, widened, and produces a greater effect upon society; but the germs of its leading characteristics may all be traced, in the most distinct manner, in the mind of that mother from whence it had its source.

We shall be greatly misunderstood if we are supposed, by saying this, to be endeavouring to account for genius as an inheritance received from one or either parent. No; genius is that indescribable, unmistakable, marvellous gift that comes direct from the Giver of all good things; having no connexion with second causes; almost independent of training; upsetting many wise laws and most modern instances, and baffling every scrutiny and examination by which we endeavour to account for its appearance. But let us remember how few indeed are the sons of genius. We have fallen into a loose way of talking, and a careless way of calculating, and many a man, now-a-days, bears the character of prophet who is nothing more than an ordinary priest. Genius blooms like the aloe, once in a century; talent, cleverness, and ability, blossom like the rose, every succeeding season.

Well, then, it is understood we are not talking of the scattered few who have astonished the world, but of that innumerable company of men who bear, by

courtesy, the ordinary title of great men. And here we come to another difficulty, for the world is divided on this next point, each deriding the heroes of the other, and each refusing to apply that title to the favourites of their opponents, Napoleon, Alexander, Caesar, on the one side, Judson, Howard, Wilberforce, on the other. Now, it need not be concealed that, while the mother has undoubtedly intellectual influence over the child, as we have already shown in many previous examples, it is morally that her greatest and most irresistible force is felt. Read the biographies of such men as Judson, the American missionary, our own Bickersteth, G. Gurney, Leigh Richmond, Admiral Farry, Adam Clarke, and many other similar characters, and it will be seen how distinctly the mother's training proved the guiding star of each life.

Judson himself tells us that, when a young man, he had imbibed revolutionary and infidel opinions—(*en passant*, has it ever struck you, good reader, how closely disobedience to earthly and heavenly rule and authority are united, and *vice versa*?)—and, having informed his father of his sentiments, was treated with the severity natural to a masculine mind that has never doubted. His mother, none the less distressed, wept, prayed, and expostulated. The lad fancied himself superior to his father in argument; but he had nothing to oppose to his mother's tears and warnings, which, happily for him, followed him wherever he went. Not long after he had left his home, a young man was taken ill unto death in the next room at the way-side inn where he had taken up his abode. Being distressed at the groans and agonies of the dying sufferer, he sent for the landlord to know who the sick man was, and from whence he came. In answer to his inquiries, he learned, with horror and astonishment, that the groans proceeded from the lips of one of his infidel companions at Providence. Stunned at the intelligence, and horrified at the remembrance of his mother's description of the end of the unrighteous, Judson set himself seriously to work to examine his mother's creed, and ultimately offered himself as a teacher of that faith which he once denied, preaching and suffering as a martyr in the far-off regions of Burmah, proving a good and faithful servant unto his life's end.

No wonder Edward Bickersteth was what he was! Look at this picture of his mother—a woman of uncommon mental strength and energy, too firm and wise to be over-indulgent, and yet so loving that she secured the fondest affections of her children; nothing had more effect on them than a sorrowful, reproachful look from her, and the consciousness that she had been grieved. Simple dignity marked her person and manners, and indicated the inward superiority of her mind. Her dress was scrupulously neat and lady-like, and even in old age her figure was remarkably erect. Any deviation from the strictest propriety in manners and appearance was very offensive to her, and many a dutiful and affectionate acknowledgment of cautions and reproofs administered by his mother, with promises of greater attention to her wishes, appear in her son Edward's earlier letters. To please her, many a trifle he would have deemed unimportant was made a conscientious duty. At her request, he even submitted, distasteful as it was to him, to the infliction of taking dancing lessons in London. She had the greatest dislike to hear the absent blamed, and had always some kind excuse ready for them; at last, her entering the room was sufficient to reduce evil speaking to silence. Her incessant industry was another feature in her character; idleness seemed impossible with her, and her son frequently told his own children of her parting admonition when he left his home—"Be sure, Edward, you never eat the bread of idleness." To the close of her honoured life, she was the object of fondest love and veneration to every one of her children; and her son Edward often delighted to acknowledge how much he owed his usefulness and happiness to the influence of his mother's training, and an almost unbroken autobiography might be gathered from his letters home for upwards of thirty years!

Wilson, the ornithologist, was the son of a very superior woman, who, however, died while he was young, and the mother of Theodore Hook was the authoress of the "Double Disguise"—a Miss Madden, well-known in the musical world; nor may we forget the mother of the great Cuvier, a woman of uncommon attainments. George, her second son, was of an extremely delicate constitution, and, equally with a view

of strengthening his body and enlightening his mind, she diverted his attention to the beauties of Nature. To the latest day of his life, Cuvier cherished, with the most lively fondness, every reminiscence of this excellent woman, and in later years, when immersed in the toils of legislation and science, expressed the warmest gratitude to any one who brought him a bouquet of flowers, which his mother had more especially loved. Under her instruction, Cuvier was taught to read with facility when only four years of age. She also instructed him in sketching, while she fostered in every way the desire for solid information which he so early manifested, by procuring a supply of historical and scientific works calculated to expand his youthful mind. When he became of age to learn Latin, she not only attended him to and from the school personally, but even undertook the superintendence of his daily lessons, and had the satisfaction of finding that he maintained a superiority over all his schoolfellows. The sight of a copy of "Gesner's History of Four-footed Beasts," and a complete edition of Buffon, belonging to a relation, decided his taste for natural history, and finished the work his mother had so aptly begun.

Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chancellors," says, speaking of Francis, Lord Bacon, that, like several other extraordinary men, he is supposed to have inherited his genius from his mother, and he certainly was indebted to her for the early culture of his mind, and the love of books for which, during life, he was distinguished. The Lord Keeper, his father, was too much occupied with his official duties to be able to do more than kiss him, hear him occasionally recite a little piece he had learnt by heart, and give him his blessing; but Lady Bacon, who was not only a tender mother, but a woman of highly cultivated mind, after the manner of her age, devoted herself assiduously to her youngest child, who, along with bodily weakness, exhibited from early infancy the dawnings of extraordinary intellect. She and her sisters (the daughters of Sir Antony Cooke) had received a regular classical education, and had kept up a familiarity with the poets, historians, and philosophers of antiquity. She was likewise well acquainted with modern lan-

guages, and with the theology and literature of her own times. She corresponded in Greek with Bishop Jewel, respecting the then fashionable controversies, and translated his "Apologia" from the Latin so correctly that neither he nor Archbishop Parker could suggest a single alteration. She also translated admirably a volume of sermons on "Fate and Freewill," from the Italian of Bernardo Ochino. Under her care, assisted by a domestic tutor, Francis continued till he reached his thirteenth year, the lad taking most kindly to his book, and making extraordinary progress in the studies prescribed to him.

Catherine Bell, the wife of John and the mother of Joseph Gurney and Elizabeth Fry, is described as a woman of very superior mind, as well as personal charms, and of considerable attainments. She was disposed to scientific and intellectual pursuits, and singularly delighted in the charms and beauties of Nature, imbuing her children with tastes that remained with them through life. She watched minutely over the formation of character and habit, and planted in their young minds seeds, of which they and the world at large long afterwards reaped excellent fruits.

We get a glimpse of the mother of Patrick Hamilton, one of the noble army of martyrs, a precursor of John Knox, who herself was connected maternally with the Sinclairs of Orkney and Roslin, one of the most lettered and accomplished families in the kingdom, and for whom her distinguished son cherished to the latest day of his life the most tender attachment, and, amidst the flames of the stake, commended her with his last breath to the sympathy and care of his kindred and friends—a most touching testimony to the affectionate solicitude with which she had watched over his early years, and how indelibly she had stamped her memory and image upon his heart.

We gave, at the commencement of this paper, contradictory quotations, for we would have our readers remember that no woman becomes the holiest thing alive simply because of maternity; that there are many ways of having no compassion on our children, and that there is a positive possibility of forgetting our sons. Moral: Don't look upon the good women and the true, whose labours and exertions for their chil-

men we have just been recording, as so many automations, who were holy, just, and true, simply because they were mothers, but as women who made election of self-denial, and who exercised patient watchfulness over their sons; who laboured long and incessantly against ignorance, wilfulness, and waywardness, and, if a mother, "Go thou and do likewise."

THE STOLEN LOCKET.

A STORY OF THE FRONDE.

A GROUP of distinguished-looking men, for the most part young, though the grizzled heads of some indicated an arrival at middle-age, at least—clad in the fanciful but elegant costume of the age of Louis Quatorze—were gathered together, one fine noon, in the commodious, raftered chamber of an hostelry known by the sign of the "Golden Fleece."

This pleasant place of *tryste* was an out-lying, rambling homestead, in the environs of the forest of Fontainebleau, whither the King and his court, when he wished for recreation after the fatigues of business, or the tediousness of court intrigues, would often resort, for the purpose of hunting.

From the flushed faces of a few, it was clear that they had not debated their business or amusement with unmoistened lips. Some, more gay, were sat apart, at dice, pledging their mistresses, whose favours they wore, in the shape of perfumed gloves, scarfs, &c. Others were singing *chansons* in ridicule of the "*Fronde*;" a party then leagued against the Minister and the Court, and which was driving Mazarin distracted.

Two among the number, remarkable by their style and bearing, held, for the present, aloof, and were conversing in a lower tone, and with a sort of quiet earnestness, that showed their business was more than ordinarily peculiar. One was Count Rogier Meilleraye—the younger and more gallant-looking of the two. The other—grave, saturnine, and having a lowering look about him—was named the Count Bravoise.

"And you think that Mazarin will not be able to make head against these Frondeurs?" asked Meilleraye of his companion.

"I think that Mazarin will find it diffi-

cult to make head against his own wiles, the scheming Italian!" replied De Bravoise. "By the head of St. Denis, I think he is half Frondeur himself, since it is not clear that he is in the same mind twice in the twelve hours."

"Well, it will not matter much to us, who are neither of the Fronde nor of the Court party, but rather of the party of the King, and who does not seem to know what side to take."

"And whom Mazarin has the skill to use as a pawn," said De Bravoise, with a smile. "Still, you may be right, but I confess I am puzzled at one thing, my dear Meilleraye——"

"And that is——"

"That you are here to-day——"

"And you?" said Meilleraye, with a meaning look.

"Oh, my faith! I follow you pretty faithfully, and do not ask many questions about the matter," answered De Bravoise carelessly, though his manner betrayed impatience, and an eager desire to know.

"But it seems to me that you are curious, now," retorted Count Rogier Meilleraye; "you see that the rest of our gallant friends are not troubling themselves much about the matter; for, at least, they ask no questions, and manage to amuse each other; for all that they may be curious too."

"It is not so much the being here—for I see three of them are lieutenants of the Cardinal's guards, and are not on duty, since they are at the dice, and we already found them here—while you——"

"You are not curious, then?, *Morbleu!*" said Meilleraye, "pray you proceed in illustrating the paradox, while I—you were saying——"

"While you, who do not, so far as I know, belong to the Minister's guards, unless your commission dates from yesterday, are here at the head of a party——"

"Eh! and we found the guards here, also," answered the other, lifting up his brow, and curling his moustache.

"That is true. I find at least a dozen of them, skulking about the stable and kitchen, but they do not usually salute men who merely belong to the Court, and who wait for their commissions, perhaps, to go and re-take Sedan, or to hold Alsace,

and who oscillate between St. Germain and Fontainebleau——"

"Proceed," smiled Meilleraye, "for you begin to show a genius for opening negotiations, and of discovering what you wish."

"Their officer in charge does not generally, as by pre-concert, meet those not in command, in a sequestered roadside auberge——"

"But you know, De Bravoise, that the wine of the 'Golden Fleece' is excellent—that the hostess, Madame Felicité, is buxom, and her omelettes unsurpassed?"

"Bah! Omelettes and then wine from Chablis, and ortolans with pistachios and truffles, the dashing Count Rogier Meilleraye is accustomed to!" said De Bravoise contemptuously. "No, nor does this officer, having twelve armed men, evidently in hiding—in fact, it looks like an ambuscade—exchange tokens, receive whispered commands, or appear so evidently to act under your authority, that *dame!* I will even ask the officer himself," and De Bravoise half rose.

"Don't disturb yourself, my dear De Bravoise," said Meilleraye; "suppose it is an ambuscade—suppose they are under my orders, these twelve fellows, armed to the teeth, and who will take the man I bid them by the throat——" and his face darkened fiercely.

"Diable! I thought something of the kind," answered his interlocutor, "but, thinking that I was in the confidence of Count Rogier Meilleraye, and finding myself not so, it would be better I should depart, although he did me the honour to ask me to ride with him here."

"Patience, De Bravoise, patience! and try another cup of wine. It is by no means so indifferent as you would make it out;" and, filling his cup, he passed a bottle to the other, who imitated the example.

"Ah! yes, by the mass!" continued Meilleraye, his eyes kindling, "my commission, as you say, dates but from yesterday—or, rather, does not date at all. But, from certain information I received from a skilful rascal I employ, I sought Mazarin, conveyed to him my valuable news, and he put an officer and twelve men of his guard at my disposal."

"Plague! this is getting serious," said De Bravoise; "I thought I had been on

the track of all you had reason to dog and follow, and I own myself confounded, that your knave knows better than I. And whom, pray, do you wait here for?"

"What think you of a small army of Frondeurs?" asked Meilleraye.

"Bah! nothing. You jest with me," replied the other.

"*Morbleu!* it will not be found a jest, within a brief hour or twain, if my emissary—you know Conrad, who is a compound of spy and bravo; a spadassin, in short, fit for the galleys, yet I find him useful—if his information be true."

"Oh, yes! *ma foi!* I know your Conrad, and I like him little enough," muttered De Bravoise carelessly.

"We do not often like the qualities that are useful," replied Meilleraye.

"Yes; but to your Frondeur. Whom, by chance, do you expect this way?" asked De Bravoise with a little impatience of tone.

"Did you ever hear the name of the Sieur de Malet, Monsieur the Count de Bravoise?" asked Meilleraye in a tone so peculiarly harsh in its emphasis that, were it for no other reason, it would have sufficed to account for the start which De Bravoise gave, and the frown accompanying it.

But there clearly was another—a deeper—reason for the emotion, illustrative of the baleful passions which the name had evidently evoked.

"Oh, yes!" he replied after a pause, and speaking in that curt, concentrated tone of hate and bitterness which the sudden revulsion of a feeling long held as a secret in a man's breast is likely to convey. "Yes, Monsieur the Count Meilleraye, I recollect the name only too well."

"Ha! I thought so," was the careless response. "I thought so; in fact, I have heard some vague story——"

"But what have your guards, your Frondeur, your ambuscade, and the Sieur de Malet to do together?" asked Bravoise.

"Simply that the present Sieur de Malet, who is a young and handsome galliard enough, is the 'Frondeur' in question."

Again De Bravoise started as if he had received a thrust. A dark, malignant gleam began to glow in his eyes, and the smile on his lips was one of withering malice.

"By my life, this is news, indeed; and the Frondeur so near Fontainebleau is likely to run his head into the lion's mouth."

"Nothing more likely, for all he comes with a safe-conduct to the King," returned Meilleraye with assumed carelessness.

"And the Cardinal will possess himself of both first," said De Bravoise.

"Thanks to Conrad and to myself, it will turn out so."

"Soh! whoever avenges me will find me grateful," observed the other, apparently roused up into something more than mere curiosity. "I conclude," he went on, "that you have some debt to settle with the young gentleman, as I had with the father, one, *par Dieu!* that I would transfer to the son, and hunt him with all the vengeance of a *vendetta!* Whatever yours is, and I do not ask it—"

"Mine!" was the careless observation. "Oh! I will tell it you all presently. But go on."

"Why, that I envy you the chance which puts an enemy for life—one to hunt even beyond the grave—into your power. If you spare him he will find my point ready. I swear it!" And De Bravoise ground his teeth.

"By my hand, you must be wary, should it come to that." And Meilleraye laughed. "The young Sieur uses his weapon like a fencing master; and, though I am known to be a pretty good swordsman, on one occasion when we exchanged a few passes together, he pinked me so prettily through the sword-arm that the point reached my ribs."

"A mere affair of honour," remarked De Bravoise.

"Oh, believe me, my grudge is bitter enough! A man of my rank does not head a scheme like this for entrapping one who may be attended, but not by more than a couple of servants, unless his revenge is one intended to make sure and certain work of his aim and purpose; and that the Bastille, if not the Grève, will be his doom on this occasion, is as certain as that Mazarin will not spare him, who, if he reach the King, may ruin the Minister by his disclosures."

"So you have nothing to fear?" said De Bravoise.

"No, *mon ami*. Mazarin commands me, and I obey." And the handsome, though

dark face of Meilleraye was disfigured by a meaning, sinister smile, that flickered on his lips.

"I see, I see; the plan is good," remarked the other, "and your precautions are to be commended. But wherefore—" added he suddenly, and pausing.

"Nay, let me hear of your debt first," replied Meilleraye; "I shall then know how far you will aid me in this work, supposing it will need to be carried farther."

"Oh, with all my heart," answered De Bravoise with alacrity, drinking off another cup of wine. "It is some half-a-dozen years ago, and we were in garrison at Lyons. Among the gallants who were accustomed to drop into one of the principal cafés, where the officers of the garrison met, was a splendid young fellow, whose purse was heavy as his heart was open. He had come in the suite of an envoy extraordinary from the Court. What the business was, or to whom, I neither remember nor care—"

"Be that so," said Meilleraye; "let us come to the young man with the full purse and the frank, open heart. Am I right in thinking that I have the honour of knowing the gentleman who would help to empty the one and fill the other?—eh?"

"Peste!" exclaimed De Bravoise, endeavouring to force a laugh; "you are right enough; but, my friend, I had money too, and I was much sought after, I may tell you. Well, the young monsieur and I made friends. We played, and he was not always fortunate; and I could not but admire the noble *sang-froid* with which he bore his losses, and handed over his shining *louis d'ors*. There were some who wished to interfere between us, and I had a few duels in consequence, which, as I was a tolerably good fencer, left us in peace to follow our amusement."

"What a remarkable story!" murmured Meilleraye. "Is there a *finale* to it?"

"Oh, I am coming to that, and quickly. One evening, when we two were playing at a table apart—some two or three spectators alone being at hand, for I did not care to play entirely without witnesses—do you take me, Count?"

"Perfectly, my dear Bravoise," was the answer. "Evidences of such kind destroy preconceptions, avert suspicions, and—Go on!"



"Well, his losses were, this evening, remarkably heavy, though, from the smiling mien of his fine countenance—the lad was decidedly a superb fellow—you would not have supposed he had lost so much, or was likely to lose more. But, to proceed. I had my cards in my hand—a wonderful hand, Count, and hey! presto! as card after card challenged the pile of crowns by his side, which was diminishing awfully as mine was increasing, I was just about to take up the stakes, when a hand was laid upon mine, which was on the table, and, while I turned round in surprise at the rude interruption, ready to appeal to my sword, a deep bass voice said in my ear—

"Monsieur the Count de Bravoise has made a mistake!"

"How!" I shouted, trying to extricate my hand, but his grip of iron held mine down. I saw, bending over me, a swarthy, sun-browned, bearded face, with an expression almost majestic upon it. I knew it well, and deuce take me if it did not give me a shock. It was the face of —."

"Oh, I know," broke in Meilleraie, laughingly, "that of the elder De Malet; the other was the son, Luis de Malet, whom you had been fle—hem!—who was very much thunderstruck to see his father—one of the famous generals of the age—in the same city with himself, without knowing it."

"You are right, my dear Meilleraie," assented the other; "but let me finish."

"Come with me apart," said the intruder.

"Wherefore?" I demanded. "How dare you, a stranger, interfere with me?" But still he drew me away with a giant force.

"My dear De Bravoise," said he, "I know you well enough. I am the Sieur de Malet; that young gentleman is my son Luis, a fine fellow, too, and pretty startled he looks. Diab! he went on, 'I can't allow him to be the victim of—an accident, of a mistake, Count de Bravoise, and the accusing card is in your hand. Open it!—open it, I say, or, by heaven! I'll strike my dagger through hand, card, and all, and nail you to the table, when your friends shall come and judge between us!'"

"Rather an unpleasant predicament to be in," observed Meilleraie. "You found it best to obey?"

"The mistake was so palpable that, on opening my hand, there, sure enough, was

the card. I apologised for the mistake, promised to return my winnings, as much as I possessed, and, while taking his son's arm to leave the café, the Sieur de Malet apologised to me for leading away my partner, 'but a father, you know, who has not seen his son for so long,' and then he begged pardon of his son for interrupting the game; 'a little error just arranged, and so on,' and they were gone."

Here De Bravoise, his face flushed and his manner excited, paused.

"I made an exchange without delay," added De Bravoise; "but, ere that, I met the Sieur a league or so from the city, and had nearly balanced my account, when his superior skill disarmed me. I would kill him," he said, with grating teeth, "but he is dead, and his son shall—if he do not now—pay for the bitter insult."

"Bah! my friend," broke in Count Meilleraie, "to my mind he acted like a gentleman and a noble cavalier, for he did not betray you, and you were permitted to exchange and depart without a stain—nothing but a little faint suspicion."

"But by making me refund to his son with an apology, if he did not betray me, he awakened doubts."

"Let us not discuss this. I know your nature very well. It is of the unrelenting order. So is mine. You can't kill the old man; he is dead. Those pigs of Flanders did that in a very effective way. You can kill the son, if I don't cripple him for you, because you hate him from the necessity he will be under of entertaining the afore-said doubt. Eh, my friend, is it so?"

"True, oh, too true—*dis mille tonnerres!* But this is wasting words, our friends are on the move. Your Frondeur will soon be here, for I do not now doubt. Do you, in turn, relate the cause of your feud with the Sieur Luis de Malet."

"The Sieur Luis de Malet," began Meilleraie tentatively, "is younger than I am by some five years, handsomer, richer, even nobler. As we had a very prime cause of rivalry between us—of envy on the one hand, and of exultation on the other—these were only accessories, and my hatred became very cordial."

"I am listening, but do not understand yet," said Bravoise.

"I joined the garrison at Lyons soon after you had departed," continued Meil-

laraye. "Luis de Malet was then attached to it also. It was then that we both became acquainted, and both fell irrevocably in love with Mademoiselle Eloise de Thoars. We used to meet often at her father's house, who held a high office under government. I soon found out that she had become smitten with the handsome young seigneur, who loved her with that chivalry of feeling which, I confess, won my respect, even while I could have cut his throat with the greatest goodwill; while I—I was rejected, my suit declined. The *Sieur Luis* became her declared lover."

"What did you do?" asked De Bravoise.

"First of all, I would *not* be rejected," answered his friend. "I persisted in my suit, and I saw that this roused up my young gentleman's blood, who, to do him justice, only refrained from asking me for a meeting from motives of delicacy. If I appreciated them, I did not the less intend to bring about this result, and, one day, knowing that he would come into the chamber at a certain moment, I managed it so that he should find me on my knees before Eloise, and kissing her fair hand. 'Your pardon,' said he, making a bow worthy of him, '*I am de trop*. Another time.' And he was actually retiring, leaving me master of the field won by dint of strategy, when, to my astonishment, and a little to my confusion, *Mlle. de Thoars* called him back."

"The deuce! that was unlucky," remarked the listener.

"Very. '*Monsieur de Malet*,' she said, 'I beg you to understand that Count Rogier Meilleraye is here through his own presumption, and not either at my request, by leave, or desire.'"

"Oh, oh! This would precipitate matters," laughed De Bravoise.

"It did. We fought desperately. I meant to kill the whipster. He nearly killed me. They were betrothed; but I have still been actively at work, openly and secretly, ever since, and from time to time have assisted in deferring the union."

"You are talented, I know; still there is more to come."

"Recent political events divided many of the King's friends and followers, and, among others, the *Sieur de Malet* joined the army of the Fronde. He is coming this way to-day, attended or unattended, and I am here

to meet him—first of all, to say a few biting things to him, to show him a little token which I possess (a small locket), which I wear like a talisman. It will make him mad, I know, but what of that?"

"Suppose he should overpower you," suggested De Bravoise.

"What, with these guards?" and he laughed scornfully. "Luckily, also, our *bon vivants* are all departed, too; so, with a word or so to my subordinate, we shall have the place to ourselves, and play out the farce uninterrupted. Your pardon a moment, while I give my instructions." And Meilleraye rose, and left the chief apartment of the Golden Fleece, which had already been somewhat noisily ceded by those whom we had first met within it, and who were now gone into the forest to seek other sources of amusement than they had found.

Presently Meilleraye re-entered with an exulting smile. "He is coming," said the Count; "one of our scouts has just brought in word. He comes, and attended only by a couple of grooms. He is here. By St. Denis, he has dismounted at the door, and lo! De Bravoise, your old acquaintance, the *Sieur Luis de Malet*."

In effect, as he spoke, and while our two conspirators had stood up as though to give the stranger courteous reception, a young man of striking and remarkably handsome presence, and elegantly clad, stood hat in hand upon the threshold, and for a moment hesitated as he looked at the two, who also stood in the midst of the floor, not for the moment recognising them.

"A good day to you, *Monsieur de Malet*," said Meilleraye, advancing and making a bow.

Sieur de Malet started. He recognised the speaker, and his expression grew grave and haughty.

"*Monsieur the Count Meilleraye*," he said, "I return your salutation, but had not expected to meet you here."

"A fair good day, *Sieur de Malet*," added Count de Bravoise, bowing also, and with something of menace in his voice.

De Malet, with the slightest start, also recognised the second speaker, and his bow was more stiffly made; his mien and attitude had more *hauteur* than before.

"Good day, Sir Count," he replied, flinging his hat on his head; "I cannot say to you that I congratulate myself on meeting you, remembering how untoward was our last parting."

"*Sang bleu ?*" cried the other, "is that meant as an insult?"

"By no means, since my time is so much occupied——"

"Peace, my dear De Bravoise, peace; our young gentleman is more cautious since he is at Fontainebleau than when at Lyons."

"Monsieur," said the young nobleman, advancing towards Count Meilleraye, and who had appeared to be, for reasons of his own, expecting the question, "may I be excused for the liberty I take in asking leave to look upon that ornament?"

"This—ornament!" and, with an appearance of surprise, the Count took from off his neck a little golden locket suspended by a ribbon, with which he had been playing in such a manner as necessarily must have attracted attention.

"I cannot refuse so polite a gentleman his request;" and he handed it to De Malet, who stepped forth into the sunshine as if to examine it more minutely, followed at the same time by the two who had been plotting so venomously against the young man. He gazed upon the locket with a curious and inquiring eye, and though at first he seemed agitated, it subsided into an air of calm contemptuousness, not unmingled with anger.

"No violence," hastily whispered Meilleraye to De Bravoise, whose kindling eyes implied assassination—a base and violent murder; "his safe-conduct must only be violated by the Cardinal. It might else cost us the Bastille or our lives;" and he held him back by the cloak.

"Well, monsieur," said he at last, "is your examination over?"

"May I ask how you came into possession of this locket?" demanded De Malet, turning towards him.

"Does monsieur then recognise it?" inquired Meilleraye in turn.

"Undoubtedly, since I myself presented it to a lady, one whom you once had the honour to know."

"*Dame!* that is unfortunate, since I had it, through a messenger, from her own fair hands," replied the other.

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Is that so very surprising?" continued De Meilleraye, exulting over the pain he thought he was inflicting on his rival.

"Do you add falsehood to filching, Count?" asked De Malet, in a tone so cold and sarcastic that the other writhed.

"*Apropos,*" muttered Meilleraye in the ear of De Bravoise, "he guesses that my knave Conrad veritably stole it, through the agency of Mdlle. de Thoars' waiting-woman." Then he added, aloud—

"Is the *Sieur de Malet* perfectly in his senses when he puts such a question to a gentleman?"

"Monsieur the Count," replied de Malet, quietly, "Mdlle. de Thoars confided to me her regrets that, lately, she had *lost* a locket she did me the honour to accept from me."

"Well, monsieur, if she lost it——"

"If she lost it and you possess it, for this is the same, it follows that your saying that she forwarded it to you must be false. It must have been stolen, Count—do you hear—stolen!"

"Soh! This is good. Your epithets are choice, monsieur."

"If she *did* forward it, you must know the secret of opening it!"

"Of opening it!—*peste!* No. Does it open?" asked Meilleraye, surprised.

"It does—behold!" Touching a spring, it flew open, disclosing the exquisitely-painted miniature of a fine face—his own, in fact.

"Count Meilleraye, this is very awkward," whispered De Bravoise.

"Count Meilleraye!" continued the young man, drawing his sword, "my business here is important, but not too much so to hinder my exacting satisfaction for slander, fraud, and falsehood. Draw, sir; draw, and defend yourself!"

The next moment fierce lunges and parries were passing between them both, and so impetuous was De Malet's attack, besides his unquestioned skill, that De Bravoise, drawing also, thought of making a felon's thrust, instead of which he called out—

"Help, holloa, the guard there! Treason and treachery! Soh, messieurs, there is your prisoner!"

About a dozen men-at-arms rushed forth at his summons from the Golden Fleece, and de Malet was on the point of being very

roughly treated, after having been disarmed, when a party of horsemen unexpectedly appeared, and an authoritative voice cried out—

"Hold! what means this? Explain the matter, Count."

"The King!" muttered the Count Meilleraye, uncovering his head, and falling back, pale and trembling.

"Who, sir, are you?" again said Louis de Malet.

"Sire, I am an envoy from the Prince de Condé, come under safe conduct to your Majesty, which these gentlemen would violate. My name is Sieur de Malet."

"It is the name of one I have heard to be a brave and spotless gentleman. Follow, sir, and, when your explanation is over, you shall have redress." And the cavalcade was put in motion.

The explanation brought exile to Counts de Bravoise and Meilleraye, some chagrin to Mazarin, but who found it then expedient to temporize with the chiefs of the Fronde.

That Luis de Malet was dismissed in safety and honour, and that his union with Mdle. de Thouars took place subsequently, are mere matters of course. Farther than this we do not follow the fortunes of the actors in this episode of that stormy age.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN LONDON.

IV.—THOSE WHO NEVER GO OUT OF TOWN.

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of Heaven—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.

KEATS.

THEY are leaning their chins on their arms, and their arms on the parapet, those tall, thin men, and pale, weary women. Not a word is spoken—why should there be? Words wouldn't mend the matter, and might dissipate the dreams, and destroy the visions—for every heart there, take my word for it, is far away from the smoke, the smells, and the bustle of the bridge. One sees green fields and shadows on the grass, the red-neck-tied mowers, and the rows of bronzed, healthy women, piling up the new-mown hay; the quiet brook and the rushes, with the children gathering the reeds. Another sees the bold, brown mountains, and the cattle upon a thousand hills, the shepherd lad

and the crook, and the cooling waters by. And a third hears the splash of waves on pebbly beach, and watches an old man and his youngsters, as they luff and tack, and roll upon the bosom of the ocean.

Well! let them all watch on, though "hope sees no golden gate;" or, what is worse, *wishes* have usurped her throne. These are they who live in great tribulation—who dwell in back streets and miserable alleys—whose horny hands, bent backs, and haggard countenances tell how real is their suffering, how unceasing their toil. These are a handful of the great unwashed—a specimen of the unnumbered, unknown, who never go out of town—to whom seed-time and harvest are mere myths, or, at best, memories—who hear no lark at Heaven's gate singing—who never now stand breast-high amid the corn, nor startle the timid hare out of the brake—who gather no traveller's joy, who inhale no air sweet-scented with the hay—who sing no harvest song, who share no autumn feast, who see no harvest moon shining down upon the valleys fat with corn; but who live in dens—a few despised men and women Heaven only knows how vile—and who suffer Heaven only knows how much! Let them alone; by-and-bye they will creep to their allotted labour down the hot broad ways.

You, O! Lucy Meadows and Amelia Stony, dwelling in the village of Fairfield, who, this pleasant day in the month of August, are now sitting under the hayrick, half-asleep, watching Cherry whisk off the flies with his stumpy old tail, and sleek Mistress Dewlap chew the cud in the corner, while Frisky lazily laps the new milk from his china saucer, which you placed under those stone steps in the shade nearly an hour ago—who thought it almost too oppressive, this morning, to gather a few fresh flowers for the drawing-room vases, and pronounced it a decided bore when mamma requested some fruit to be plucked for preserving—which no doubt you will expect to eat, but which your ignorance will certainly not permit you to assist in preparing; you, who look upon London as an elysium—who wonder why the poor are so dirty and discontented—who dislike pale faces and poverty—who can't understand, when Londoners have such beautiful parks, and so many nice

places to go to, why they want to rush off every year down to Margate, spending their money and wasting their time, to say nothing of neglecting their home—just condescend, for once, to go round with us while we thread our way through the slums, and peep into the homes of those who never go out of town—those loiterers who were watching with so much interest the departure of their more fortunate fellow-citizens.

We must be early, we warn you; for down Alpha-mews—dare we say how close to Belgrave-square?—by three o'clock in the morning, long before the last revellers have returned, there sits a pale, gentle mother, working, contriving, stitching, on and on too, all the long summer-day; so early rising and so late taking rest, that the enemy may be kept at bay, the wolf driven from the door, the little household protected; the hot, heavy air of summer all the time pouring down the mews, dank with the odour of ordure, and laden with the miasmata of the metropolis. It is still early; the neighbouring chimes are ringing five; the very resapers who shall gather in the harvest have barely risen; the dew yet lies thick upon the grass round Fair-field, and the sky is grey and cold; but if we peer into a certain room in the south of the great metropolis, we may see a gaunt woman of about five-and-forty, a widow (pity those that are widows indeed!), who, as she wakes, at once rises and looks wildly round upon the five young charges sleeping beside her. The bread-winner is gone, is gone! No hands are left but hers to work for the pitiful bairns. It is she who must love, who must feed, who must clothe, who must guide and instruct them all; worst of all, who must arouse that delicate young girl who lies nearest the mother, to assist in the struggle for dear life!

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt.

Alas! is it not enough to draw tears of blood to see the anguish playing across the face of that widowed woman as she gently but resolutely dabs the cold, damp rags across the weary eyes of the young sleeper, whose heavy lids refuse* to open without external assistance. Oh, for a

* A true tale.

short season of rest! Oh, for a breath of fresh country air for the worn and weary girl—a respite, however small, from this incessant toil! But, alas! how vain the wish! how impossible the demand! On and on must the "Song of the Shirt" be sung, till the parched tongue cleave to the very roof of the mouth, and the worn eyes, closed, at last, for ever—open not, though doctor and mother, or lover touch them ever so wisely. And, ah! that dying in London, in summer-time—that decaying, when light, and life, and joy are spreading their wings over the bosom of creation! Who but the sufferers can describe all the horrors attending a long sickness and dissolution in the hot, fevered alleys of London?

This day, this very day, this burning July morning, we know, alas! full well, how the young men and the maidens, the sucklings, with those full of days, lie gasping for breath, tortured in their sweltering dens, by the reeking abomination from the river, with the death-damp heavy upon their brows. But, oh! Dives, listen! Though restless, and too often alone, these modern Lazaruses die monuments of suffering patience.

You who now sit at the feet of the ocean, drinking in delight and health from its ceaseless motion and the music of its waves, who are refreshed by the breezes playing across its broad expanse, to whom to wish and to obtain are synonymous terms, rejoice, for it well becomes you to give thanks; but forget not how many thousand sufferers now lie languishing and tossing on bundles of rags, in many blind alleys and unwholesome rooms, whose parched lips are not even moistened with cups of cold water, for even their broken and too often loathsome pitchers hold nothing but lukewarm liquid from the Thames, which you, oh, fortunate dwellers in the country, would think too filthy and too noisome to be offered even to your beasts.

There they lie when the thermometer stands at blood-heat in the shade, where the companion of their sorrows and sufferings carries on with a heavy heart, and a reluctant hand, the unceasing toil, in rooms without ventilation, without air, without quiet. Often, we verily believe, without the bare necessities of life, they perish, and few men lay it to heart; and so, for the

first and last time in their lives, even these "Go out of Town."

Time would fail, or we could tell of hospitals and workhouses, of warehouses and workshops, of long rows of semi-genteel houses, and of the inhabitants thereof. Could repeat how strong men utter sad cries from sick wards, and bed-ridden women wonder why you, their sisters, so long delay the opening of doors to them that are bound. Could speak of children, whose young eyes have never been gladdened with the sight of hawthorn hedge, or wild red rose, or spreading beech, or lady-birch; whose feet have never wandered across the springy turf, whose ears have heard no bright, blithe birds singing in the summer air, whose mouths have never been stained with berries from the bramble branch (that delight of childhood), whose hands have never forestalled the squirrel, whose hearts give back no echo, and whose lips are dumb and closed when we speak of the wonders and of the glories that cover the earth.

We could tell of the workers at their machines, of the sorters, the packers, the markers, the sellers, whose year in and year out is one monotonous round of dreary labour, without holiday—for holiday to such means stoppage of payment, and stoppage of payment stands for starvation—so round and on, and on and round they go; and of them, and by them, are the young men at their desks, leaning over their ledgers—brave hearts—cunning workmen all—unselfish men and self-denying women. Moral heroes every one, doing battle with self, the world, and temptation; daring to break the three-fold cord, which is not easily broken, labouring long and for life, but in all more than conquerors! Where but for this, your self-denial and forethought, would be the home for your widowed mother, the education for your orphaned boy, the protection for the lonely sisters, the example to that younger brother. Oh, sweeter than fragrant fields, more refreshing than mountain breezes, pleasanter to memory than the remembrance of many delights, is a conscience void of offence! Work on, toil on, struggle on, oh, desperate fighter against terrible odds; better fall in such a struggle than sink ignominiously in luxurious and disgraceful sloth. By-and-bye, who knows,

the tide in the affairs of men may turn for you, and you shall read advertisements, and scan time tables, and compare the rates of passage, weighing South Eastern against North Western, and discuss the advantages of every rival watering-place all over the United Kingdom, and finally settle on, and depart for, Harnes Bay or Margate.

Yes, you may, perchance, undergo all this, and carry Mrs. Smith and all the Miss Smiths with you; and your wife shall wear an ugly, and your daughters do *broderie* and sport Spanish hats, cocktails and all, if you can afford it, and shall flirt on the beach with the young Browns, you looking on approvingly (we bargain for that)—a sea-side visit without one case, at least, would be very dull work; and as for yourself, you shall have nothing to do the whole long summer day, and Sammy, your youngest, shall shower shells over papa, who shall aid and abet every manoeuvre of the lad, and build sand houses on a sandy shore, and watch the water wash them away without one sigh or one moment's compunction—for you know that of your abundance you spared a tithe, and that somewhere on a sunny coast a drooping child and a cadaverous, lonely man are basking in the light, and the remembrance of their softened sufferings increases ten thousand times the fulness of your own great joy; and though the fact has never been revealed—no, not even to the wife of your bosom—yet we firmly believe you tell yourself many times in the course of one day that, if it hadn't been for you, you know who would never have gone out of town; and so you rejoice, and who wouldn't rejoice to lessen the number of those who never go out of town? M. S. R.

THE practical part of true religion consists in doing all the good and avoiding all the evil we can. But between these two things the practice of many halts sadly; for some people are so much engaged in the good, they have so many schemes, and plans, and projects, either in anticipation or operation, for the benefit of mankind or their own improvement—they have such an impossible quantity of work always on hand, that they are constrained to admit or overlook a great deal of evil, either in their own characters or in the work they are engaged in, from sheer want of time to eradicate or prevent it. While others are perpetually looking for sin—poking, as it were, into holes and corners to find it out, and using a mental magnifying glass to exaggerate it—sine, that they seem to have as little time to do good.

AUNT MARGARET AND I.

II.
THE MAYBERRIES;OR,
MARKED OUT FOR MISFORTUNE.

IN TWO PARTS. I.

FEW events, I think, ever gave rise to more talk in D— than the marriage of Susan Elliot with Captain Mayberry, of her Majesty's—th Regiment of Foot. It was not altogether, you perceive, a good match, neither could it be called completely a bad one. Nobody had any particular desire for it (always excepting, of course, the parties themselves), and nobody had any very great dislike, consequently it was just the sort of thing to give great scope for conversational powers; the good folks of D— being sometimes prone (as, indeed, people may be elsewhere for aught I know) to talk longest and loudest on the subject which only interests them in a moderate degree—that is, which does not in any way affect their health, their well-being, or their tempers. A great many people wondered why Captain Mayberry chose Susan Elliot, and a great many more why she had chosen him. Some were surprised at his want of taste, and others at her little discernment; a number marvelled how he could possibly have fancied such a wife, and a still greater number were astonished how she could have selected such a husband. The young ladies generally were disappointed in their opinion of the gentleman's judgment, and the young gentlemen were amazed at the lady's folly. Half the talkers thought he was more fortunate than he deserved to be, and the other half opined that her good luck was almost beyond belief.

Now, one might reasonably ask, why was all this? And what could have belonged to those young people, separate or united; what could either of them have been, or said, or done, to give rise to such a conflict of opinions? Perhaps the solution is in the fact that there was nothing very remarkable or particular about them at all, and that their liking for each other, and consequent union, was, in reality, neither amazing, surprising, astonishing, nor even unreasonable.

Captain Mayberry was a gentlemanly young man, not very good-looking, yet by

no means remarkably the contrary; of a respectable family; holding, for his age, a good rank in his profession, possessed of a small private fortune, and in disposition steady and good-tempered, not dull or silly, yet neither a genius nor a prodigy; well-principled, well-mannered, and moderately well educated.

Susan Elliot was "a nice-looking girl," not handsome, nor fine, nor even pretty, merely "nice." Not very elegant, not very clever, not very witty; but, still, not vulgar, not stupid, not foolish; cheerful, agreeable, and well regulated. She was an orphan, of full age, with an independent little income of a hundred a-year; her connexions were unexceptionable, her social position (in D—) very good.

It was just, therefore, as I said before, the sort of marriage to set every one talking, because it was very natural for the young ladies to think (though, of course, they did not say so) that, as Susan Elliot had already a good provision (a hundred a-year is a fortune in D—), Captain Mayberry should have taken some less well-dowered lady; and it was equally natural for the young gentlemen to think that, as the gallant officer had also an independence, to say nothing of the advantages of the red coat, epaulettes, &c., he might have looked elsewhere, and left Susan Elliot's little patrimony to less fortunate individuals. There were also some young ladies who did really like Captain Mayberry's frank, pleasant manner, as well as some young gentlemen who approved of Susan's nice face and figure, apart in the one case from red coat, &c., and in the other, from a hundred a-year; and when you have liked a person, even though your liking may not have gone to the extent "of drinking up Esel or eating a crocodile," it is not pleasant to find that person preferring another. As to all the old, or elderly, ladies and gentlemen, the consideration as to how the young people were to live on five hundred per annum—their united incomes would be about that—in so expensive a profession as the army, was, of course, sufficient to give rise to "grave debate," even if we omit the probability of some little heart-burnings on the score of some Tom, or Harry, or Emily, or Jane, who they could scarcely persuade themselves were not badly treated.

However, all the "talk" did not prevent a

very pleasant wedding. Not a young lady in D—— was so decidedly heartbroken as to prevent a due regard to the fit of her new dress, or the shape of her bonnet. As all the Captain's brother officers, quartered in the neighbourhood of D——, attended, of course, such carelessness, indeed, would have been highly reprehensible, for who could tell what good effect such example might produce? Not a young gentleman was sufficiently inclined to "stab or drown himself next day," to spoil his appetite for the wedding-breakfast on that. The elderly ladies were not so completely wrapt up in the future terrible necessity of "travelling about for ever, not settled for six months of the year," as to neglect giving proper attention to the bride's dress; nor the old gentlemen so absorbed in the horrible contemplation of "barrack-rooms and half-a-dozen children" as to be unmindful of the present claims of cold ducks and perigord pie. The due number of speeches were made, the due number of dishes eaten or spoiled, the due quantity of wine or coffee drank, according to the tastes of the guests; the proper amount of flirting among the younger, and joking among the elder, of the company was gone through; good feeling rose with good spirits. The young men said Captain Mayberry was a very good fellow, and wished him a speedy promotion; the girls were sorry to lose Susan Elliot, who was always good-tempered; and last of all, bright eyes looked watery, and stifled voices said "write soon, dear," and rougher voices said they were all "a parcel of fools," but without betraying any real contempt for the folly; and so Captain Mayberry, of her Majesty's —th Foot, and his bride were dismissed to happiness and their wedding tour.

Such was the start in life of the young pair, who, in less than four years, returned to D—— in very different circumstances, for Captain Mayberry had lost an arm, and was nearly blind (so report said, before they arrived); Mrs. Mayberry was an invalid, it was supposed a confirmed one; their eldest child was a sickly boy, of three years old; their remaining family consisted of two girls (twins), three months old, neither very healthy, and one slightly deformed. One would have imagined all this a sufficient load of trouble; but, to add to it, the poor fellow had lost his small fortune in an

unsuccessful speculation, entered into for the sake of increasing his little capital; and his hurts, being the effects of the explosion of a fowling-piece (there was no war just then, or he might have lost an arm and eye to better purpose), of course he had no pension; so, being unfit for further service, he had returned with his wife and children to her birthplace, to live, as they best might, on his half-pay and her little income, happily secured by settlement.

If everybody had talked at the time of the marriage, every one talked ten times more now, with this difference, that now there was among the talkers but one opinion—"Never were people so set apart for trouble, so 'marked out for misfortune,' as those poor Mayberrys." And when they had arrived, and every one had called, there was certainly sufficient in their situation to excite compassion, even among colder hearts than those in D——.

True, report had not been quite correct; the Captain's arm was gone; but the sight (of one eye) had been only partially impaired—he expected it to be quite restored in a short time. Mrs. Mayberry was, certainly, a very sad invalid, but her illness had been caused solely by her long attendance on her husband, and a consequent bad confinement; she was, at present, in a state of great prostration, but she, too, was likely to recover. Still, a father impoverished and disabled, a young mother feeble and delicate, a sickly child, and *two* infants, all this was quite enough. Strange to say, however, after every one had called on the Mayberrys, though all agreed in commiserating their state, people began to cease asking, "What will they do?" "How will they manage?" and all those other vague questions generally propounded on such occasions. Everybody seemed to find out that the Mayberrys knew how to manage, and were not at all at a loss what to do.

Aunt Margaret and I were not among the very first callers, we are apt to be fidgety about the right and the wrong on such subjects; we did not like, you perceive, to be too soon, lest we might seem prompted by curiosity, and we did not like to be too late, for fear we should be supposed unsympathising. Our best bonnets, too, were quite new, and we did not wish to be too fine under the circumstances; and

them, when we had fixed our day, we found we had no others which would exactly do, so a whole morning had to be spent in preparation. And even after we arrived at the house, Aunt Margaret grew very nervous, and we had to walk quite up the street and buy a pair of mittens, which neither of us wanted, at Mrs. Close's, before we got courage to turn and knock. We might as well have done so at once, for Captain Mayberry (who opened the door himself) spoke so cheerfully that Aunt Margaret grew quite valiant immediately. He shook her hand heartily, and said he ought to ask me for a kiss, as I was an old sweetheart (but, of course, that was only a joke), and Susan—I have called her Susan ever since—put down one of the babies and came forward so pleasantly, saying "She had been expecting us every day, and she hoped we had not been waiting until she was 'settled,' as she should not have minded dear Miss Graham in the least; and should not, indeed, have waited for the formality of a call, but have gone to see us, only she was so much occupied with the children, and her health was not very good, not very good, but she was *better*, much *better*." To which her husband responded, "That they were all better, that the air of D— had already begun to do them good; that Fred was able to walk all round the garden now, and cried for his breakfast in the morning, if *mamma* was late," &c. &c.

This was the secret of the Mayberrics. This was the reason why people ceased, after they had seen them, to wonder how they should "get on." They were getting on. They had faced their troubles and given them battle, and held the enemy at bay, and kept their forces well together, and they bid fair to rout sorrow out of the field.

"And what do you intend to do?" said Aunt Margaret, plunging at once into the subject which had been occupying our thoughts in so abrupt a manner that I snatched the handle of my parasol in an awkward attempt to cause a temporary diversion by finding it very difficult to close.

"Why, my dear madam, there is no use in sitting down to bemoan ourselves," said Captain Mayberry. "As soon as my sight is restored, I shall try for some em-

ployment for which the loss of my arm shall not incapacitate me. If there is writing to be done, I have a very quick and clever amanuensis beside me. If it should require walking about, thank God I have not a wooden leg instead of an armless sleeve."

"And you, dear Mrs. Mayberry?" said Aunt Margaret, taking her hand.

"Oh, I am stronger—really stronger," she replied. "I shall be able to assist, as Frederick says, in any business he may have to do, if it be home work."

"The children?" urged I hesitatingly, for I had very little knowledge as to how such "humanities" were to be managed, and would not, therefore, dispute the possibility of making a mathematical calculation, or writing a theological treatise with a babe on each arm, after the manner of the Irish correspondent with his sword and pistol, though I did think that if two such tiny creatures as were now sleeping side by side in a wicker cradle—to say nothing of Master Fred, who was endeavouring with all his strength to upset the coalscuttle—had been placed suddenly in our drawing-room, it would have driven Aunt Margaret and myself to our wits' end. "The children?" I said.

"Oh, my dear Ellen, the babies sleep more than half the day, and Fred is in bed by six in the evening: plenty of time after that, you know."

"Indeed," said I, meaning the indeed to refer to the somnolent propensities of the babies, not to the fact of there being plenty of time between six o'clock in the afternoon and the usual period of grown-up going to bed, for a very considerable amount of penman or womanship.

"Yes; and I am looking for a little girl to help me take care of them. We keep but one other servant, and she, of course, is too constantly employed to assist in nursing."

"A little girl!" I replied, "I fear they are generally very stupid," having at that time a peculiarly distinct recollection of "a little girl" who had been got to assist Hatty one time when she had scalded her foot, and who had celebrated her first essay in "getting the dinner" by breaking three of our best china dishes. But perhaps babies are not quite so easily broken as china dishes, or it may be that the most

stupid of "little girls" have a natural instinct towards human porcelain.

"We must manage," said Susan Mayberry. "Of course I shall not let her out of my sight, at least for a time."

In short, Susan was determined to "manage;" and in a very short time it became evident that the management would succeed. I think every morning, for nearly six months after this first visit, I spent an hour with the Mayberrys.

Captain Mayberry was so kind to say I was very good, and Susan said I was very useful; but I fear the usefulness was at most problematical, and as to the goodness, it was very pleasant to sit with Susan, and there is not much merit in doing what is pleasant. These six months, however, developed our friends. Long before the end of that time I ceased to be surprised that they could live on their small income, for I had been initiated by Susan into the mysteries of a scrap pie for a Saturday's dinner, and I had helped to turn her best gown, and I had done the same (but this is really a secret) by the Captain's Sunday waistcoat. I had forgotten to wonder that babies could be so easily managed, when I had witnessed the composure with which little "Winny" had been put to roll about on the carpet while the aforesaid pie was being manufactured; "Minnie," the deformed twin—who, after all, had but a slight curvature of the spine—reposing meanwhile in, to me, the most perilous position on the lap of the "little girl," Jane, who was mending a stocking. And oh! how that stocking shocked me. Never could Aunt Margaret or I have endured such stitches; such a puckering of the heel, which, of course, ought to be quite flat; such a dragging of the foot out of all shape; such a spreading of the ankle on Jane's hand, which was none of the smallest; such a gathering of the darning thread itself into knots, which required an extra force of pulling to get them out; during which exertions the baby rolled about in quite a frightful manner, and threatened to topple over. Such an extraordinary manner of folding when all was done! Susan only laughed, and said they had not time to be particular, but that Jane must do the next better; and Jane herself, glad to get to her favourite employment, deposited her needle and thread on the nearest chair for the comfort

of the next person sitting down, and, giving the baby a hug like the embrace of a young bear, proceeded to consign both Winny and Minnie to their cradle, and rock them to sleep with most laudable energy.

But these six months did not put the Mayberrys past all their troubles, notwithstanding Frederick's hearty energy, and his wife's cheerful management. We good folks in D— are, for the most part, very careful of fire. Indeed, Aunt Margaret and I make a point of going twice all over the house before we retire to rest at night, lest there might be a half-extinguished candle, or some smouldering ashes left to endanger our safety—a thing which I think every one ought to do, although Mr. Pilkington, our surgeon and general practitioner, said once (rather rudely, as I thought) that no one but ladies who had nothing to do all day, and, consequently, were not tired at night, could "bother themselves with such nonsense." To be sure, Mr. Pilkington has a good deal of work, and may be excused a little carelessness in such matters. Still, as I said, the general rule in D— is carefulness, and there are, consequently, but few accidents, so that we are apt to look upon people who have had their houses burnt about their ears rather as culprits, inimical to the public peace, than as victims of unavoidable calamity. Of course this is only when the conflagration has occurred at such a happy distance of time and place as to enable it to be "talked over" calmly.

A fire in D—, actually in D—, is quite another thing. Great was the consternation, then, when one night the dreaded cry arose—when "Fire!" "Fire!" called every one from their beds. All who could be of use, and many who could not, rushed in the direction indicated; all who stayed at home wondered and conjectured, and feared and hoped, and asked where it was? and how it had originated? and gave advice, and offered opinions, and did what every one does under the circumstances.

Where it was, was a fact very soon ascertained. Captain Mayberry's house was in flames. How it originated, could be but conjectured; although a good many—myself and Hatty, I know, among the number—fixed upon the "little girl"

Jane, whose carelessness was proverbial, as the cause; and, when the fire had burnt itself out, in spite of advice, and experience, and the parish engines, and Captain Mayberry's house was a heap of ashes, an investigation into recent events showed that Jane it had been.

"Were ever people so marked out for misfortune as the Mayberrys?" said Mrs. Marshall when we met her in High-street next morning, as we were going to inquire for Susan and the children, who had been conveyed to Mrs. Shepherd's on the discovery of the fire.

"They have, certainly, a very careless servant," said Aunt Margaret.

"Careless, my dear Miss Graham, oh, yes; careless, indeed. But, for my part, I think they ought not to have had such a person. I am sure Mrs. Mayberry could have done without, had Captain Mayberry not taken that situation, which obliged her to do all that writing work in the evenings."

"Then they would have been sixty pounds a-year the poorer," said Aunt Margaret.

"Not sixty," triumphantly replied Mrs. Marshall, "because, you know, he has to keep a pony."

"Which costs but ten pounds a-year, he told me, and enables him, besides his other business, to collect rents for Mr. Ellis, in —, for which he gets fifteen."

"Depend upon it, Miss Graham, it was an ill-judged scheme," urged Mrs. Marshall, not very well able to argue the matter further, but determined to find that the Mayberrys' arrangements were bad ones; perhaps, because (report says) Mrs. Marshall is apt to find all arrangements bad, except those to which she has stood in the situation of leading counsel.

However, we could not be very angry even with her determination to find fault, as it was very evident that her own anger at the rejection of her advice had not prevented a sincere tender of assistance; and, indeed, she was at that present moment carrying a parcel suspiciously like a frock I had assisted to cut out the day before for Master Fred, and which I felt sure was destined to be made up by the fair hands of Miss Harriet Marshall, who, although some five years before she had fancied Captain Mayberry in love with her, and

would have been very glad had the gallant Captain been able to indulge a similar hallucination, was able to devote herself very cheerfully to the task of replenishing the little boy's wardrobe, which I know she did so assiduously for the next week, that she missed three premeditated morning walks with Lieutenant Cartridge, a circumstance which reduced that distinguished officer to the desperate resource of smoking three cigars, and as many cheroots, more than he had been accustomed to consume per diem.

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

RASPBERRY JELLY.—Put in a large earthen pan a gallon of the finest fresh picked raspberries, on which put two quarts of the best (common) white wine vinegar, stirring them well. Let it stand till the next morning, then strain it through a cream cloth into another pan, measuring off your juice, which should be about two gallons; then add ten pounds of the white crushed sugar, put it all together into your skillet, stirring it till the sugar is melted. Let it boil gently for half an hour, skimming it well, till it becomes a thin, clear jelly. When you think it is sufficiently boiled, try a little in a saucer, let it cool, you will then be able to judge both of the proper thickness and sweetness. When it is sufficiently cool, bottle it off, and the next day cork it closely and seal down. You can reduce the articles to make a smaller quantity if you prefer it. This jelly will keep for years, and will stand any climate.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—To every quart of raspberries, put one pint of best vinegar. Stir them twice a day for three days, then strain off the liquor. To each pint put one pound of loaf sugar. Boil it half an hour, and skim it well; then bottle, and cork it close.

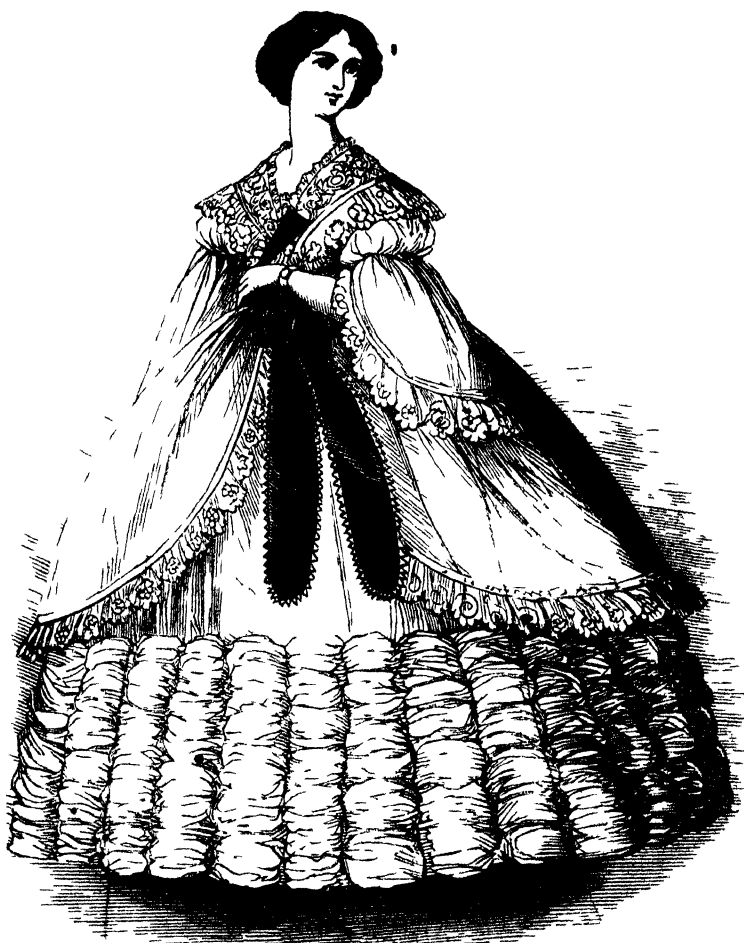
GINGERBREAD POWDERS.—For the blue paper, half a dram of bicarbonate of soda, with a grain or two of powdered ginger, and a quarter of an ounce of ginger. For the white paper, twenty-five grains of tartaric acid.

SALTED FISH.—A glass of vinegar put into the water you lay your fish in to soak will fetch out most of the salt.

CALEDONIAN CREAM.—Two teaspoonfuls of white sugar, one teaspoonful of raspberry jam, two whites of eggs, juice of one lemon. Beat for half an hour. Serve up sprinkled with fancy biscuits.

A PLAIN CUSTARD.—Boil a pint of new milk, keeping a little back to mix with a tablespoonful of flour. Thicken the milk with the flour, let it cool a little, then add one egg well beaten. Sweeten to taste. Set it on the fire again and stir until the egg turns, but do not let it boil. A little lemon or almond may be added.

GERMAN PUFFS.—A quarter of a pound of almonds beaten very fine in a mortar with rose-water, six eggs well beaten, leaving out two of the whites, two spoonfuls of flour, two ounces of butter, a little nutmeg, and six ounces of sugar, all well mixed with a pint of cream, baked in buttered patty-pans, served up with wine sauce.



THE FASHIONS
AND
PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

THE season has arrived when, in the natural course of things, London may be said to be deserted, although it still retains its millions of inhabitants. The intense heat, which has lately characterised the weather, may well stimulate the residents of this vast and crowded metropolis to seek the invigorating sea breezes to revive their drooping energies. The multitudes whose minds and bodies are constantly taxed to meet the requirements of their respective stations in

life, need the relaxation; and one of the happiest uses of the railways of England is that they carry the weary from the scenes of their toils to the margin of their island home, where the broad sea breathes health and spirits into its friendly visitors—inspiring them with fresh hope and courage for the renewal of those duties to which they will soon return more vigorously and cheerily for the beneficial change.

It follows, as a natural consequence upon the universality of these autumn movements, that Fashion should adapt herself to the comfort and convenience of a season devoted to locomotion. In fact, the dress of the present month may be said to belong expressly to the watering-place. The materials are all of the lightest kind, on account of the extreme heat; while the expansive nature of crinoline, which has by no means passed into the shady side of feminine favour, imparts a sort of emblazonry to its amplitude. There is something especially picturesque in the appearance of the ladies who are now crowding the sea-side places. The soft muslin, the floating scarf, the coquettish hat, with its drooping feather, make the presence of the ladies pictorial in the highest degree. It is in vain that cynics preach against the existing fashion, for it is, in truth, eminently well calculated to embellish the pier and the promenade.

The dress which we have selected for illustration is one of the newest of the season, and also one of the most elegant. It is made in clear muslin, either of white, or the smallest pattern, or narrowest edge of mauve or sea-green. White is now extremely fashionable. The Empress of the French and the Parisian ladies wear it to a great extent, and their example is fast being followed by the English aristocracy. This dress has two skirts. The under one has a trimming of puffings round the bottom; the upper one is rounded in front, and bordered with either lace or embroidery. The body is low, being worn with a *jabot*, trimmed with the same at its lower edge, and with a narrow one at its upper edge. The sleeve is formed of one large puff, from which depends the long hanging sleeve. The band is black, having a large bow, with long ends of black taffeta, pinked all round, placed on one side. When washed, the puffings of the under skirt are not ironed, but have a stuck run through them. Some ladies prefer a coloured ribbon run in and out, instead of the lace or the border of embroidery.

Ladies who wish for more simple dresses will find themselves quite in the mode in choosing white, which are now manufactured with tucks and insertions of embroidery, both woven in the material, and being very elegant in their effect. The body can either be made as we have described, or high and full, the sleeve being kept the same. A black lace Spanish mantilla, or a clear white muslin scarf, are equally appropriate. The transparent white bonnet is still worn.

So far we have been speaking of the costume more appropriate to dress occasions, but we will now turn to that every-day apparel which combines comfort with style, economy with good taste. One of the prettiest of the French morning dresses is that which we are about to describe. It consists of a simple print, of a small pattern, of either blue, nankeen colour, brown, or mauve, on a white ground. These are made with

a double skirt and a Zouave jacket. Both the skirts are trimmed with a border four inches wide, of drilled ingrain cotton, of the colour to match the dress; the jacket having bordering and facings to match. This inexpensive dress is really one of the very prettiest of the season.

In Paris the straw bonnets are now worn with a straw curtain, and few are to be seen without a large proportion of black in their trimming. Pink, sea-green, and nankeen colour are by some ladies preferred to mauve, but all are combined with black. We will describe one of this class which is in very good taste. The bonnet has a front distinct from the crown, projecting over the forehead, *sweating* at the sides. A broad black ribbon is fastened down in the centre, the two ends being brought over the edge to meet the cap. In this centre there is a small bow, without ends, one side black, one side coloured, with a loop between the two. Behind there are three more of the small bows arranged over the curtain, which, if not straw, is of the coloured ribbon, bordered with black. Inside trimming, a bandeau of black, with a bow to match in the centre. Broad strings of black, with narrow strings of the colour. When flowers are worn, the wild flowers, mingled with little bunches of grass, are preferred. Ears of corn, with poppies, blue corn-flowers, or with black or red berries, are also much in favour.

THE WORK-TABLE.

EDITED BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

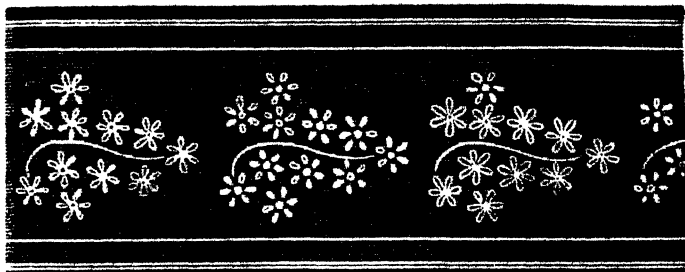
BRUSSELS EMBROIDERY ON NET.

NATURE, like the Queen of the Fairies, has given another wave of her magic wand, and at her bidding the earth appears clothed in a garment of living green, embroidered with the choicest flowers of every hue. She changes the dark leaden sky of winter into an azure canopy, and bids the refugent sun gild every object, and glitter on every dew-drop. The turbulent waves of the ocean are hushed into gentle murmurs. The minstrels of the air are inspired to pour out their strains of melting melody, and the atmosphere is perfumed with sweet odours. Is it any wonder, then, that all who can, rush with impetuous haste to catch even the most transient glimpses of these beauties; that cities should be forsaken, and that every little hamlet on the shores of this favoured island should be filled to overflowing? Idleness is not happiness, and the many hours spent at the sea-side may be rendered even more enjoyably by a beguiling occupation, which does not in the least interfere with social companionship.

In our Work-table corner we present to our subscribers a new style of ornamental embroidery, which is especially pretty for many purposes. It is worked on a clear Brussels net, not too fine. The diamonds, which appear crossed, are darned with a fine soft cotton. These can be worked with the greatest regularity by counting the threads of the net, and keeping them exactly the same size. Leaving one hole of the net between each short length of the darning as will be seen in our illustration gives it a much lighter appearance. The alternate diamonds are filled in with a sprig, embroidered in satin stitch, which shows to great advantage on the light net ground. The

stars which intervene between each diamond are also worked in *caboché satin stitch*. The effect when completed is extremely showy and elegant. The drawing should be executed in No. 30 of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s *Perfectionné* cotton, and the sprigs embroidered with No. 20 of the same.

The front trimming of a baby's robe, narrowing towards the top, worked in this style, and let in, would be found extremely ornamental, and not nearly so tedious as the usual embroidery en *moulin*, and yet producing the very best results. For sleeves, also, it is particularly suitable.



UNDER-SLEEVE IN THE NEW FRENCH NEEDLEWORK.

A pretty stitch, remarkable for the celerity with which it may be executed, has just been added to those which have already appeared in Paris; and, as we are anxious that the subscribers to this journal should possess every useful novelty as it may arise, we have selected an article for illustration for which it is peculiarly well adapted.

Our design is composed of separate flowers combined so as to form a sprig. The row which we have given is intended for a wristband. The same sprig, placed crossways at regular intervals, are to be worked for the sleeves. Before giving instructions for the stitch, we may say that a single star, similar to those which we are describ-

ing, but of rather a larger size, scattered over either net or muslin, has a pretty effect, and is very soon accomplished. If it is worked on muslin, a hole must be made with a *stiletto*, into which the needle is placed to commence, and a long stitch is taken, passing the thread over as if for button-hole stitch, making another little stitch at the end, in order to be able to bring the cotton at the back and out again at the centre. Four, six, or eight of these leaves may be used to form each little sprig. Many pretty patterns may be arranged, composed of these simple sprigs, which can be worked very quickly, producing a very pretty effect. The size of the cotton must be according to the purpose of the work.



PARISIAN COLLAR.

Our Work-table illustrations include a portion of one of the latest novelties in French collars. The section given is exactly one quarter of the whole collar, which is an extremely good shape for fitting. A variation in the arrangement of the embroidery has lately been introduced in Paris, consisting of two sprigs, one on each of the front corners of the collar, with a small pattern

running all round, finished with a narrow lace edging. The collar itself is extremely small, but the lace increases the appearance of it considerably. When completed, this will be found an elegant little novelty. The cuffs should be worked to match. No. 20 of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s *Perfectionné* cotton will be the most suitable size for this work.



BRUSSELS EMBROIDERY ON NET.



ROGERS'S MANSION IN ST JAMES'S PLACE

POETS THEIR LIVES, SONGS, AND HOMES.

SAMUEL ROGERS, BANKER AND ART-COLLECTOR.

And thou, melodious Rogers, rise at last,
Recall the pleasing "memory" of the past.
NOTWITHSTANDING these laudatory lines
No. 5, VOL. VIII

(the writer of which can scarcely be supposed to have been quite sincere in his own expression of admiration), it is rather as a

lover of poetry, and the friend of literature, than a poet, that Rogers presents himself to the mind.

Certainly, "pleasure" as his poetry no doubt is, we can scarcely imagine the want of it creating any considerable gap in English literature; he was neither the originator of a new school nor the expositor of novelty in thought, feeling, or expression, and his chief merit lies in being merely elegant and graceful. Taste and elegance, indeed, were his peculiar attainments; and we may almost say this former was so prominent a characteristic that his love for poetry, elegant poetry, was but a part of this idiosyncrasy.

He could scarcely fail to admire all that was beautiful and graceful in poetical composition, or, attempting composition himself, he could scarcely do what was not beautiful and graceful. Happiness was another marked peculiarity. True, he had all outward means and appliances for it, but these do not always produce that temperament necessary for enjoyment. It was a part of his nature, this capability of receiving pleasure, this sensibility to all innocent delight; and a superior amount even of worldly good could never have produced in a man of opposite disposition the same capacity, or endued for him external things with the same power of conferring happiness.

In the history of literature, Rogers is the link connecting the age of Johnson and Goldsmith with the present. He was born on the 30th of July, 1763, nearly ten years before the death of the latter, and he lived until December 18th, 1855. He was alive when the "Vicar of Wakefield," "The Traveller," and "The Deserted Village" were given to the world; and he lived to see Tennyson make poet laureate, and to read "Vanity Fair" and "Richard III."

In order that the reader may realize the curious experiences of so long a life, spent, if not in the pursuit of literature, at least in literary associations, we quote from an article published in the *Illustrated London News* at the time of his decease:—

"Two very different men appeared as poets in print for the first time in the same year—the Ayrshire ploughman and the Lombard-street banker. In the year 1786 appeared, at Kilmarnock, that volume of 'Poems, chiefly in the Scottish dialect,' which will live as long as the English lan-

guage; and, in the same year, appeared in London, 'An Ode to Superstition,' since properly included in the numerous reprints of the poems of its author. . . Burns has been dead sixty years, Rogers has consequently outlived him; and he commenced the race of fame with that number of years. When Rogers made his appearance as a poet, Byron was unborn, and Byron has been dead thirty-one years. When Percy Bysshe Shelley was born, Rogers was in his thirtieth year, and Shelley has been dead nearly thirty-four years. When Keats was born, 'The Pleasures of Memory' was looked upon as a standard poem, and Keats has been dead thirty-five years. When this century commenced, the man, who died but yesterday, and in the latter half, too, of the century, had already numbered as many years as Burns and Byron had numbered when they died. Mr. Rogers was born before the following English poets:—Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Bloomfield, Cunningham, Hogg, James Montgomery, Shelley, Keats, Wilson, Tom Hood, Kirke White, Lamb, Joanna Baillie, Felicia Hemans, L. E. L., and he outlived them all."

Samuel Rogers was the third son of Thomas Rogers, a wealthy London banker, of Breeman's-court, Cornhill, from which place he afterwards removed his business to 28, Clement's-lane, Lombard-street. His private residence was at Stoke Newington, and there the poet was born, in the first house on Newington-green, not far from St. Mark's Road. The family belonged to that wealthy class of Protestant Dissenters admired by Mr. Thackeray in the "Newcomes," and in the quiet routine of such society our author lived until he emerged as the well-known poet. As his education was received among the class of religionists to which his parents belonged, it would be impossible to ascertain with any accuracy how far his talents were developed in early youth. Such an education precluding the pursuit of fame in a University career, all information on the subject must depend on the opinions of friends and relatives, perhaps either partial or incapable of judging. All we certainly know is, that his first published poem, "Ode to Superstition," appeared when he was only in his twenty-sixth year, and we can

scarcely imagine so polished a composition to have been his first effort.

In 1792, his best-known work, "Pleasures of Memory," appeared, and established his reputation; it was also the means of introducing him to the distinguished statesman, Mr. Fox, for whom he contracted a friendship almost romantic in its warmth and tenderness, and lasting uninterruptedly until the latter's death. It was in accordance with the wishes of this friend that Rogers changed his residence to St. James's-place, and emerged from the society of the merchants and bankers, the magnates of the dissenting class, into the ranks of fashion and genius—in that day almost synonymous terms.

His third publication was his "Epistle to a Friend," in 1788, from which time until 1812 he did not appear in print. In that year he produced "Columbus," which was not very favourably received, and the criticisms on which caused him great annoyance. His horror of criticism, indeed, amounted to positive pain; such vexations were probably the keenest he had to endure in his otherwise peaceful and happy life; and it seems possible, at least, that the very pains taken to avoid them were detrimental to him as a poet, leading him to substitute artificial beauties, elaborated graces of expression, and refinements of sentiment, for healthy bursts of genuine, natural feeling. His gratitude for praise or commendation, too, was very warm, in many instances leading to friendships (as in the case of Byron) which would seem inconsistent with his nature, did we not know how very strong a passion is the love of approbation, and how completely a person possessing it in any considerable degree surrenders himself to the attractions of admiration.

Byron and Rogers were certainly not kindred minds. Their intimacy was first caused by a mutual laudation of each other, and degenerated into indifference, if not dislike, from a discovery that each could criticise as keenly his friends as his enemies. Thus these two characteristics, strong in both—love of praise and aptitude for ridicule—brought them together and separated them; but in no other traits were they at all similar. The kindly, benevolent, upright, moral, and placid Rogers could have little of the real communion of friendship with the proud, wayward, impassioned,

arriving, and capricious Byron; and their intimacy is rather derogatory than otherwise to the former, as evincing the paltry considerations which induced so sensible and virtuous a man to form it. Poor Byron! many loved and pitied him, spite of his faults and his follies; but Rogers appears to have been blind to his failings until his own self-love was hurt.

Perhaps there may be some readers of the present day who do not know that these two very dissimilar poets at one time contemplated a literary partnership, and that the first edition of Byron's "Lara" was accompanied by Rogers's "Jacqueline," published in the same volume—a union so incongruous that the publishers "sued" for a divorce; and "Larry" and "Jacky," as Byron himself called them, shared the fate of other worthy but incompatible couples.

In 1814 Rogers visited the Continent. On his return, in 1819, he published his poem of "Human Life," which might more appropriately, perhaps, be termed "Polished Life," as it certainly exhibits no knowledge of any other "human life." His next and last publication was "Italy;" and, from the time this was given to the public until the close of his long life, it is as a man of taste, a liberal patron of art and literature, a collector of everything rare and beautiful, a promoter of innocent and intellectual sociability, that we are to consider him, rather than as a poet.

It was well for Rogers that he was possessed of an ample independence; his writings never could have been remunerative; and it may be even questioned whether they would have ever attained the rank they hold, had they been unaccompanied by the 'prestige' of the author's celebrity as a man of taste, and a person of consequence in society, from his known wealth, and the rank and talent of his associates. True, when his first poem was published, he was unknown. But then, a first work, if produced judiciously to the public, seldom fails of finding readers. The patrons of literature, as well as those of the drama, want a "novelty;" and, as he paid handsomely for its publication, there can be but little doubt that it was brought out judiciously. Rogers owed nothing of his fortune to his literary labours; he spent a good deal of it on them. On the last

edition, alone, of his works, he is said to have laid out ten thousand pounds, chiefly expended, of course, on the splendid illustrations.

It is chiefly as a didactic and descriptive poet that Rogers is to be viewed; yet in the first style he is not to be compared to Pope, Cowper, and Campbell; and, in the latter, he is far inferior to Scott and Byron. The "Pleasures of Memory" is certainly not equal to the "Pleasures of Hope," nor "Human Life" to the "Essay on Man;" nor any picture he ever drew of the beauties or sublimities of Nature at all to be ranked with the descriptions in "Marmion," "Lady of the Lake," or "Childe Harold;" while of the power evinced by any of these poets to touch the hidden springs of feeling, he has little or none. Even in the following picture of domestic life, we feel that felicity of expression is the chief charm:—

Then before all they stand—the holy vow
And ring of gold, no fond illusion now,
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters—there to be a light,
Shining within when all without is night;
A guardian-angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing;
Winning him back when mingling in the throng,
From a vain world we love, alas! too long,
To fireside happiness, to hours of ease,
Bless'd with that charm, the certainty to please.
How oft her eyes read his; her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined;
Still subject—ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.

Inclined to be severe, one might say that none but a bachelor could have drawn such a picture; that this "faultless monster whom the world ne'er saw" could only belong to the imagination of one who had never tried the reality of wedded life. But without indulging in satire, or without even the inclination to do so, all readers must admit that such descriptions do not "come home to men's bosoms" as the delineations of actual human feelings. They do not belong to the "work-a-day" world, and a sketch of the same subject from the pen of the most truthful, perhaps, of British poets, though his writings are sometimes marred by affected originality, or, rather, peculiarity of expression—placed beside them, will exhibit the same difference

as lies between the spontaneous expression of genuine emotion and the studied raptures of the stage. Wordsworth's exquisite lines, containing

She was a phantom of delight,

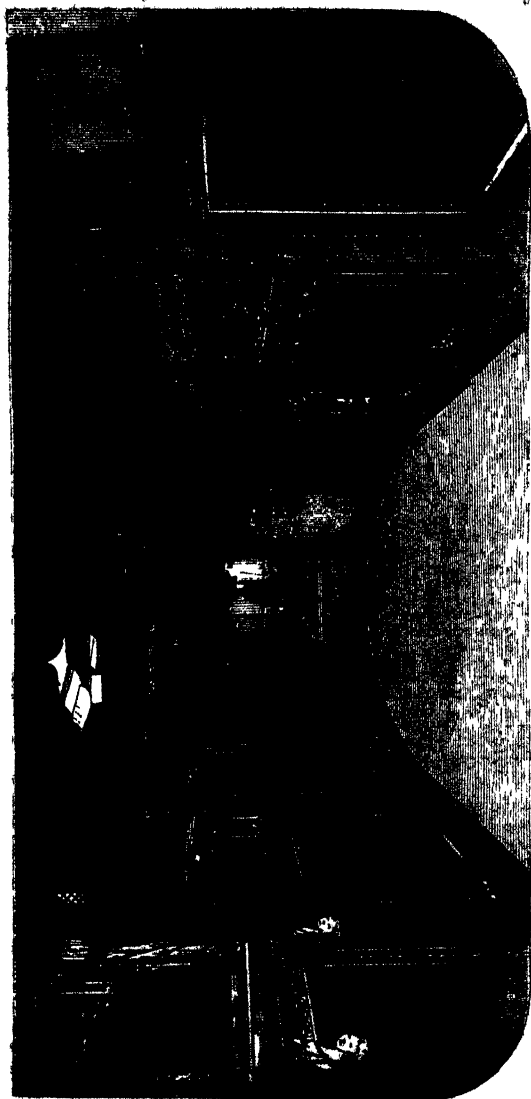
known of course to all readers of poetry, have the very stamp of reality; but Rogers was rather a writer of elegant verses than an exponent of feeling. His subjects seem to have been selected as suitable on which to weave correct and beautiful rhymes, faultlessly turned periods, and exquisitely happy expressions, than as possessing any heartfelt interest for the writer.

The life of Rogers was peculiarly uneventful. It contains even no domestic incidents. The birth or death of a child, the loss of a beloved partner, the success in life, or the reverse, of a promising son, the marriage of a gentle daughter, were unknown joys and sorrows to him, for he lived and died a bachelor. His time, when he had ceased to write for publication, was devoted to the collection of pictures and articles of *virtu*, and his extreme love for all that is lovely in art proves him to have been one of those beings in whom, paradoxical as it may appear, the real tastes are artificial—a common result of having led a life of wealthy ease. Even in his descriptions of Nature, one can scarcely help believing that the poet was rather imagining how the scene would look transferred to canvass than experiencing the positive ecstasy of a lover of natural beauty.

Rogers was kind and generous to all who crossed his path. His actual vanity as an author—and it was actual—never produced mean envy; his ambition, and he had much, never created jealousy in his kindly nature; even his keen sensibility to ridicule, though it might provoke retaliation of a similar kind, was never suffered to influence him further. The author might give satire for satire, but the man was incapable of revenge or persecution.

Among those who received ready and material assistance from his ever open purse were Sheridan, Moore, and Campbell; the last-mentioned, on that melancholy death-bed from which he escaped being removed to a prison, purchasing the privilege of dying in peace through Rogers's benevolence.

INTERIOR OF ROGERS' MANSION.



HIS RECEPTION-ROOM, WITH BOW WINDOW LOOKING INTO THE GREEN PARK.

In peace he lived and died. And with him his passed away the golden age of the days of Pitt, and Burke, and Sheridan, and Fox; the days when good Queen Charlotte and her sons and spoiled broken English, and wore hair-powder—and when one of her attendants (Miss Murray), being unable to procure the services of a hairdresser in time for that then elaborate part of a lady's toilet, was obliged to present herself to her majesty dressed in a *mauvaise déshabille*, incurring thereby what we might justly consider an unmarried degree of displeasure—with him has ceased our union with that age. With the great poet, we have buried the recollections of senatorial eloquence and *unworldly* etiquette, which belonged to the government and the court of the homely "Farmer King," as well as the remembrances of contemporary wit and genius, which flourished in every province almost of his dominions.

How many historical events of his death, as it were, sent farther back from our age—the American war, the Gordon riots, the successful campaign in India under Lord Clive, the French Revolution of 1789, the conquests of Napoleon, the impeachment of Warren Hastings, the Irish rebellion of '98, the trial of Queen Caroline, &c.? How many familiar names seem to have receded with him into the far past—orators, statesmen, generals, artists, philosophers, as well as poets? How much of all that is now common to our knowledge and practices in art and science has been invented or discovered since Samuel Rogers first learned to love poetry by hearing Dr. Watts's hymns?

His familiar associates, the *Whigs* and contributors to his "Table Talk," must have felt at his decease—this passing from one era to another—something like the passing from one country into another, totally different in manners, customs, language, and government. In appearance, Rogers was handsome as he was in manners graceful, his countenance possessing that best part of beauty, pleasing expression, as his address and deportment had that best part of courtesy, kindness.

ROBERTSON'S MUSE.

On Newington-green, as we have seen, the poet was born, and here he remained till he was about thirty years of age. Then

he had chambers in the Temple for some five years, and finally removed to his mansion, at 22, St. James's place. Here it was that he wrote nearly all his poems, with the exception of the "Pleasures of Memory," and here it was that he was visited by the most celebrated men of his time—such as his time, as has been shown, was beyond the usual wage allotted to man. The front of his house overlooked the Green Park, overlooking, also, a gateway into it, and the interior was richly and picturesquely adorned with the highest productions of art in all the varied forms of drawings, prints, miniatures, medallions, antique ornaments, paintings, and sculpture.* The distinctive genius of every country, and every school, seemed there to find its fitting place. Happy was the man who was thus able to gratify his love of the noble and the beautiful—happier still, that he was gifted with the sensibility to enjoy his precious possessions!

We have engraved a sketch of his house in St. James's place, and also "the room" in which his breakfast-parties, and other receptions, were given.

MIGNON; OR, THE STEP-DAUGHTER

POISON.

Now cold despair

To livid paleness turns the glowing red;
His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his veins
Like water, which the freezing wind constrains
DRENCH.

Are there not other poisons besides those which flow from poisonous trees—besides those which are hidden in the bowels of the earth—besides those which are distilled from a serpent's fangs?

Yes! there are many others, sorer and more subtle, which leave no accusing trace on the victim's veins, and for which the learned man would search in vain for a remedy. The law is powerless against him who knows how to cunningly administer this poison, the corruption of which is subtle and insidious. This venom, which itself commits as many ravages as the assembled legions of humanity,

* His valuable collection, the sale of which took place after the poet's death, produced a sum of nearly £30,000.

is well known—it is Egotism, *alias* Selfishness—the worship of self.

Selfishness, the antagonist of benevolence, and the destroyer of the spirit of love, is the active messenger of every evil; and the seven capital sins are really nothing more than one of its bracelets.

He who feels for others, finds the beautiful, the just, the true; he has but to follow the divine light, and allow himself to be guided by the pure instincts of his heart, which never deceives. Under this inspiration, LOVE, taken in the noblest sense of this divine word, gives rise to love, and the angels themselves rejoice; but he who brings everything to bear upon *himself*, only sheds around him, so to speak, the emptiness and coldness of the tomb.

Everything in Nature speaks of "giving;" and it has been well written, "The sun says not, I keep my light; nor does the river say, I shall keep my waters to myself. Lo! the orange-tree yields its fruit, and the perfumed vervain sends forth its odours."

We must descend to the last step of the ladder of human beings to find the hard and impassable rock which yields nothing. Man can only get at its goodness by *breaking* it.

We have seen peace, order, serenity, and all other blessings obtained without any resource but love, in the Augustine Convent, and we must now see how a happy and envied position may be in danger, owing to the destroyer "*self*."

And, for this purpose, we have only to follow the glorious Suzanne from the time she entered Crèvecoeur's dwelling, the modest warehouse of the Rue du Sentier.

Hers was not a vulgar ambition, that of Suzanne Morin; she could bide her time. The serpent is aware of its power to fascinate with its look, and inclose the victim in its flexible folds, as if caressing whom it wishes to strangle. But, no! we will not give Suzanne the credit for premeditated guilt. The misfortune of others was not her aim; it was only her way of accomplishing her desires. She wished to enjoy herself, and had no higher aspiration. So was it then that, with a countenance open and full of kindness, she received the warm greetings of all the inmates of Crèvecoeur's house, where her appearance was much admired, and created quite a sensation.

Although the apartments which were appropriated to her use were not at all according to her taste, she pretended to find everything perfect, but observing and noticing all, and quietly arranging her future plans. Although the servants were old, and too simple for her taste, she complimented them on their fidelity; for they had all served Crèvecoeur's first wife, and had sorrowed for her loss. At the same time, she meditated ridding herself of these elements of sensibility, and had visions of a fashionable maid, also of footmen of irreproachable appearance; and, above all, a cook who should be a distinguished *artiste*. This was her ideal. Smiling and affable to the relations and friends who were introduced to her, she said to herself, with a fortune like that which chance had put into her hands, or, rather, which she had won by her tact, she might procure herself friends more prepossessing, or, at least, more brilliant.

Nothing occurred to alter her plans; and when she pressed the confiding Thérèse to her heart, holding her husband's hand, Crèvecoeur believed his happy days returned.

She knew how to paint all the shades of a quick and tender passion, said she was very happy, yielded in trifles, declared that everything was the same to her, but, nevertheless, arranged everything to her own ends.

She assumed more authority when her weak and languishing state announced to Crèvecoeur that he would be blessed with a token of their union. She leant on his arm, could not pass a moment without him, and he was her humble and attentive slave. She passed days, stretched on the sofa, being over-careful of herself, and making herself the object of every attention. Thérèse, although still so young, was already her devoted attendant, and she employed her to do everything.

However, at the sight of this child's beauty, which developed itself in all its glory and charms, a little impatience began to furrow Suzanne's countenance, and might forebode the coming tempest. Sometimes she would dismiss Thérèse without any apparent motive, at the same time loading her with reproaches; she would forbid her coming to her room, and would receive no attention from any one

her Crèvecoeur, who tried in a thousand ways to calm her, and would begin reading to her with unflinching patience when she asked him, although she never listened.

At intervals she would give grand receptions, splendid dinners, brilliant *fêtes*, in which she shone forth in overwhelming splendor, that showed to advantage her beautiful arms and proud beauty. But, if she did not attract everybody's notice, and some youthful and elegant lady captivated the guests by her talent and wit, a sudden crisis, an unforeseen fainting fit, would suddenly remind Crèvecoeur that he must only think of *her*, and must only live for *her*.

Each new-born child necessitated fresh servants and nurses, whom the indolent Suzanne took no trouble to direct. Crèvecoeur governed this band of women with the same order and wisdom which he displayed in his own affairs; but, absorbed by his cares as well as the worship he was obliged to render to his idol, he lost sight of the management of the house of Crèvecoeur, and forgot his friends, who themselves no longer dared to visit him, or, if they did, always arrived at a wrong time.

His only amusement was to collect a few works of art, in which he took a great interest, and the generous Crèvecoeur still found an opportunity to encourage a few young artists of talent, as we have already seen at the beginning of this story; but, in surrounding Suzanne with these choice works, he met with no sympathy from her, for this positive woman could not and would not understand the charm of the ideal, and despised all that spoke only to the mind and heart. The state of prostration, in the representation of which Suzanne excelled, gave rise to many anxieties to the too tender and too sincere Crèvecoeur, who, having been once smitten by misfortune, foresaw in the slightest indisposition a fatal crisis, and redoubled his cares, attention, and devotion.

Suzanne would wear muslin morning dresses, which showed to advantage all her beauty. She remained in idleness, lying on a sofa, and separate attendance in her own room, could no longer endure living with her family, and widened still further the void around her.

In a few years, four pretty little girls had

successively made their appearance to increase the family. The ambitious Suzanne had always wished for a son. In him she hoped to see centre all Crèvecoeur's preference, so as to make him forget the very natural partiality which was inspired in his mind by the grace and angelic beauty of Thérèse, and which always annoyed the jealous mother, who saw herself doomed to disappointment in all her plans.

When, at certain hours, there was presented to her, her tribe of little children, who, intrusted to the care of servants, had neither prettiness nor gentleness, whose manners were vulgar, who quarrelled and disputed around her, and called her the *lady*; she looked at this numerous offspring with disgust and discouragement, blamed Thérèse for everything wrong, and, involuntarily comparing the triumphant beauty of her daughter-in-law with the mean appearance of her own little creatures, she would dismiss everybody in a fit of rage.

Then would she plunge herself into the most sombre reflection, and, above all, there was a bitter thought which would ever occur to her and prey upon her mind—Thérèse would be rich, much richer than *her* children, for she would have, besides her share of the common inheritance, all her mother's fortune, and thus unite a rare beauty with a considerable dowry.

To divert her thoughts, Suzanne thought she would, at least, enjoy her fortune pompously. She made a revolution in the habits and customs of Crèvecoeur's house; and, as every one yielded to her will, or rather to her direction, whatever she wished was accomplished.

She had no trouble in persuading her doctor that the air of the Rue du Sentier did not agree with her, and that it was the cause of her children's ill-health; and so, by the order of the faculty, a large house was chosen in a fashionable quarter, to establish this numerous family, which lived in too confined a situation, and sickened in a house of business in a sunless court.

Crèvecoeur blindly sacrificed everything to satisfy these fresh demands; but, to keep pace with the elegant friends whose luxury she envied, Suzanne was now obliged to have a carriage, which, of course, increased her personal expenditures. Why should she not also have her *château*? What could he refuse her? Was she not beautiful

enough? Was she not affectionate enough to Crèvecoeur? Did not her delicate state demand the greatest care? Crèvecoeur acceded to everything, carried away by a passion which destroyed all power of resistance, captivated by the many proofs of affection which the cunning Suzanne showed him, who would see nobody but him, entirely absorbed his attention, and did not leave him a moment to solitude and liberty.

So a beautiful estate was purchased in Normandy; for her desire was to return, as a lady of position and fortune, to the country which she had quitted with no other possession than her beauty and tact; and she wished to astonish, by a triumphal entry, the old friends who had formerly been witnesses of her poverty and straitened circumstances. The merchant, overcome by this irresistible power, but terrified at the future which was in store for him, went so far sometimes as to say that the profits of his business, which had already suffered by a change of residence, would not suffice for these extravagances; that his daughter Thérèse's dowry did not belong to him, and that it was his duty to take care of this considerable sum, for which he was responsible.

To broach this subject was to kindle all Suzanne's anger. She would then be seized with frightful fits, and would revive only to reproach Crèvecoeur for not finding means to provide honourably for the establishment of his family, then would she tell him the names of several merchants who had made lucrative speculations, and who, in a short time, had realized colossal fortunes. She reproached him with having no idea beyond the Rue du Sentier.

Sometimes she would introduce bankers or agents to him, who said they could double his fortune if he would associate himself in their dangerous projects. Crèvecoeur was weak enough to enter into their views; but the danger to which he exposed himself caused him many bitter reflections, and, at last, his position broke upon him in its true light.

He thought of the past, called to mind the perfect calm of his first household, and involuntarily compared it with the excitement of his actual life.

He saw his poor Thérèse sorrowful and

abandoned, appearing to have expected for a long time what he himself could not help foreseeing. One day their eyes met; with a peculiar expression he pressed her in his arms.

"Poor child!" said he, without saying another word.

She kissed his hands, and had nothing to say in reply. But these two wounded hearts understood each other.

His old friends had forsaken him; the doubtful society which Suzanne attracted on certain days to her house, to display to them her new grandeur, could not possibly be to Crèvecoeur's taste. There he only found noisy joy, and pleasures in which he could not partake; nothing for the heart, nothing for the mind, and so he kept himself aloof.

He met with no sympathy but from one devoted friend, Maurice de Terrenoire, a near relation of his first wife. Maurice, who was much younger than Crèvecoeur, and had been brought up by the latter's care, regarded him as a brother, and felt for him a firm and unalterable friendship. Perhaps the reader will recollect having met with him at the commencement of this story: Maurice was the obliging friend who had introduced the sculptor Marx to Crèvecoeur, and who had thus rendered him an assistance which might have been valuable to him, but which, under a fatal influence, was the cause of all his disasters.

This attachment very much displeased the imperious Suzanne, and she had risked everything to bring about a coldness and rupture. Having made Maurice some gracious offers to bring him round to her interests, and so secure an influence over him, and not having obtained any success, she had adopted a contrary method. She wished to compromise him in some mysterious affair, and had employed against him the odious weapon of slander, but Maurice pretended to see nothing of these manœuvres, and remained, the only one of Crèvecoeur's old friends who kept his place in this desolate house, as if, forewarned of some misfortune, he had been intrusted with a secret mission to watch over the family. Maurice de Terrenoire was one of those cool, upright, and observing men whose piercing look troubles a doubtful conscience. He with difficulty concealed the profound interest with which the suffering Thérèse inspired him, and who, at

eighteen years of age, and all the elegance of womanhood, and whose poetic beauty developed itself, from day to day.

He rarely spoke to her, and the difference in their age prevented any familiarity, but he silently admired her, and could not turn his eyes from her lovely form. Maurice, scarcely twenty-six years old, had, so to speak, passed no youth. He had been studious, and passionately fond of science from his earliest years, and already experienced that consideration which is ordinarily accorded only to people of a riper age.

By intense study he had gained a high position in that department of government connected with bridges and roads. He was a skilful engineer, and his last works had been noticed and approved by the minister.

Suzanne, who could not bear resistance, would not acknowledge herself vanquished. She must get rid of him at any rate. Crèvecoeur must be left alone to her mercy. She studied a thousand ins and outs of the government arrangements, and did not scruple to avail herself of any useful influence; and, by the interference of one of those women who are met with everywhere, it so happened that she persuaded the head of his department that Maurice de Terrenoire ardently wished to obtain an important appointment in Italy, which was already solicited by many of his friends, but for which he was too proud to make the demand himself. The minister, who had the greatest opinion of Maurice's capacity, was happy in being able to give him this mark of confidence, and hastened to send him his nomination and instructions. Maurice, very much surprised, vainly endeavoured to resign this appointment.

"It is too late," said the minister to him; "we have reckoned on your services; and, besides, this circumstance is too favourable to your interest and advancement to allow me to let you neglect it, and soon you will thank me for it."

He was obliged to go. It was not without much grief that Maurice bade adieu to Crèvecoeur. Suzanne triumphed in silence on seeing how successful her plan had proved—she would now be rid of a troublesome witness, of a clear-sighted critic.

"My friend," said Crèvecoeur to him, taking him by the hand when they found themselves alone, "are you, then, really

going to forsake me? You have not sought my confidence; but everything tells me you know all. Oh! you are the only friend whom I have left—connected with me, too, by the remembrance of former happiness. Maurice, I am miserable. And my much-loved Thérèse! she whom I wished to protect by forming this new connexion, has she not suffered enough without complaining? Maurice, you are going away, and a melancholy presentiment tells me that I shall soon have need of your assistance."

"I am yours—yours always," said Maurice; "but abandon these sorrowful ideas, and take courage. It is blindness which has lost you, Crèvecoeur; and if you now see the danger it is almost prevented. It is not for me to tell you how to act; but you must use energy. Take care, and watch."

"I have lost my energy," said Crèvecoeur, in a discouraged voice, "my strength is leaving me, my friend; everything appears difficult to undertake. I feel myself overpowered by a fatal influence. Yes, it is too late to resist a power which I have so long left to take its course. The slightest loss, at this moment, might overthrow me. But, above all, there is an anxiety which possesses me. If I yield, what will become of Thérèse? Her youth, her beauty will be so many perils for her. You know once I feared to leave her without a mother; but to you alone can I say it, Maurice, I have more to fear now. Yes," said he, making an effort, "I have too late made a discovery which is killing me. It is not a mother I am leaving her with, it is——"

"But you are here to take her part," said Maurice, interrupting him.

"My friend, moments are precious," said Crèvecoeur, "and perhaps we shall be observed. Take these papers quickly—I cannot put them in better hands—and promise me not to open them till you receive the news of my death. I hope, Maurice, you will do what I ask you. I have reckoned on you, and I have no one but you to rely on." And he took his hand, unable to say another word.

"I shall bring you back these papers on my return," said Maurice; "you are alarming yourself without any serious cause; but whatever happens, rely on me. Love you everything, and my life is at your service."

Maurice was not a demonstrative man, but he was an honest and devoted one,

and, his word was sacred. Crèvecoeur seemed less anxious now, knowing his last wishes were in such good hands. Maurice tore himself away, embracing him tenderly, sorrowfully pressing Thérèse's hand, and regarding her with a look which expressed all his feelings of protection and respect.

"Thanks," said Thérèse to him, looking at him with gratitude.

And there was a great deal of expression in the tone of her voice and her moistened eye.

Crèvecoeur found himself more lonely and unhappy than ever, after Maurice's departure. He could not make Thérèse his confidant, for he would not deprive her of the little affection she still had for her mother-in-law, and cause mistrust to enter that tender and loving soul.

There are presentiments which never deceive. The speculations in which Crèvecoeur had engaged, under the influence, nay, almost by the orders of Suzanne, to meet the heavy expenses of his establishment, and to increase his fortune rapidly, took up his entire attention. He no longer felt strong enough to face danger, whilst new requirements arose. An unexpected misfortune which now happened, and was likely seriously to weaken the reputation of his house, which, up to that time, had been spotless, injured his health for ever. Thérèse, ever attentive to him, did not wish to leave him, but her mother-in-law tried to keep her away, by intrusting her with the charge of the young family.

One day, Suzanne, seeing Crèvecoeur very ill, went so far as to ask him indirectly if he had made his will, and, thinking only of herself, she left him to understand how uncertain would be her position if he had not taken care to provide for her.

Crèvecoeur, already weakened by his many former attacks, and overcome by this last display of selfishness, did not answer, but seemed overwhelmed with grief.

Suzanne, frightened by this picture of suffering, went away without speaking.

When Thérèse entered her father's room, she was struck by the state in which she found him, fallen into an arm-chair, pale, motionless, covered with perspiration, and breathing with great effort. At first she thought him unconscious, but she soon saw

that his eyes moved, and were directed towards her with tenderness and anxiety.

"Father—my good father—what ails you?" cried she. "Has any one gone to fetch the doctor?"

"No," said her father, by moving his head.

"What do you wish for? What is it you desire?" tenderly said Thérèse, seeing the supplicating expression of his eyes; "have you anything to tell me—to me alone?"

"Yes," said Crèvecoeur, turning his head with an effort.

"Oh! speak, my darling father. I will do all that you tell me. I know everything; I have seen all, and known what you must have suffered. You can tell everything to me."

Crèvecoeur made some vain attempts, but could not utter a syllable. He was already seized with the beginning of an attack; but his eyes first turned towards his daughter with a great meaning in them, and thence, describing a circle, appeared directed to one of the walls in the room.

Thérèse turned her eyes to the same side, and tried to discover what it was that fixed her father's attention, and timidly pointing to a miniature hanging near the mantel-piece—

"Is it that?" said she.

"Yes," replied Crèvecoeur, by a movement of his head.

"I understand, my dear father, I understand. You wish me to consult M. Maurice, as I should consult you, and have the same confidence in him as in you; that he should be my brother. Say, is that your desire?"

Crèvecoeur appeared to revive, and, making a last effort, he feebly articulated "Yes," looking at Thérèse most affectionately; then closed his eyes, and fell back in his chair. His spirit had gone forth from the world, and the work of destruction was accomplished. The poison of selfishness had penetrated his soul, but man could discover no traces of it.

Thérèse threw herself on her knees, called him in vain, took his hands, which were already cold, and, no longer doubting her misfortune, fell fainting at his feet, without having the power to call for assistance.

A servant, entering by chance, found the father and daughter in this state, thought them both dead, and ran to tell the

tried, at the same time taking precautions to save her nerves.

The nearest doctor, sent for immediately, declared it was too late; that Crèvecoeur was dead, and had been so for half an hour, of severe apoplexy.

"As to this young girl," said he, after having contemplated with pity the beautiful sleeping statue, resembling one of Niobe's daughters, "it is nothing; but take care of her—she has need of the greatest attention."

He wrote a prescription, and went away.

(To be continued.)

THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN LONDON.

V.—WORKING HOURS, FOR WORKING WOMEN.

THE labour question, ever a delicate and complicated one, is just now assuming, or, rather, has already assumed, a very serious aspect, and men's minds are, naturally enough, directed to the examination of the respective duties and responsibilities of employer and employed. There are certain difficulties, it is true, connected with this question, for both master and man; but how comes it to pass with the three millions of women*—i. e., three-fourths of the adult female population of Great Britain engaged in independent industry—that, whenever a strike takes place—when ever a turn-out occurs—whether in London, Birmingham, Manchester, or any other manufacturing town, that the dissatisfied *employés* are always the men?

Have the women, have the young girls, have the children, who work for their daily bread, no grievances requiring redress, no long hours that demand curtailing, no scanty wages that undoubtedly ought to be raised—no burdens, no heavy burdens to be carried, no sufferings to be endured?

Nine hours a day's work for a man! with thousands of women in London who know exactly what it is to sit sewing *twenty* consecutive hours in the day for six weeks together, with the milliners' hours standing at the following figures:—

	Hours.
Shortest time (in season) ...	12
Busy time ...	15½
Emergencies ...	18
In some cases ...	22

* See "Edinburgh Review," April, 1859.

* See article London Warehouse Seamstresses, "Edinburgh Review."

* Government Report Committee.

Nine hours a day's work for a man when thousands of poor laundry-women stand at the wash-tub and the ironing-board from seven in the morning till nine at night, with women and *children* working in the factories—

	Hours.
Generally ...	10
Sometimes ...	11
More commonly ...	12
In many instances ...	15 & 16

And even 18 hours consecutively.

Nine hours a day's work for a man! with thousands more women from sunrise to sunset in the orchards, the hop-fields, and the harvest grounds. No, no! Mr. Workmen, that nine hours' movement is a great mistake in more senses than one, and so long as women work twice those hours for a great deal less than half your wages, we wonder you are not ashamed to make such a demand.

What a wide question is that of woman's work! and how thankful we ought to be, and are, that so many good and clever men are coming forward to assist us in the efforts now being made for the extension of the field into which that labour may be carried. What an article was that in the "Edinburgh Review" for this last April! As Mrs. Jamieson very truly says, "It is of itself a sign of the times; four or five years ago such an article would not have been accepted by the editor." But how greatly that assistance is needed, will easily be seen from the fact to which that writer very properly alludes. "The tale is plain enough," he says; "so far from our countrywomen being maintained as a matter of course by us 'the bread winners,' three millions out of six of adult English-women work for subsistence, and two out of the three in independence. With this new condition of affairs, new duties and new views must be accepted."

London, of course, gives a very large proportion of these workers, and we believe the following statistics will be found correct:—

Milliners and dressmakers ...	43,928
Seamstresses and shirtmakers ...	21,210
Bonnet and straw-hat makers ...	3,737
Capmakers ...	1,377
Staymakers ...	2,468
Silk embroiderers ...	1,212
Muslin embroiderers ...	56

Tailors	8,292
Shoemakers	7,158
Bookbinders	4,154
Glovers	600
Telegraph clerks	100

Nothing, it will be seen, is here said about governesses, authors, music-mistresses, actresses, shop-girls, servants, or laundry-women—each a large, separate, and influential class—all working, many for their daily bread, and with varied success and remuneration. One of the greatest difficulties would be an attempt to average the earnings of women (particular classes may, perhaps, be averaged), because wages so often, as in domestic service and among governesses, vary from caprice and from circumstances over which the employed may have no control, though more frequently arising from the proficiency or ignorance of the workers. If women would but understand that unskilled labour is of small value in the market, if they would but work themselves up to the point which the market requires, we should, in a great measure, get rid of those lamentable over-hours, under-payment, and their consequent evils, about which we hear so many and such sad tales.

Many a young girl in the country, who reads this paper, will have heard, no doubt, of the capabilities of London, the certainty of obtaining work, and of the high wages received there. We have no wish to deny any one of these facts; but if our reader dreams of visiting and settling in London, let her remember that constant work and high wages are only for those whose capacities have been correspondingly cultivated; and whose work will bear the test of comparison with the work of first hands. For the rest, there remains for respectable mediocrity the everlasting toil, the eternal round of labour, that grinds the soul and barely saves the body.

There is a large body of women in London, known as warehouse seamstresses—some thousands, we believe. Let us look at them. They work in gangs of from fifty to seventy at the houses of their employers. Several of these houses are in the city, some at Islington, others elsewhere. Exactly as the clock strikes nine, hundreds of these “fringe and tassel hands,” “mourning flower makers,” “straw hat sewers,” &c., are seen round the doors of their respective

workrooms, and enter to commence their day's toil as the bell tolls the hour, there to remain stitching for their bare bread, until the hands of the old clock on the stairs point to the same hour of nine again. But think not, oh, gentle and innocent reader! that the day's work is even then completed—at least, not if it be in the season—for any attentive observer may notice “the hands,” as they turn out at night, bearing away more work, and still more work, to be completed before, or at least by, the morning dawn.

And the pay?

The piece-workers, by working all the day, half the night, and, not unfrequently, part of the Sabbath, earn from six shillings to a pound a week, *the pay depending less on labour and time than on the kind of work.* Women do occasionally earn 25s. a week for some eight or nine weeks in succession, then 15s., 12s., 8s., or 5s., according to the season; but for many, many weeks the best hands will not average 5s. a week, and inferior hands not more than 2s. or 3s. Several months in the year, commencing with the first week in July—when hundreds in London stand face to face with famine—they earn *even less!* Less, mark you, than 2s. a week! On an average, perhaps, mantle-makers, straw-hands, and flower-makers will get six shillings weekly (*i. e.*, for twelve hours' labour a day), while inferior workers, who make braces and skirts of dresses, do not earn more than four shillings.

No wonder that an excellent judge (the prison inspector, F. Hill, Esq.) is heard declaring that “the payment for the labour of females in this country is so small as to demand for obtaining an honest living, a greater power of endurance and self-control than can reasonably be expected; and much,” he continues to add, “would be done towards securing the virtue of the female sex, if the practical injustices were put an end to, by which women are excluded from many kinds of employment, for which they are naturally qualified,” but for which, let us also add, *they must qualify themselves.*

Since commencing this paper, a pamphlet has been placed in our hands, bearing the title of “A Statement of the Views and Plans of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women,” from which we learn that, in consequence of the great difficulty of women getting employ-

in London, offices have been taken at 25, Great Castle-street, Regent-street, and a committee formed for the purpose of establishing a large school for girls and young women, where they may be specially trained to wait in shops, by being thoroughly instructed in accounts and book-keeping, and thus made capable of becoming clerks, cashiers, and ticket-sellers at railway stations. It is also contemplated to establish workshops in connexion with the school, where the girls might be taught other trades—trades well suited to women, but now almost exclusively in the hands of men—such as printing, hair-dressing, and possibly even watch-making.

This is a very important and cheering fact, and we earnestly recommend the pamphlet to the attention of our readers, especially to all those interested in this most important question. Such a society, wisely conducted, will (we don't say remedy all the evils) assuredly very materially assist in raising the standard of practical education among women, and work in the right direction towards curing some of those evils to which we have already alluded.

There seem to us just four great ways of bettering the condition of the working women of this country, and we believe that whoever, in either of these four ways, assists us, or allows us to assist ourselves, is bestowing the greatest possible amount of relief that can possibly be conferred on long-suffering women.

The first great way to better the condition of the working women of England is to give them a better, a more practical, a more real education, by means of which they may secure those higher wages and shorter hours which fall to the portion of skilled labour.

Secondly, their condition may materially be improved by the opening of new professions and trades, such as are advocated by this new society.

Thirdly, by emigration, which is most wonderfully overlooked as a preventive against trouble, misery, despair, and ruin.

And fourthly, by withdrawing from the labour market all those workers who have husbands and fathers, from whom the amount of subsistence might be obtained. Thousands and hundreds of women work

in London at the expense of neglecting their children and homes—wives, mind you, whose husbands spend as much, or more, in gin as the women earn at the wash-tub, so that not only is the number of workers needlessly multiplied, but no tangible good of any description arises from the toil.

For the wife's first place and duty is at home, and where that is comfortable, and decent, and bright, twenty to one there will the husband and the father be found; and how, we would like to know, is that possible, where the woman stands in the laundry, or at the ironing-board, the five-long day?

To girls who prefer living at home with their parents, instead of entering household service, none of these objections can apply; and if this hint was but carried out, their present 2s. or 2s. 6d. a-day for some days in the week would soon mount into 3s. and 3s. 6d. for every day in the week, to which would be added the comforts of a better-regulated home.

The payment for needlework might be raised in the same way, but that the competition in that is so great—prisons, penitentiaries, orphan houses, and schools of discipline, all taking in work and underselling the actual needlewoman, so that we almost despair of any real improvement in that direction; indeed, when we hear of sixteen hours' stitching for fourpence, as payment,* we may well despair.

Perhaps the very best thing that has happened to the poor needlewoman is the introduction of sewing machines, for a girl, by the help of one of these, is able to obtain a living, employers giving 12s. a-week for the management of each machine; and so, while some poor creatures will be turned away from this lucrative employment, their more skilled sisters, with less labour, will receive a very fair remuneration; and we have no doubt but that the introduction of sewing machines will, ultimately, like the introduction of railways, multiply a hundredfold the employment and the wages of all connected with them.

We saw, with some surprise, but much pleasure, one of these machines, the other day, at the St. Giles's Refuge, Bloomsbury,

* Common payment for London shop-shop labour.

being worked by one of the children in that excellent Institution. And now if we tell it, will it be believed? Nevertheless, it is perfectly true, that letters, received yesterday, the 9th August, in the year of Grace 1859, from New Zealand, written by the matron and six children (the eldest not eighteen), sent out by the colony, inform their friends that all the girls obtained situations in most respectable families immediately after landing, with wages of only £25 a-year, the youngest, who suffered from an impediment in her speech, receiving 20*l*!

Consider, now, what emigration has done for these girls, and the depth of misery from which they have been rescued. The London labour market, with regard to women, is frightfully overstocked; the workers are destroying themselves and each other; wages are low, hours are long, the supply spasmodic; and if the advice of one who knows what the London women can do, must do, and do do, might dare to be offered to any stranger intending to settle in the metropolis, it would be, "Keep away; resist the idea as a snare and a temptation. *Half* starve in the country rather than wholly starve or do worse in London. The workhouses are full, the prisons are full, the streets are full, the workshops are full. Keep away!"

M. S. R.

A MARRIAGE IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

In the latter part of the reign of Queen Mary, the government of the little island of Sark, which lies at a short distance from that of Guernsey, was committed to Sir Robert Dudley, a very valiant knight, of an ancient and honourable family, who was equally distinguished by the accomplishments of his mind and person, and by the brilliancy of his military achievements. He did not find the duties of his government very arduous. The island was defended by a fortress which was impregnable, except in one part, where the ascent was steep and difficult, and so narrow that only two persons could walk abreast. The place, too, being very barren, and the inhabitants zealously loyal to the Queen of England, there was nothing in it to tempt the approach of an invader. With a little garri-

son, therefore, of only twenty men, Sir Robert Dudley found himself sufficiently strong to bid defiance to any enemy, and sufficiently at leisure to seek such pleasures as so lonely and barren a rock as the island of Sark could offer to his grasp. At first the knight murmured much at what he called his banishment. His reputation as a chivalrous warrior, and his alliance to several noble houses, seemed to justify the hope which he had entertained of being appointed to a much more distinguished and profitable command. In time, however, letters of complaint were much less frequently received from him by his friends in London, and the rest of the garrison in the island imagined that the symptoms of disappointment and dissatisfaction were far more faintly visible on his features. Its barren soil, its rugged rocks, and the boisterous waves which roared around it, had not been able to banish love from the Isle of Sark.

Annette Dalbret, a young and beautiful orphan, was the heiress of the only family of any thing like wealth or importance in the island. Slender as was the revenue which she derived from the few productive acres which the isle produced, still it raised her so far above the condition of her neighbours that she was familiarly known by the appellation of the Queen of Sark. She was descended of an ancient and illustrious family, which had held large possessions in Normandy; but, as her ancestors had always adhered to the fortunes of the sovereigns of England, the conquest of that province by the French (who had recently taken from Queen Mary the last remnant of her Continental dominions, Calais) deprived them of all their ancient patrimony except what they held in the Isle of Sark. Annette had been educated in England; and, although her straitened fortunes obliged her to hide her head on a rock in the British Channel, yet her high spirit, her well-stored mind, and her beautiful person would have graced the proudest and most polished court in Europe.

She was about the middle height, slightly but gracefully formed, with large, bright grey eyes, a complexion of the most dazzling fairness, and long, shining auburn locks, which streamed in rich profusion down her shoulders. Her charms were such, that there was not a heart in the island which

had not, in a greater or less degree, felt their influence; but there was only one who was presumptuous enough to aspire to the possession of the hand of the Queen of Sark. This was her own cousin, Clement Amiot, the son of a deceased sister of her father's. This young man had been born after the death of his father, and his mother terminated her existence a few hours after his birth. His destitute condition had induced the *Sieur Dalbret* to send for him from Rouen, the place of his nativity, and to bring him under his own protection at Sark. As the youth advanced in years, he exhibited great courage, address, and intrepidity, mingled, however, with a brutal and sanguinary disposition, a violent temper, and a contempt of all restraint and control. The charms of his beautiful cousin were alone able to soften his obduracy, and for her he soon entertained a violent passion, which was not looked upon with the slightest degree of favour either by the object of it or her father. The mild and gentle spirit of *Annette* shuddered at the violence and impetuosity of *Clement*, and *Dalbret*, who saw how ill-assorted a union between two such persons would be, was anxious that *Amiot* should be removed from Sark. An attempt which the young man made to carry off *Annette* from the island soon afforded *Dalbret* a favourable pretext for sending him back to his father's relatives at Rouen. There he distinguished himself only by his violent conduct and wild debaucheries; but in a short time he obtained a commission in the service of the King of France, where his fiery and impetuous spirit found itself in its proper element. He soon obtained advancement and honour by acts of daring and romantic valour, and, for a time at least, appeared to forget the Isle of Sark and the bewitching being who had been the occasion of his banishment from its shores. But, in the meantime, being a stranger to the passion of love, congratulated herself on her escape from a troublesome and importunate suitor, whose solicitations she could not flatter with any prospect of success, and found herself sufficiently happy in the affection of her father, who doated upon his beautiful child. His death, however, which happened at the siege of Calais, deeply saddened her, naturally joyous and cheerful temperaments, and the tears which streamed down the fair cheeks of *Annette*

Dalbret were regarded with a more than ordinary sympathy, because, like the weeds which *Yorick* plucked from the grave of the courteous monk, they seemed "to have no business there."

Spirits, the lightest and gayest, have been known to feel the influence of misfortune more deeply than those of habitual gloom and melancholy, as the shadow of the thunder cloud is more intensely visible on the waters of the calm, bright summer sea than on the turbulent and storm-tossed wave. So fared it with *Annette*. The death of her father was the first and a most fearful interruption to the simple quiet current of her thoughts. She had often before taken her leave of him on his departure for battle, but she had as often welcomed him back crowned with honour and glory. The probability of his death was a thought that had never intruded itself on her mind. The last time, however, that he left the island, an ominous sadness weighed down her spirits.

"Father! dear Father!" she said, as she wrung his hand at parting, but her sobs rendered the rest of the sentence inaudible.

"Weep not, my fair child!" said the *Sieur Dalbret*, "but hope that I shall soon return to clasp you in my victorious arms."

"Have not those arms, my father," she said, "been already enough victorious? Remain with me, and my unwearied love shall find them employment enough in returning the affection of your daughter's heart."

"Sweetest, it must not be," said her father, smiling and kissing away her tears. "This once, once only, must I again face the enemy, who threatens to deprive the Queen of the last poor remnant of her ancestors' splendid heritage in France. I will soon return, if Heaven pleases, alive and well; but if not, I shall have earned an honourable grave. My royal mistress will not bury the remembrance of my long services in my tomb. No, no; my coffin may prove more serviceable to my daughter than my life."

"Talk not of thy coffin, brave old soldier," said *Sir Robert Dudley*; "and for thy daughter, trust her to my protection. Would that we could find," he added in a lower tone, "a bridegroom worthy of her!"

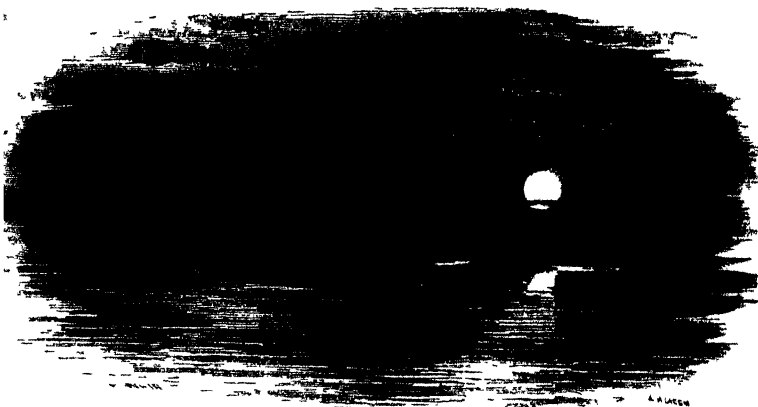
The old man pressed the governor's hand and smiled, while the lady hung

down her head and blushed. Dudley then gently led her from the place of her father's embarkation, and Dalbret was speedily on board the vessel which was to convey him to Calais.

At the period at which this narrative commences, neither the grey-headed warrior nor his coffin had arrived at Sark; but the fatal intelligence had been received that he had been killed while making a sally on the besieging forces, and had been buried on the ramparts of Calais. Dudley, since his departure, had decidedly become, what he had for some time suspected him-

self to be, the passionate admirer of the Queen of Sark, and had flattered himself that he was gaining some ground in her affection, when the arrival of the news of her father's death rendered the further prosecution of his suit indecorous, and compelled him to exchange the language of love and compliment for that of sympathy and consolation. Love, however, is a dexterous manœuvrer, and can carry on his assaults as well in the sable habiliments of sorrow as when crowned with the laurel garland of honour.

The knight, as he checked her sighs and



wiped away her tears, awakened emotions in her heart, compared with which the paroxysms of grief seemed to be tranquillity and peace, and, while he plucked away from it the arrows of sorrow, he planted those of a still more potent deity there. Although a decorous period elapsed after her father's death before Annette admitted that she understood the meaning of her lover's attentions, yet their result may be narrated in a single sentence. The knight was indefatigable and importunate, but delicate and respectful in his solicitations. The lady sighed, and blushed, and wept, and smiled, and at length consented; and finally a day was fixed for the celebration of the nuptials of the enamoured pair in the chapel attached to the fortress of Sark.

All was joy and gladness in the hearts of the few inhabitants of the island when the glad news was published that Sir Robert Dudley was about to wed the beautiful Queen of Sark. The gloom which had hung on the spirits of all since the death of the Sienr Dalbret was immediately dissipated; the merry peal of bells and the joyful report of the cannon of the fortress proclaimed a day of jubilee, and young, old, and poor (for there were no rich in the island) hastened to the chapel to be witnesses of the celebration of this auspicious union.

The chapel was a neat Gothic edifice, of great antiquity, small, but fully adequate to the supply of the spiritual wants of the island. At the altar stood the pastor of this insular flock, a venerable man, on

whose forehead time had planted innumerable wrinkles, and whose white beard swept the volume from which he pronounced the marriage rites. The bride stood on his right hand, closely veiled, the bridegroom on his left, wearing his military dress, but without his sword. The rest of the garrison (with the exception of one sentinel, who remained to guard the ascent from the sea of which we have already spoken) also were present, and had laid aside their weapons before joining in the celebration of so holy and peaceful a ceremony. They, as well as a few male and female domestics attached to the fortress, stood near the altar, while the area of the sacred edifice was occupied by the rustic inhabitants of the island, who had crowded in to witness an event which excited universal interest. At length the priest joined the hands of the youthful pair together, and was about to pronounce the words which pledged them to the irrevocable compact, when a loud tumult was heard at the chapel door, shouting and the clash of weapons, and a party of soldiers, wearing French uniforms, and carrying drawn swords in their hands, rushed into the chapel.

"Forbear!" said their leader, advancing to the altar and pointing his sword at the priest's breast; "in the name of King Henry, I command you to forbear!"

Dudley and the rest of the garrison instinctively put themselves in attitudes of defence; but they were totally unarmed, and could only oppose their naked breasts to the swords of the Frenchmen. An appalling silence for a minute pervaded the assembly, which was broken by Annette, who, clinging to her lover, and, with a look of horror, hiding her face in his bosom, exclaimed, "'Tis Clement Amiot, save me, save me!"

"Who, and what are you, sir?" asked Dudley, advancing towards the leader of the intruders; "and by what authority do you justify this intrusion?"

"Fair sir," said the other, bowing courteously, "methinks that Sir Robert Dudley should not have yet to learn that in time of war, strength and numbers form an authority sufficient for taking possession of an unguarded fortress of the enemy. My name is Clement Amiot, a captain in the service of the Most Christian King, and by

virtue of the good swords in the hands of myself and comrades, and of sundry pieces of gold drawn across the itching palm of your solitary sentinel, we have, while you have been dreaming of love and beauty, made ourselves masters of the Isle of Sark, and of the persons of its garrison."

"The perjured traitor! the base-minded mercenary scoundrel!" exclaimed Dudley in an agony of surprise and indignation.

"Nay, nay, gentle governor," said Amiot, "wrong not the honest man with your injurious language, who has now become a soldier of King Henry. He stipulated for the lives and freedom of all the garrison before he consented to deliver up the fortress, and there is now a vessel in the harbour in which you are all at liberty to embark for Guernsey."

"Sir," said Dudley, "the terms which you offer us are frank and honourable, and, were they otherwise, we have no choice left us but to accept them. We must to Guernsey, gentlemen," he added, addressing his comrades; "and in case of the risk of missing, as well as of losing our weapons, the unfortunate circumstances under which this capture has been made. In the meantime, Captain Amiot, suffer the ceremony, which your promise has interrupted, to be solemnized ere this fair lady and I take our departure from the Isle of Sark."

"Pardon me, fair sir," said Amiot, "I said nought touching the departure of the lady; my promise only extending to the persons of the garrison. The lady is a native of this island, and therefore owes allegiance to King Henry. She is, moreover, my affianced bride; and fortune has now put it in my power to compel the performance of those solemn and numerous promises which she has made me."

"Thy words are as false as thy conduct is base and wicked," said Annette; "no promise to thee ever passed my lips, except that, as long as the blood flowed in my veins, I would despise and hate thee."

"Gentle madam," said Amiot, "your memory is somewhat treacherous. Mine, thank Heaven, is more faithful to me. That fair hand must instantly be linked with mine, unless you would be provided with a lodging in one of the dungeons of the fortress."

"Villain!" exclaimed Dudley, snatch-

ing a sword from the hand of one of the French soldiers who stood near him, and rushing towards Amiot. His blow, however, was coolly parried by the latter, and he was instantly surrounded by above a dozen Frenchmen, who beat the weapon from his hand, and, being assaulted on all sides, he sank to the ground faint with the loss of blood.

"He is disabled from doing further mischief for the present," said Amiot; "see to his wounds and bind them up, that he may be able to undertake the journey to Guernsey instantly. Ye, I presume, gentlemen," he added, turning to the officers of the garrison, "are content to accept the terms which I offer, and to retire from the island without loss of time?"

"We are content, Captain Amiot," said one who was second in command to Sir Robert Dudley; "our commander is exhausted from the loss of blood, but his hurts do not seem to be of a critical or dangerous nature."

"For the love of Heaven, Clement," said Annette, rushing towards him, "let me depart with them."

"For the love of thee, fair cousin," said Amiot, "I answer no."

"Then thus," she said, taking up the sword which had been stricken out of the hand of Dudley, and pointed it at her bosom.

"Thus," interrupted Amiot, snatching the weapon from her hand, "thus do you make an exhibition of folly and madness which would justify my resorting to the severest measures to bring you back to reason, but that as your kinsman and your lover" (here his features assumed an expression of tenderness from which she turned away with abhorrence and disgust) "I must take but too much delight in pardoning whatever fault you may commit. Farewell, gentlemen, farewell! commend me to the gallant knight who now rules in Guernsey, and tell him that Clement Amiot hopes shortly to pay him a visit."

The Englishmen bowed slightly to their victor, and, supporting the insensible form of Dudley in their arms, departed from the chapel. "See them fairly out of the harbour, good Eastacoe," said Amiot; "and, should they evince any disposition to linger near the island, point the guns of the fort on them—and now, madam," he added,

turning to Annette, who, pale and trembling, leaned her head against a pillar, while the tears streamed down her cheeks, and fell upon her heaving bosom, "now is Clement Amiot once more at your feet to prefer his suit. No longer your father's humble protégé, but a soldier (and not one of the least renowned) of King Henry of France, he is still your passionate admirer, and offers his hand and heart for your acceptance."

"And that hand," said the lady, "red with the blood of the gallant Dudley, and that heart which has prompted you to offer violence to the daughter of your deceased patron and protector, do I reject with scorn and indignation."

Amiot's lip moved convulsively, and his dark eye shot fire as he listened to Annette's answer to his addresses.

"Girl," said he, in a hollow, suppressed tone of voice, and approaching his lips so close to her ear that his words were inaudible to all present but herself, "trifle not with me! I love thee with a passionate—a desperate—aye, it may be, with a deadly fervour. Thou art in my power. For thee have I resigned an honourable and lucrative command in order to head the attack on this barren rock, hearing that this day thou wert to wed yon wittol Englishman. Torture, imprisonment, death—all these it is in my power to inflict on thee—and by Heaven I—"

"Away, ingrate and blasphemer!" said Annette, "call not Heaven to bear witness to thy atrocious intentions. Torture, imprisonment, death—all, all will Annette Dalbret suffer ere Clement Amiot—"

"Bethink thee, Annette," said Amiot in a low and calm, but firm and decided, tone.

"I have bethought me," she exclaimed. "Traitor and parricide, who, while yet the ashes of my father and thy benefactor are scarce cold, offerest insult and violence to his daughter, how can I think of thee but with hatred and scorn?"

The shadow of his demon spirit mounted to Amiot's face as he unsheathed his sword and rushed upon Annette. One of his own comrades, however, sprang between them, and turned aside his weapon.

"Gallant captain," he said, "are there not stout English hearts enough here which to exercise thy sword? or, tell me, art thou mad?"

"It may be, it may be!" said Amiot, as he smote his forehead with his hand, and quietly suffered the interference of his comrade. "Eustace, I have loved her with a constancy and truth which she has requited only with contumely and scorn. She was the morning star of my life—the being on whom my youth was spent in fond and passionate gazing. I could not touch the lute or the harp to please her ear; I could not weave a garland of wild flowers for her brow; I could not tread a light lavolta to charm her eye; but I could hunt the wild wolf to his lair, and lay his yet warm and panting heart at her feet; I could and did rush into the wave and snatch her fragile form from what seemed an inevitable death. I would have devoted all that I possessed—health, and youth, and life itself—to win a smile from her, and she spurned me, she hated me, she despised me!"

Beating his forehead with his clenched hand, and pacing hurriedly backwards and forwards, while the big drops poured down his temples, he uttered these incoherent words. The horror and dismay which his attempted violence had, at first, excited in the bosoms of all present, now gave way to a general feeling of sympathy, in which even Annette appeared to participate.

"Clement," she said, "I ever knew you to be bold and daring as the lion, and, I had hoped, as generous and noble-hearted too. He, it is said, will not prey upon a defenceless maiden, but will exert his resistless strength in her defence."

"Sweet Annette!" said Amiot in a beseeching tone, and apparently somewhat soothed by the mildness and gentleness with which she spoke; "say but the word, bid you reverend man unite us in those holy bonds——"

"Never, never!" interrupted Annette. "My heart is Robert Dudley's, and with him only shall this hand be united in those holy bonds."

"Your bolts, your bolts, good heavens!" exclaimed Amiot, tearing his hair, and pacing about the little chapel with frantic gestures; "why fall they not on my head, or here, or both? Away with her, away with her! I dare not trust my heart or my hand in her presence. The love which lives in the one prompts the violence of the other. Annette, if you will not be my bride, you must for the

present be my prisoner. Time and solitude, and consideration, may sway you from your cruel determination; your captivity shall be a gentle one, and happier, far happier, than the freedom of him who dooms you to it."

"But less, far less happy," said Annette, "than that in which my father sleeps. Thanks, thanks, ye pitying heavens!" she added, falling on her knees, "that he has not lived to see this day."

"Name not thy father, girl," said Amiot sternly.

"Does his name appal thee?" exclaimed Annette. "Well it may! Ha! now I do remember that when he last parted from me, he said that his coffin might prove more serviceable to his daughter than his life. Surely he meant that his memory, when dead, would be more revered by thee than his presence while living. Then, by my dead father's ashes, Clement Amiot, I do conjure thee, spare his daughter. Suffer me to depart and join my affianced husband, and, in requital of thy kindness, possess thyself, if thou wilt, of whatsoever in this island poor Annette Dalbret can call her own."

"Thyself, thyself, Annette, is all that I would possess," said Amiot. "Take her away from me—let not my eyes at present any longer encounter hers. See that she be committed into safe but kind and gentle keeping."

Shut up in a lonely chamber, in the fortress of Sark, Annette spent a week in utter solitude, which was unbroken, except by the occasional presence of a French soldier, who placed her meals before her. Amiot hoped thus to tame down her obstinate spirit, and that the prospect of a restoration to liberty and society would induce her to favour his addresses. Her spirit, however, only grew stronger and prouder from the efforts that were made to subdue it, and the replies which she sent to several notes addressed to her by her persecutor, breathed only the most unconquerable firmness and determination. "The memory of my father—my plighted troth to my affianced bridegroom—my scorn for the base and malignant spirit, which was upon a fatherless and unprotected female—and my determination to endure captivity and death, rather than cease to cherish that memory—than break

that truth—than mitigate that scorn, reader the further addresses of Clement Amiot needless."

"Such were the brief but emphatic terms of the last answer which she condescended to return to Amiot's letters. The Frenchman's resentment was exasperated to a degree that bordered upon madness. He swore by all the saints in the calendar to have her hand, or her heart's blood, and sent a peremptory message to her, bidding her meet him in the chapel of the fortress, on the ensuing day, at the hour of noon, when the priest would be ready to unite her to him in the holy bonds of matrimony.

The chapel of the fortress of Sark, therefore, on the following day, presented a scene very similar to that which we have already described. The same bride, the same priest, and, for the most part, the same spectators were there, but the men who composed the garrison, and who were also present, wore the uniform of the French instead of the English monarch, and in the countenance of the bridegroom, instead of the frank, open, and joyous features of Sir Robert Dudley, were traced the fierce, gloomy glance, the lowering brow, the quivering lip, and the pallid complexion which denoted the mingled anxiety, malignity, fear, and conscious guilt, by which the bosom of Clement Amiot was agitated.

Annette stood at the right hand of the priest, as on the former occasion, but, instead of having her features closely shrouded as they were then, she had thrown back her veil, and exhibited to the gaze of the assembled multitude a face, pale indeed and sorrowful, but still surpassingly beautiful, and her features wore an expression of insulted dignity and unshaken resolution. Amiot held out his hand towards her, in the hope that she would take it into her own; but she stood silent and immoveable as a statue, and then did his unclasped hand seek his sword, which he half drew from his scabbard, while he gnashed his teeth, stamped violently on the ground, and darted on Annette a glance of fire.

"Thou strange, reverend father," said Amiot, addressing the trembling priest, "thou a priest, on whom I wish to bestow the highest mark of favour and esteem that is in my power to confer, should thou

contumaciously resist my kind intentions in her favour. The heart of Clement Amiot, however, can nurse resentment as well as affection, and within one half hour, unless Annette Dalbret consents to become his bride, she shall taste the bitterness of the vengeance which she has provoked. Here," he added, fixing the point of his sword on the ground, and resting on its hilt, "will I for that period await her determination."

A solemn silence succeeded this address. The spectators gazed anxiously, sometimes on the features of Amiot and sometimes on those of Annette, but in neither could they discover any relaxation of the unyielding determination which was expressed in both. Annette's bosom heaved, it is true, more and more as the minutes wore away, but she betrayed not the slightest indication of an intention to yield to the wishes of her persecutor. Before, however, the time limited by Amiot had half expired, a soldier approached him, and informed him that there was a Flemish vessel in the harbour, some of the passengers in which craved permission to land on the island.

"Who and what are they, fellow, and wherefore would they land?" asked Amiot angrily.

"They are English soldiers, sir," answered the soldier, "who bring the dead body of the Sieur Dalbret from Calais, whose last wish was, that his bones might be interred by those of his wife in the chapel of the fortress of Sark."

"Away with thee, fellow!" said Amiot, "it cannot be. No English soldier must land here while I am governor of the island."

"My father's coffin!" exclaimed Annette. "And wouldst thou, ingrate, spurn his bones from his native shore, in which they only crave a place of sepulture?"

"They have agreed," said the soldier, "that, before they are permitted to land with the coffin, they will submit to the strictest search for the purpose of ascertaining that no weapons are concealed upon their persons. They have promised a present of one hundred marks in money, and of goods now in their ship to the value of two hundred marks more, if their friend may be buried in the spot in which, with his dying breath, he requested that he might be laid, and if twenty of his soldiers

comrades may follow his remains to the grave."

"Grant them their request, Amiot," said Annette, "so may'st thou in some slight degree expiate thy offences to God and me."

Amiot's heart, although principally occupied by ambition and love (if the furious passion which he entertained for Annette deserved that name), had still room in it for avarice. The stern rigidity of his features relaxed when mention was made of the three hundred marks.

"One hundred marks in money, sayest thou, Eustace?"

"Even so, sir," answered the soldier, producing a bag, "which I am authorized to place in your hands, and, farther, to conduct so many persons as you shall appoint to the vessel for the purpose of taking possession of the goods."

"My garrison consists but of twenty men, Eustace, of whom four must proceed to the vessel to secure the treasure: and twenty Englishmen are to land. Nevertheless, methinks that sixteen well-armed Frenchmen will be a match for twenty men who will have nothing but their clenched hands to oppose to our sabres and pistols. Let them land, Eustace, and do thou with three comrades proceed to the vessel. Be sure, however, that the rogues have not so much as a knife about them, and that the goods are of the full value which they assign to them. We will hold the mourners as hostages until your safe return."

Eustace, with three other soldiers, having left the chapel, Amiot flashed another of those glances, which sometimes lighted up his stern, repulsive features to an almost demoniacal expression, upon Annette. "Prepare," he said, "to share your father's coffin, unless, after the solemnization of these funeral rites, you join your hand with mine."

"I am prepared," she said, lifting up her eyes to heaven. "Holy Virgin, pray for me! My father predicted that by his coffin I should be released from my sorrows. He meant that they and I should alike be assigned to it to repose."

As she thus spoke, the mourners entered the sacred edifice. Four of them bore the coffin of the old man upon their shoulders, and the others followed it. They wore long black cloaks, which instantly attracted the jealous gaze of Clement Amiot.

"Search them once more!" he exclaimed. "My knaves, perchance, have been negligent in the execution of their duty. Those cloaks may hide something more than the forms of these lachrymose mourners beneath them."

A very strict search was then immediately made upon the persons of the Englishmen, but not even a knife could be found upon them.

"All is safe," said Amiot; "they may proceed; but stand, soldiers of King Henry, to your arms."

The Englishmen then descended with their mournful burthen to the vault which held the ashes of a long line of ancestors of the Dalbret family. Annette would have joined them, but Amiot, in a stern, harsh tone, commanded her to remain by his side. She sank, however, on her knees, joined her hands in the attitude of prayer, and mentally supplicated Heaven for the repose of her father's soul.

"Have they despatched their work so quickly?" said Amiot, as, after an unusually short interval, he heard the mourners reascending the steps which led them into the body of the chapel. "Well, well, soldiers make brief work of these mummeries. Ha! by St. Dennis," he added, "betrayed, betrayed!"

These last words were uttered, as, having divested themselves of their cloaks, with pistols stuck in their belts, and drawn swords in their hands, the twenty Englishmen showed themselves at the entrance of the vault, and rushed upon Amiot.

The Frenchman stood upon his guard manfully, cut a passage through his assailants, and made his way to the other end of the chapel, where his own comrades had stood panic-stricken for a moment, but immediately afterwards joined him in endeavouring to beat back their enemies. Although the Englishmen mustered only four more than their opponents, yet that was a fearful disproportion where the numbers on both sides were so small, added to the sudden and unexpected nature of their attack, which gave them an overwhelming advantage. Two Frenchmen were struck to the ground almost at the moment that the attack commenced. Amiot, however, contrived to rally his little party, and stood boldly on the defensive, until a thrust from the sword of the English leader pierced

him to the heart, and he fell lifeless to the ground.

"Quarter! quarter!" cried the surviving Frenchmen, throwing down their arms.

"Soldiers of England, the citadel is yours!"

"And a richer prize," said the English leader, walking up to Annette, who had already recognised in her preserver the features of Sir Robert Dudley; "a richer prize than the citadel is mine—the hand and heart of Annette Dalbret."

Annette, overwhelmed with surprise and joy, leaned her face upon her lover's bosom, while tears, but not of bitterness, coursed each other down her cheek, and her beating heart throbbed audibly.

"Thy father's coffin has saved thee, Annette," said Dudley—"it contained not the lifeless relics of the brave old soldier, but these good swords which have rescued thee from the power of the tyrant. Wilt thou be mine, sweet Annette?"

"Thine—thine for ever!" she exclaimed, grasping his hand.

The lovers approached the altar, the priest pronounced the marriage rites, and the nuptials at Sark, after having been subjected to so fearful an interruption as that which has been narrated in these pages, were at length happily solemnized.

PRIZE QUOTATIONS.

REMORSE.

[THE great object of us all ought to be to take such lessons from the examples of others, as will tend to insure the largest amount of what every one should consider to be the true end of his or her being—happiness! No person, therefore, who watches the operations of the passions will allow them to act beyond that prudent control which restrains from the perpetration of CRIME, the Destroyer of all happiness. He or she will endeavour to regulate them; and the best way to do this is to call into action those other passions which are quite opposite in their kind, in order to counterbalance the effect of those that have been permitted "to run riot" in the activity of evil. There are some, however, and have been many, who allow themselves to proceed too far in the paths of vice to be able to restrain themselves until it is too late, when they are overtaken by remorse, which, while it lasts, is one of the most violent and painful of all the passions. It may be described as a sudden and poignant awakening of the conscience to the keenest

perception of the evil committed. Shakespeare makes Richard III. say—

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

A passion which operates so powerfully as this was not likely to escape the poets, consequently they have illustrated it in almost every shape, from its first "small beginnings" down to its most appalling depths of sublimity. We have, therefore, chosen "Remorse" for our next subject. Whilst viewing the operations of the passions, however, as we see them painted with all the descriptive colouring of the imaginative faculty, we must guard ourselves against the rash and illiberal opinion that mankind are worse than they really are. We have all our failings, all some virtues, and are all, more or less, swayed by our passions. Some have them weaker than others in one sense, and some stronger in another; yet we think it will be found, in the aggregate, that by far the greater proportion of our lives is passed either in the performance of good offices to others or in the doing, for our own gratification, little acts which may spring from the feeling of self-love natural to us all, but which, in reality, are so trifling and inoffensive as to be unworthy of the serious consideration of a rational creature. As a recipe for general happiness, then, we beg to offer the following brief but excellent advice of the Emperor Marcus Antoninus:—"When you would make yourself cheerful and easy," says he, "consider the virtues of your several acquaintances; the industry and diligence of one, the modesty of another, the generosity or liberality of a third, and in other persons some other virtue; for there is nothing so delightful as the resemblances of the virtues, appearing in the conduct of your contemporaries as frequently as possible."]

POESY OF THE PASSIONS.

AMBITION.

Methinks we should have an ambition, if not to advance ourselves in another world, at least to preserve our post in it, and outshine our inferiors in virtue here, that they may not be put above us in a state which is to settle the distinction for eternity.—*Spectator*, No. 219.

If we look abroad upon the great multitude of mankind, and endeavour to trace out the principles of action in every individual, it will, I think, seem highly probable that ambition runs through the whole species, and that every man, in proportion to the vigour of his complexion, is more or less actuated by it.—*Ibid.*, No. 221.

As when two rams, strid with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich-fleeced flock;
Their horned fronts, so fierce on either side,
Doe meet, that with the terror of the stroke,

Astonied, both stand senseless as a block,
Forgetful of the hanging stock.

SHAKESPEARE, born 1564, died 1599 —
[*Henry VIII.*, Book 1., Canto 2]

But one worse fault, ambition, I confess,
That makes me oft my best friends overpass

SIR FRANCIS BACON, born 1564, died 1586 —
[*Sonnets*]

Tell me of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate,
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie

JOSEPH SILVERMAN, born 1563, died 1618 —
[*The Soul's Errand*]

Then would'st be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it What thou would'st
highly

That would'st thou holily; would'st not play
false,
And yet would'st wrongly win

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, born 1564, died 1616 —
[*Macbeth*, Act 1, Scene 5]

Thrillless ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own life's means

Ibid, Act 2, Scene 4

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition,
By that sin fell the angels How can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?

Henry VIII., Act 3, Scene 2

But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young Ambition's ladder,
Where the climber upward turns his face,
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend So Caesar may

Julius Caesar, Act 2, Scene 1

The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious,
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously has Caesar answered it

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath
wept,
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man

Ibid, Act 3, Scene 2

The lower still I fall; only supreme
In misery Such joy Ambition finds

JOHN MILTON, born 1608, died 1674 —
[*Paradise Lost*, Book IV., line 91]

Oh, Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell; how glorious, once, above thy sphere,
Thou pride, and rage, Ambition threw me down,
Warring in heaven 'gainst heaven's matchless
King

He, with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him, or under him to tyrannize.

Ibid, Book XII

Do but in thy own shade
(Thy head upon some flowery pillow laid,

Kind Nature's housewifery) contemplate all
His stratagems, who labours to entral
The world to his great Master, and you'll find
Ambition mocks itself, and grasps the wind

WILLIAM HAZLITT, born 1656 died 1654 —
[*Epistle to a Friend*]

I never loved ambitiously to climb,
Or thrust my hand too far into the fire
To be in heaven is sure a blessed thing,
But, Atlas-like, to prop heaven on one's back,
Cannot but be more labour than delight.
Such is the state of men, in honour placed,
They are gold vessels made for servile uses,
High trees, that keep the tempest from low
houses,

But cannot shield the tempest from themselves
THOMAS NASH, born 1584, died 1600 —
[*Summer's Last Will and Testament*]

Thy boys, Ambition Pride and Scorn,
Force Rapine, and thy babe last-born,
Smooth Treachery, call hither

BEN JONSON, born 1574, died 1637 —
[*The Golden Age Restored A Masque*]

Pride and ambition here
Only in far fetch'd metaphors appear
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmur
scatter,
And nought but echo flatter

ABRAHAM COWLEY, born 1618, died 1667 —
[*The Wish*]

When bound in double chains, poor Belgia lay
To foreign arms and inward strife a prey,
Whilst one good man buoy'd up the sinking state
And Virtue labour'd against Fate,
When Fortune basely with Ambition join'd,
And all was conquer'd but the patriot's mind

MATTHEW PRIOR, born 1664, died 1721 —
[*Ode in imitation of Horace*]

Fired with the thoughts which these ideas raise,
And great ambition of my country's praise,
The English muse should like the Mantuan rise,
Scornful of earth and clouds, should reach the
skies

Epistle to Boileau on the Victory of Blenheim

If parts allured thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind;
Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell's damned to everlasting fame!
If all united thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all

ALEXANDER POPE, born 1688, died 1744 —
[*Essay on Man*, Book 4, line 281]

Ambition sigh'd, she found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust—
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore
to shore,
Their ruins perish'd and their place no more.

Epistle to Addison

So drives self-love, through just and thought
unjust,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, inere, last.

Ibid

To try the deeps
Of dark futurity, with Heaven our guide;
The quivering hand that led us here through time
That planted in the soul this powerful hope,

This infinite ambition of new life,
And endless joys, still rising, ever new.

JAMES THOMSON, born 1768, died 1748.—
[*Poem to the Memory of Mr. Congress.*]

No, Freedom, no; I will not tell
How Rome, before thy face,
With heaviest sound, a giant statue fell,
Push'd by a wild and artless race
From off its wide, ambitious base,
When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke.

WILLIAM COLLINS, born 1720, died 1758.—
[*Ode to Liberty.*]

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

THOMAS GRAY, born 1716, died 1771.—
[*Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.*]

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from lugh,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning infamy.

Ode on a distant prospect of Eton.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour
When first Ambition struck at regal power,
And, thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.

OLIVIER GOLDSMITH, born 1728, died 1774 —
[*The Traveller.*]

But, Leicester (or I much am wrong),
It is not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather, Ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, born 1784, died 1788.—
[*Cumtior Hall.*]

And through the rolls of memory appeals
To ancient honour, or, in act serene
Yet watchful, raises the majestic sword
Of public power, from dark Ambition's reach,
To guard the sacred volume of the laws.

MARK AKENSIDE, born 1721, died 1770.—
[*Pleasures of Imagination.*]

Then grieve not thou, to whom the indulgent
Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire,
Nor blame the impartial Fates, if they refuse
The imperial banquet and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debate the heart which God refined?
No; let thy Heaven-taught soul to Heaven
aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony resigned;
Ambition's grovelling crew for ever left behind.

JAMES BEATTIE, born 1785, died 1808.—
[*The Minstrel.*]

Like them, abandoned to Ambition's sway,
I sought for glory in the paths of guile;
And fawned and smiled to plunder and betray,
Myself betrayed and plundered all the while.

Ibid.

Ambition's slippery verge shall mortals tread,
Where sin's guile unthoughted yawns beneath!

Ibid.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round;
To thoughtless youth its pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glittering arms;
And, when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

JOHN SCOTT, born 1780, died 1788.—
[*On the Drum.*]

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
No more for Aminta fresh garlands I wove,
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT, died 1777.—
[*Ballad of Aminta.*]

King though he be,
And King in England too; he may be weak,
And vain enough to be ambitious still.

WILLIAM COWPER, born 1731, died 1809.
[*Liberty.*]

Praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother-tongue,
And Wolfe's great name, compatriot with his own.
Ibid.

This folio of four pages, happy work!

What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts Ambition.

The Task.

Thus speaks the page that paints Ambition's race,
The monarch's pride, his glory, his disgrace;
The headlong course that maddening heroes run,
How soon triumphant, and how soon undone.

GEORGE CRABBE, born 1754, died 1832.—
[*The Library.*]

I marked Ambition in his war array,
I heard the mailed monarch's troublous cry.
Ah! wherefore does the northern conqueror
stay?
Groans not her chariot on its onward way?
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, born 1772, died 1834.
[*Ode to Departing Year.*]

'Tis not impatient joy which thus disturbs
In that young breast the healthful spring of life
Joy and ambition have forsaken him,
His soul is sick with hope.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, born 1774, died 1843.—
[*Roderick, the Last of the Goths, Canto 2.*]

Till from Ambition's feverish dreams, the touch
Of Death awoke him.

Ibid, Canto 10.

I blame myself, and ne'er shall cease to blame,
That my insane ambition for the name
Of brother to Theodoric, founded all
Those high-built hopes that crushed her by their
fall.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, born 1777, died 1847.—
[*The Beggar.*]

Would'st thou bear again love's trouble,
Friendship's death-discovered ties,
Toll to grasp or miss the bubble,
Of Ambition's prize.

These only gifts have been the grave
To those that would outstep thee;
Nor, till thy fall, would mortals guess
Ambition's secret hiddenness.

GEORGE GORDON (LOUIS BRONX), born 1786, died
[1834.—*Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte.*

Shall we build to ambition? Ah! no,
Alas! he shrinketh away,
Forsoe, they would pin him below
In a small narrow cave, and, begirt with cold
day,
To the meanest of reptiles a prey.

HERBERT KNOWLES, born 1786, died 1817.—
[*Lines written in the Churchyard, Richmond, [Yorkshire.*

Great poet, 'twas thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er Love, Hate, Ambition, Destiny,
Or the firm, fatal purpose of a heart
Can make a man.

HARTLY COLERIDGE, born 1796, died 1849 —
[*Sonnet on Shakespeare.*

Selfish Ambition! Thou,
Vulgar alike in all, whate'er their ends,
Art but a yielding to our baser nature.

EBENEZER ELLIOT, born 1781, died 1851 —
[*Great folks at Home.*

Sleep on, sleep on. Oh, manhood's dreams
Are all of earthly pain or pleasure,
Of Glory's toils, Ambition's schemes,
Of cherished love, or hoarded treasure.

JOHN MACKWORTH PRARD —
[*Childhood and his Visions.*

Oh! fret away the fabric walls of Fame,
And grind down marble Caesars with the dust;
Make tombs inscriptionless—razed each high name,
And waste old armour of renown and rust;
Do all of this, and thy revenge is just.
Make such decays the trophies of thy prime,
And check Ambition's overweening lust,
That daves exterminating war with time;
But we are guiltless of that lofty crime

THOMAS HOOD, born 1798, died 1848 —
[*Plea of the Midsummer Fairies.*

Faunce had its eagle, but his wings, though lofty
they might soar,
Were spread in false Ambition's flight, and dipped
in Murder's gore;
Rome had its Caesar, great and brave, but stain
was on his wreath,
He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the
tyrant's death.

ELIZA COOK.

Things Worth Knowing.

EXCELLENT EYE-WASH.—Three or five grains of
alum dissolved in half a pint of water, and applied
to the eyes whenever they are weak or inflamed.

HAIR WASH.—One drachm of tincture of lytta,
half an ounce of spirits of wine, half an ounce of
spirits of rosemary. Put these into a bottle, and
add half a pint of cold water.

TO REMOVE SWELLINGS FROM SURFACES.—Pour
boiling water over fresh eggs, and bathe the parts
with the tea.

CEMENT FOR CHINA.—Dissolve isinglass in gin.
Make it stiff and thick. This may be used for
china or glass. For large things, a piece of calico
struck at the back will be strong and secure, even
when washed.

A GOOD FURNITURE POLISH.—To one pint of
linseed oil, by a gentle heat, melt together two
ounces of yellow resin, eighteen ounces of bees-
wax, and two ounces of borax-root.

CEMENT FOR FASTENING KNIFE HANDLES.—
Black resin, four pounds, beeswax, one pound.
Melt, and then add one pound of finely-powdered
and dried brickdust.

TO CLEAN CARPETS.—Having well beaten and
brushed, scour with ox-gall and soap, and warm
water.

TO STOP HAIR FROM FALLING OFF AND INCREASE
ITS GROWTH.—Comb the hair with a fine tooth
comb, then rub the roots well (before going to
bed) with a small sponge dipped in equal quan-
tities of rum and rosewater. Next morning, take
pure, cold-drawn castor oil on the tip of the
finger, and rub the roots well, then brush carefully
for a few minutes. Do this once or twice a week,
whenever the hair begins to fall.

CEMENT FOR AQUARIUMS.—Take two ounces of
red lead, two ounces of litharge, a quarter of a
pound of white lead, and enough of whiting and
boiled oil to render the whole into a stiff putty.
It will require a deal of working up. To put it on
a flat stone and beat it with a large hammer is
the best plan. Before applying it to the crevices,
first paint them with a little gold size, and when
that is dry fill up with the putty.

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

SHREWSBURY CAKES.—Take a quarter of a
pound of butter, well worked, mix it with a pound
of brown sugar, one egg well beaten, and as much
flour as it will take to make it stiff. Roll it, then
cut it with a tin mould, and bake the cakes in a
slow oven.

GINGERBREAD.—One pound of flour, one pound
of treacle, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a quarter
of a pound of butter, and half an ounce of ginger.
Mix them well, drop on well-buttered tins, and
bake in a quick oven.

JUMBLES.—Take a quarter of a pound of flour,
a quarter of a pound of powdered loaf-sugar, two
ounces of butter, rubbed in the flour, two ounces
of currants, two eggs, and a small quantity of
brandy. Drop them on tins.

RICE BUNS.—Take a quarter of a pound of loaf-
sugar, and beat well with two eggs; then add a
quarter of a pound of ground rice, and flavour
with any essence preferred. Bake in drop tins.

VERY NICE TART.—Boil apple as you would for
pudding, and boil also an equal quantity of pumpkin,
and mash them well together. Add a few currants,
and sugar and nutmeg to taste. Bake with a
light crust top and bottom. The pumpkin must
be strained as dry as possible.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—One pound of oranges,
half a pound of lemons, three quarts of water.
Boil slowly for two hours. Cut all, taking out
the seeds. To each pound of fruit, take two
pounds of loaf-sugar and one pint of the water in
which the fruit was boiled. While cutting the
fruit into thin slices, pour the water upon the
sugar, and then boil all together for half an hour.

TO MAKE WINE.—To a gallon of good beer, put two pounds of loaf-sugar, one ounce of bruised ginger, one large Seville orange, and half a lemon. Just as the beer begins to work, take the quantity you want for wine, then add the sugar, &c., and let it stand about two days to work. Let it remain in the cask about nine months before it is drawn off.

ANOTHER WAY.—If sweet wort is used in the place of beer, it must be made in the same way, but, after the sugar, &c., is added, it must be boiled half an hour, and afterwards worked with some yeast. Put in a crust of bread, the same as for other wine.

ORANGE WINE.—To ten gallons of water put twenty-seven pounds of loaf-sugar and the whites of six eggs, well beaten. Mix them well together, and boil them three quarters of an hour, taking off the scum. Peel then seventy good-sized Seville oranges, and put the peels into a tub; pour the liquor hot upon them, and cover it closely. When it is almost cold, squeeze the oranges, and put one gallon of the juice, free from seeds, into the liquor. Set it working with a toast and about ten spoonfuls of good yeast. When it has stood four or five days, scum off the yeast, take out the peels, and put in two quarts of the best brandy. Barrel it up, giving it vent until it has done fermenting. When it has stood a year you may bottle it off; but it will be fit to drink out of the cask in about six months.

POTATO PUDDING.—Take half a pound of bread crumbs, half a pound of potatoes, boiled; half a pound of suet, chopped fine; two eggs, well beaten. Mix with milk, and boil four hours.

LEMON PRESERVE FOR CREAMCAKES.—Quarter of a pound of butter, one pound of loaf-sugar, powdered; six eggs, leaving out two whites; the rind of two lemons, and the juice of three. Put all into a brass pan, and let them simmer till they thicken like honey, at the same time keep straining them. Put into small jars, and keep in a cool place.

CASTLE PUDDING.—Take the weight of two eggs in the shell of butter, loaf-sugar, and flour. Set the butter before the fire till half melted, then beat it till it is like cream; beat the eggs, yolks and whites, ten minutes; mix them gently with the butter, then with the sugar, then add the flour. Bake this quantity in five or six cups. To be turned out and served with a good sauce. Two good sized eggs, or three small ones, will be sufficient.

RATAFIA PUDDING.—Put a pint of good milk into a saucepan with the yellow rind of a lemon pared thin, a little cinnamon, and about two ounces of sugar. Place this by the side of the fire to simmer very gently for about a quarter of an hour. In the meantime, put into a basin the crumb of two penny French rolls, sliced thin, some pieces of Savy cake, or four sponge cakes, a quarter of a pound of ratafia, and a quarter of a pound of almond cakes, and pour the boiling milk over, taking out the peel and spice. Cover close with a plate until nearly cold and the cakes are well soaked; then break five eggs into a basin, whisk them up well, and beat them well in with the mixture, adding a glass of brandy, a glass of sherry, and some grated nutmeg. Butter a quart mould well all over on the inside, and garnish it with stoned raisins, dried cherries, slices of orange, lemons, or citron-peel, and fill it with the mixture

in the basin. Tie a piece of buttered paper over the top, and put the mould into a saucepan of boiling water, to reach about half-way up the sides of the mould. Boil about an hour and a quarter. Serve with wine sauce.

ALMOND BISCUITS.—One pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of Valencia almonds, blanched and chopped, four eggs, and a little pounded sugar. Mix well, and put on tins in small rounds. Bake in a quick oven till brown.

FOR CURING BEEF.—To ten pounds of silver side round of beef, one large tablespoonful of pounded saltpetre, two ditto raw sugar, eight ditto common salt. First sprinkle your beef with salt for part of a day, and wipe it off; rub and turn every day for a fortnight; put in an earthen pan with cover, with as much dripping on the top as you like, to keep it moist. No water. Bake three hours in a moderate oven; leave it in the pan till cold, then take off all the fat, and save the gravy you find in the bottom.

GINGERBREAD.—One pound of treacle and half a pound of dripping or butter. Put in a basin in the oven until quite melted. Then add half an ounce of best ground ginger, and stir in as much flour as possible. When quite thick, mix one large teaspoonful of carbonate of soda with a tablespoonful of warm water, and stir it into the cake briskly. Turn it into a buttered pan, and put it into a slow oven without delay. One hour and a half should do it. Try it with a knife.

ANCHOVY POWDER.—A nice relish for breakfast. Take off the heads and tails of any quantity of anchovies; pound the fish in a mortar with some Cayenne, rub them through a sieve, and make them into a paste with dried flour; roll it into thin cakes and dry them in an oven, then pound them to a fine powder and put into a bottle. It is then fit for use. Sprinkle on toast or bread and butter.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Take four fine oranges, which soak in boiling water ten minutes, grate off the outside rind, which divide into two portions. Mix one portion with two tablespoonfuls of flour and half an ounce of pounded loaf-sugar; rub in two ounces of dripping or butter. Make a thin batter, with two tablespoonfuls of milk, the yolks of two eggs and white of one. Cut your fruit in slices (having first freed it from the inner white peel), strew with the remaining portion of grated peel and white powdered sugar, alternately a layer of each. Two ounces of sugar are generally sufficient. Pour the batter over, and bake in a moderate oven from twenty minutes to half an hour.

ORANGE TART.—Proceed the same as above with the fruit, mixing half in the flour intended for the pastry, half on sugar, and shorten with dripping or butter—about two ounces of either. Lay the fruit in the dish, the same as for the pudding, strewing over each layer the orange grating and sugar. When full, pour on a glass of brandy. Cover with the pastry rolled thin, and bake in a brisk oven.

GINGERBREAD LOAF.—One pound of flour, one pound of treacle, a quarter of a pound of butter, one egg, one ounce of ginger, some candied peel, and a few caraway seeds ground, and a teaspoonful of soda. Bake in a slow oven. Mix the flour gradually; the butter and treacle to be milk warm; put the soda in last. Let it stand half an hour to rise.

VEAL FRITTERS.—Cold veal and veal suet chopped fine, equal quantities; the same of grated bread; a little shred thyme and parsley, salt, nutmeg, and pepper. Mix all together with an egg. Fry brown. Serve up with melted butter.

SOCCLES, A PLAIN SORT OF BISCUITS.—Two ounces of butter to three quarters of a pound of fine flour, mixed into a paste with skimmed milk. Roll as flat as possible. Cut them about the size of a small plate, prick, and bake them.

POTTED CHEESE (RICH).—Pound well six ounces of rich Cheshire cheese, *not decayed*; add one ounce and a half of fresh butter, a teaspoonful of white powdered sugar, some pounded mace, to taste, and a large wineglassful of any strong white wine. Mix all together, then press down in small deep pots, or one deep pot, taking out for use a little at a time. It will keep good a long time.

ITALIAN CHEESE.—Squeeze the juice of one lemon in a quarter of a pint of raisin wine; pare the peel of the lemon very thin (take out the peel before you put it into the mould); a quarter of a pound of pounded loaf sugar. Let it stand some time, then strain it into a pint of thick cream; whip it till quite thick; put a piece of thin muslin into the mould, then pour in the cheese, and let it stand all night. Turn it out just before sent to table. The mould must have holes in it.

GLOUCESTER JELLY FOR INVALIDS.—Rice, sago, and pearl barley, each one ounce; one ounce of candied orange root, simmered in two quarts of water till reduced to one quart. Strain, and when cold it will produce a jelly. Dissolve some in warm milk well skimmed, and take three or four times a day. Half a teaspoonful of jelly to one of milk.

DR. BORNHAY'S SWEET BUTTERMILK.—Take the milk from the cow in a large wide-mouthed bottle. In ten minutes begin shaking it till flakes of butter swim about and the milk looks thin and blue; strain it through a sieve, and drink as often as the stomach will bear. This must form the whole of the patient's diet, eating with it roasted apples and ripe fruit. Keep in a cool place, and it must not taste in the least sour when taken.

DIAMANT BISCUITS.—Three quarters of a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, the peel of a lemon grated, half a teaspoonful of cream, two eggs, leaving out the whites. Roll them out thin, cut them in whatever shape you think proper, and bake them in a quick oven.

GREEN BISCUITS.—Eight ounces of flour, four ounces of butter, four ounces of sifted sugar, half an ounce of ginger finely powdered. Mix the whole with one egg, and roll them out quite thin, and cut them with a wineglass. Bake them in a moderate oven.

DIAMANT BISCUITS.—Half a pound of flour, six ounces of loaf sugar, three eggs, leaving out one white. Beat sugar and eggs together twenty minutes, then add the flour.

ROCK BISCUITS.—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of currants. Work the butter to a cream, add the sugar and three eggs. Mix all well together with a fork, put it on tin plates, and bake them in a moderate oven. They will keep good for twelve months.

FRUIT JAM.—Seven pounds of fruit, ditto of loaf sugar, the juice and rind of two lemons, the rind chopped fine, one ounce of sweet almonds,

and half an ounce of bitter almonds. Let the sugar be pounded and stand all night in the fruit. Boil one hour.

FRUIT SYRUP.—Put six ounces of cream of tartar and four ounces of tartaric acid into three quarts of spring water. To this put six pounds of red currants without bruising (or raspberries). Let it stand for three days, and then strain off the liquid, and to each pint of juice put one pound and a half of lump sugar, pounded. Let it stand till the sugar be quite dissolved, then bottle it. In using the syrup for jelly, put about a gill of it to a pint of stock of calf's feet, or a suitable quantity of gelatine. Boil it a minute or two, and then pour it into a mould.

PIG'S FEET JELLY.—Boil the feet, ears, and hocks in a little water until the bones will come out. Add a small quantity of salt, pepper, mace, and cloves whilst boiling. When the bones and gristle are all taken out, put it into a mould and press it.

TO PICKLE A HAM.—Two ounces of saltpetre, half a pound of sugar, one pound of salt. To be rubbed every day. Let it lie a month.

RAISED FURK PIES.—One quarter of flour, one pint of water, to three quarters of a pound of lard for the crust. To four pounds of meat add two sage leaves, one ounce of pepper, one ounce and a half of salt, and a little nutmeg. Melt the lard and pour it on the flour whilst hot. Stir it as you would a pudding, till all the flour is well mixed. When cool enough to handle, work it till it is quite pliable, then raise it into pies. This quantity will make four nice-sized pies.

GINGERBREAD.—Two pounds of flour, one pound of raw sugar, one pound of golden syrup, three quarters of a pound of butter, one quarter of a pound of candied peel, and one ounce of ground ginger. Warm the treacle, butter, and sugar together.

BRIGHTENING DUMPLINGS.—Half a pound of flour, half a pound of beef suet, half a pound of raisins and currants mixed, a quarter of a pound of treacle or sugar, a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, a little salt, and as much milk as will make it into a very soft dough. Boil three hours in a buttered shape.

TO CURE HAMS.—One gallon of old beer, two pounds of sugar, one pound of bay salt, one pound of common salt, and one ounce of salt prunella. The above is sufficient for twenty pounds of meat.

THE FASHIONS

AND

PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

THE season has been a late one, but at last the tides of fashion have added themselves to those of the ocean, or at least they have met together on the sea-shore. The gentlemen join their yacht clubs, the ladies crowd the pier. The great metropolis appears for a time comparatively deserted, for it cannot be doubted that, wherever the ladies go, there will also go the show and pomp of life. In fact, it is scarcely hyperbole to say that the ladies are the moving flowers of the world's great garden. Diversity of fashion and of form—variety of colour, grave and gay—brilliant contrasts and chaste harmony of tone—these give to the passing multitude who throng the crowded cities—



THE FASHIONABLE AUTUMN DRESS.

people the verdant shores that air of life, spirit, and animation without which the first would be as the city of the dead—the second a desert or a wilderness.

Let us, then, pass at once to the consideration of that present style of costume which is decidedly distinguished by taste and elegance, commencing with a description of the fashion we have selected for illustration in our accompanying engraving. This dress is made in light silk, being trimmed with one of a darker colour. It has three skirts of the light silk, each of which has a flounce of the dark, set on with a beading. The sleeves are of the light silk, being trimmed with three frills of the dark to match the skirt. The body has three rows of the same trimming, only the frills are narrower, each ending with a bow having a small steel ornament at the centre—the waistband, also of the dark colour, being fastened with the French oval clasp in common use. We have not yet spoken of the colour of this dress. The two which will appear most fashionable during the present autumn are, first, a light champagne, brown, and, second, a blue, sometimes green. Both of these should be trimmed with a deep shade of its own colour. As we are not among the number of those who consider economy beneath their notice, more especially when it can be made reconcilable with the existing mode, we may here suggest that some dresses which have done its duty, and would otherwise be laid aside, should be taken for the trimming of a new one. For instance, many mauve silks have been worn this summer, and we have seen the fashion we are now giving in a pale shade as soft as lilac having the deep mauve for all its trimmings. A black silk may also be made useful in the same way, if the dress itself be purchased of a darker shade than we have intimated above. We merely mention the suggestion, trusting that it will prove profitable to some.

As long as the sea-side season lasts, the hat with its feathery feather, just as we spoke of the last month, will maintain its pre-eminence of favouritism, but yet not wholly to the exclusion of the bonnet. For the promenade, straw bonnets, with a centre of the same material, are most in request. These are recommended by a simplicity which is one of the forms of the highest style. Their sole ornament is a band black ribbon across the front, with a bunch of apples and leaves of leaves suspended from it. For the inside trimming, a cap, with a couple of the peeples rather high up on the right side. The transparent bonnet is still worn, bordered with black velvet and trimmed with a black lace lappet and a centre of wild flowers. As a medium between these, we may mention a white silk bonnet trimmed with black satin ribbon, and a medium with large white ribbons in some degree repeated on the outside, but smaller in dimensions, with bands and leaves, now wrapping the edge of the bonnet and forming a centre on the under trimming of the cap. The bonnet is also bound with the black velvet.

For the promenade, the scarf will continue to be worn, both with the muslin and the silk dress, during the warm, sunny hours of the day. These muslin dresses are now manufactured with an upper skirt, covered with a design which rises in compartments from its hem to the waistband, and with a scarf having a border to match all round.

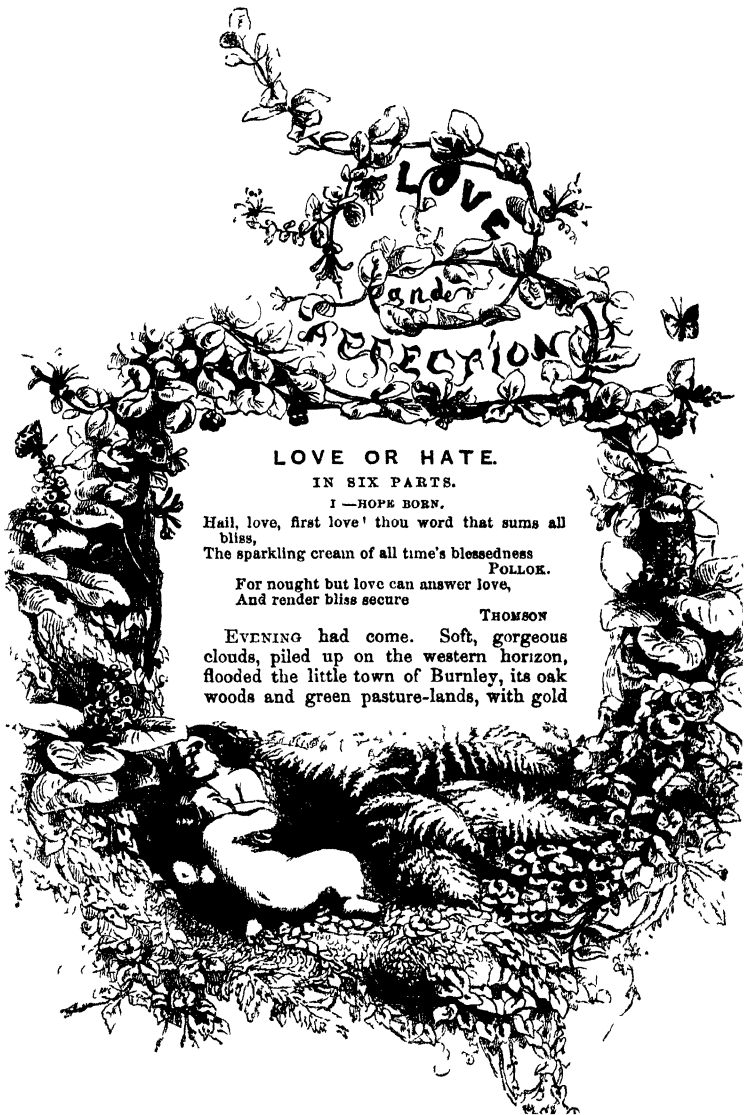
Some of these are extremely elegant. White muslin will, without doubt, continue to be worn as long as the weather will permit, and be resumed next year with even more general favour. At present it looks remarkably ladylike when relieved by the black silk mantilla, now so generally adopted. A new variety of jacket has also appeared, making a pretty change in the promenade equipment. This is of white cashmere, having a shawl-border trimming carried all round and a bishop's sleeve gathered into a wrist-band of the same shawl-bordering.

THE WORK-TABLE.

EDITED BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

TEA-URN STAND.

THE tea-table recalls to mind many pleasant hours spent under bright and cheering influences, when the unrestrained freedom of social and domestic life has assumed so agreeable an aspect that many new links have been added to the golden chain of friendship. In winter, when the outer world is cold and drear, how striking is the contrast between it and the joyous home made ready to receive the expectant guest!—the blazing fire and the boiling urn expressing in their own language an addition to the general welcome. The dinner-table is a stately conventionalism, presided over by Dignity and Ceremony; but the tea-table is under quite a different form of government, and Cordiality and Freedom are the ruling powers. It is no wonder, then, that in England especially, it should retain its influence, and should have become a daily national festival. To demonstrate to this domestic institution, we give this month, in our Work-table illustrations, a design for a Tea-Urn Stand, worked on canvass in beads and Berlin wool. There is a durability joined to richness in this work, which renders it particularly suitable for this purpose, as, when the ground is filled in with an ingrain colour (the beads being uninjured by any accidental moisture), the work sustains its durability even if water should happen to be spilled on its surface. Our illustration gives one-quarter of the design complete, with a portion of a second quarter, from which the whole may be easily completed. The size of the canvass may be one size coarser than the squares of the engraving, but not more, as it would increase the size of the stand too much. The centre of the design is to be worked with an outline of opaque white beads, filled in with white crystal. The corners of the stand are to be black beads, being filled in with opaque white. The sides of the stand are to be worked in shades of green and blue. A bright crimson, rich blue, or gold may be substituted for the green, and will be a great advantage should the design be worked in a proper frame by a young person. The beads should fit in the squares of the canvass, so that the web should be perfectly covered, and they should be sewn on with a strong cotton. No. 16 of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s crochet cotton is the best which can be selected for this purpose, as it gives firmness and strength to the work.



and crimson. The great, round sun hung low, like a ball of liquid fire, gleaming among them, and his slanting beams penetrated every nook and corner of the old wood with as clear a light as that of noon-day, dancing upon the gurgling trout-streams, and lingering lovingly upon a large, silvery pool which lay upon the skirts of the trees, half hidden in their embrace, and only open on one side to admit a view of the velvet meadows and broad river which occupied the valley.

Upon the greensward beside this pool, on the evening of which we write, sat, or rather reclined, a young girl. Her black hat was thrown upon the grass beside her, so was an open book, on which, however, she did not even glance, her dark, dreamy eyes being fixed upon the rippling water at her feet, while with her little, white hands she listlessly plucked the flowers within reach and threw them into it, unconscious of what she did; for her thoughts seemed far away, and not, perhaps, over pleasantly occupied, since two large tears trembled on the downcast eyelids.

She was young, apparently not more than twenty, but not beautiful, or even pretty, save for the glossy raven hair and orbs of dark hazel, which, although now still and sorrowful, seemed full of latent fun and sparkle. But for these exceptions, you might almost have called her plain.

Her dress was simple. A delicate muslin robe and light silk scarf, which, now unfastened, hung over her arm, displayed her slight figure to advantage, as, with a quivering sigh, she changed her position, and, sitting upright, raised her hat, as if preparing to return homewards.

Meanwhile, unseen by her, a young man stood upon the edge of the wood, under its overhanging shadow. He had set forth, some hours previously, from a distant village to explore a woodland path, and now, having followed its windings for miles, it had at last brought him to Burnley Hill, and the silvery pool beside which the lady of our story sat.

With gentlemanly instinct, Edgar Staunton (for so he was called) shrank from intruding himself upon the privacy of the young girl before him, and so, believing her about to depart, lingered awhile among the trees, until suddenly she turned her face, and he caught a full view of her

features; then, with an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, he sprang eagerly from his covert, saying, in a low voice—

“Frances—Miss Beaumont!”

The hearer started and trembled, a rich, rosy hue overspreading her previously pale countenance, as, looking quickly up, she beheld the intruder advancing from the shadow, and lifting the cap which but imperfectly concealed his brown, clustering curls.

“Oh, is it you, Mr. Staunton?” she said, in a calm tone, far too cold and steady under the circumstances, even had he been but a slight acquaintance, instead of, as he fondly hoped, more than a friend. Hurt and chilled, therefore, the young man drew back, and answered in a manner almost as passionless as her own—

“Yes. I lost my way in the wood, and seeing, when I emerged from it, some one here (I knew not, of course, whom), came to inquire the shortest road back to Ayrton.”

“Ayrton,” she repeated, and her heart fluttered and sank, although her voice did not. “You have not been to Burnley, then?”

“No. I have been staying with an old friend, near Ayrton, during the past week, and only left him this afternoon for a long walk in the woods, where, as I said, I have cleverly managed to lose my way.”

Frances said nothing, but began to pull the petals from a bunch of wild flowers which she held in her hand, and Edgar continued—

“I had hoped to pay a visit to Burnley; I hear it is a very pretty place; but I fear I shall not be able to do so. My friend is very aged, and requires so much of my time; and I shall be obliged to return in a few days.”

“So soon,” whispered the girl below her breath; but Staunton did not catch the words, and, surprised and perplexed by her silence, was turning away, when she continued, suddenly—

“You asked the way to Ayrton, did you not? Forgive me. I had almost forgotten. But I can quickly remedy my fault. Cross those fields till you come to the high road—that leads to the place you wish to reach, and is the nearest way. But, if you are not tired, you would find the path by the river pleasanter—it is shady and cool.”

"Thank you—good evening," and, lifting his cap, Edgar bowed, and walked slowly away.

In a moment, every trace of haughty coldness passed from the girl's face and manner, and, starting up, she exclaimed hurriedly—

"You seem tired, and have been ill, I believe, Mr. Staunton. You cannot walk back to Ayrton without resting. It is six or eight miles."

A lightning flash of inexpressible joy lit up the young man's countenance, as at these words he turned round, and, with rapid strides, stood by her side again.

"I am not ill, or even tired, *now*," he said, and the emphasis on the last word brought the red flush to his companion's cheek and brow. It was not an observation, however, that required either answer or comment—at least, not one that Frances could make—so she offered none, but Edgar did not think now that her silence proceeded from coldness or displeasure, and, therefore, he was well content to stand by her and say nothing.

But Frances, with womanly tact, felt that this silence was dangerous, so, with a great effort, she started an indifferent topic of conversation, observing quietly—

"My sister was well, I hope, when you saw her last. She writes in very good spirits, describing a gay pic-nic which took place at Hoo, last week, I think, at which several of the Hertfordshire grandees were present; the new members as well; in fact, by her account, it must have been an unusually brilliant affair. I suppose you were there?"

"No; not among the grandees, the aristocrats. Most kind as Mrs. Marsh has ever been to me, she is too wise, too considerate, to introduce me into the society of those who would look down upon the poor clerk with contempt."

"Nay, Mr. Staunton, you are unfair to the world, unjust to my sister," said Frances eagerly. "I do not, I will not believe that people are so prejudiced in favour of mere position as you seem to think."

The young man smiled gravely.

"You have not known it, you have not felt it as I have done. You speak of the world as it should be, as it will be, perchance, some day, years hence, but not as it is now.

In these times, in which we speak and live, worldly position is the first thing men seek or think of; moral and intellectual worth, if joined to it, are sometimes appreciated and admired, but, without it, they are but as pebbles on the road, unheeded and unsought by the great ones on earth. A *roué* lord, ruined body and soul by contact with and practice of almost every vice under the sun, with the little mind he might once have possessed, narrowed, almost annihilated by the prejudices of his class and himself, would, in the present state of society, be more courted, more honoured, more respected than the honest plebeian who has obeyed the laws of God and man, and worked bravely in his culling, whatever it may be. Yes, he may possess a mind educated and refined by thought, an intellect expanded and purified, so that in all, save name, he is a gentleman in the highest, best sense of the word, and yet, with all these advantages, he is, in the eyes of the world, but a low-born, presumptuous intruder. Oh! it is a false, a monstrous state of things."

Frances shuddered at the picture.

"It is, indeed; but I never thought of it before, though, surely, you speak rather from books and hearsay than from that you have seen and know. You can know nothing of the contempt and indifference you describe."

"Until the last twelve months, I have never mingled with any class except that in which I was born, and to which I properly belong," answered Mr. Staunton vaguely.

"Ah! you evade my question. Still, I cannot believe that any one, however daring or insolent, could treat *you* as a plebeian or intruder."

The emphasis was again unconsciously placed, but Frances felt directly that she had gone further than was wise, and she blushed painfully.

Edgar, however, seemed not to observe it, but, gazing fixedly upon the pool, on which the grey shadows had already begun to lengthen, said—

"Twelve months since, I knew all this of which I have spoken, but I did not feel it. Now the case is altered. I became acquainted with your sister—she was kind, unprejudiced, and generous—too kind, perhaps, for my future peace. Still, come

what may, I have by her means been happy. Let that memory suffice;" and the speaker drew his hand across his brow, and paused a moment, then continued—"Yes, I have been happy, and to her, under GOD, that bliss was owing. I should be, I hope I am, grateful. To return, however, to my subject, and answer your question. Mrs. Marsh, with sympathizing goodness, believing, perhaps, that I could appreciate the honour, introduced me to many intellectual and high-minded women of her own rank, in whose society I first learned all that woman can do for man: how she can aid his struggles after virtue, draw forth and refine his intellect, purify and elevate his moral perceptions. This, and much more, constant intercourse with your sister's circle taught me, and I respected them, and prized their friendship, and was happy, for I did not love them. But this was not to last. You came. I saw you day by day; and, before long, your presence became sunshine, life to me. When you were by, I saw no one else—when you were absent, all was blank and void—I had only memory to live upon. Well, this went on for some weeks, and I first woke from the dream of bliss by which every faculty of my soul had been engrossed, to find its angel vanished, and my brief glimpse of Heaven and happiness shattered and destroyed. You had left the neighbourhood, and I—I knew too well our difference of position, your father's pride, my own unworthiness, to build a hope for the future; so, when the power to think returned, I resolved to bury my love and my despair in silence—to die, and make no sign. And I would have done so, but for this sudden meeting. Your kindness, that voice I never thought to hear again, have unmanned me, broken down all my resolutions; and now, spurn me, despise me as you will, I must speak out. Frances Beaumont, I love you—your presence is life to me—and to obey your slightest word, the meat and drink of my soul. Your very anger is more precious than the smiles and the love of the whole world—to die at your feet the greatest happiness earth could offer me. Do not abhor, do not scorn, but say you sympathize for, if not with, me. Forgive, do not hate me. You tremble, you turn away. Is it anger—is it contempt? See, I love

you—I only live for you. Tell me to lay down that life, and I will gladly do it. Propose some task, like hers of old, who cast her glove into the arena, and watch if I shrink. Give me something whereby to prove my words, and the truth, the intensity of my love."

"It is not necessary," answered a low, soft voice. He turned full upon her. A glorious, half-formed hope shone in his blue eyes; but her head was bent down, and he could not see the crimson cheek and quivering features, but he saw that her trembling fingers had dropped the flowers, and, as he knelt down to raise them, he said gently—"My impetuosity has frightened you. Forgive me—forget it."

Still kneeling, he gave back the flowers, and she, apparently half unconscious of what she did, separated one from the rest, and returned it to him.

Edgar looked up. In his present position there could be no concealment. He had a perfect view of the bowed face. What was it he saw there that made him spring to his feet and cast his arm around Frances, exclaiming in tones of passionate entreaty—

"Speak to me, I implore you, if only one word!"

The young girl pointed to the flower she had given him (a wild forget-me-not), and hid her blushing face upon his shoulder.

For a moment they stood thus—a moment of such deep, full happiness as mortals seldom enjoy on earth—then Edgar started, and said—

"It is a dream! it cannot be reality! Speak to me, dearest. Are you indeed my Frances—my own Frances?"

"Yes, yours—yours for ever, if you will have me."

"Have you! my life, my own, my beloved!" and Edgar held her closer and closer to his heart, as if he had but to loosen his clasp, and see her change into a mist or a phantom.

But, with gentle resolution, Frances soon disengaged herself from her lover's embrace, and they sat down, side by side, on the green bank, her hand still lying in his.

"And do you really love me," she said by-and-bye, with a happy smile, "then?—but oh, Edgar!" and she started violently, and a sudden cloud of fear passed over the fair, loving face, "my father! I had forgotten him."

"He will forgive us, dearest; do not fear. You are the child of his old age—his youngest, his dearest."

"True; but you do not know him. He would sooner see me in my grave than——"

"The wife of a poor man—a *parvenu*! Say the words; do not shrink from them, for they are true. But, Fanny, I shall not be always poor. I will work, will fight and wrestle with Fortune, and I shall succeed. Let me but have the assurance of your love to strengthen me, and I can bear and dare all."

"You have that assurance."

"Nay! that is not enough. My happiness is too new yet to realize. I want confirmation. Say, 'Edgar, I love you,' and then, perhaps, I shall believe it is true."

For a moment the girl thought earnestly, then, taking her lover's hand in hers, she said steadily—

"Edgar, from the first week I knew you, I loved you. I love you now, and I feel that, so long as I live, I shall continue to love you."

The utterance of these few sentences was a terrible effort to the speaker; but she was fully repaid by the bright smile and earnest words of her companion.

"Thank you, bless you, dear-st!" he said tenderly. "Heaven only knows from what agonies of fear and doubt this generous candour has preserved me. Now, however circumstances may alter, or suggest the contrary, I shall always trust and believe in you. Perfect love casteth out fear."

And so the two young lovers sat on, sketching out a bright future, in which she was to love and he was to labour, until the sun sank beneath the horizon, and the heavy summer dew began to fall; then they rose slowly, and Edgar said—

"I suppose you must go now, dearest, or your father will be uneasy. You will not fail me on Wednesday? I cannot bear your absence longer."

"I will come—if I live I will come. You do not doubt me?"

"Oh, no, no. And you will not speak of this to the Major before then; as, by that time, we may be able to think of some plan by which to mitigate his displeasure?"

"As you wish; but it seems hard to keep this secret from one's father. I, who have never deceived him in my life."

"You have a tender conscience, beloved," said Edgar fondly; "but in this case, delay affords our only hope. Your father may refuse in a week's time, with fresh, and perhaps feasible, plans to offer—now, we know that he would."

Frances felt that this was true, yet her heart rebelled against the concealment. The feeling endured, however, only for a moment; then this new passion, which absorbed her whole being, resumed its sway, and she forgot father, home, everything but him who walked by her side.

It took them a long time to cross those three fields; but at last they could linger no longer, for they had reached the gate into the road, and the lady said—

"We must part now, or my father will become alarmed at my unusual absence. That is your way—this is mine. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye! Do not be late on Wednesday. Every hour will seem a day, every day a month, till we meet again."

These were his last words, and they rang in Frances Beaumont's ears as she turned down the narrow footpath leading to the town, and remained there for many a day after.

"My dear Fan, how late you are," said Major Beaumont, as she opened the glass door.

He was standing in the hall, hanging up his hat, and turned towards his daughter as she entered, stooping to kiss her cheek.

"Am I? I am very sorry, papa. I did not think it was so late," and, sliding from her father's embrace, she ran upstairs, where she hoped to remain, but the old soldier cried out—

"Never mind now, only come down again quickly; I want to hear your new songs."

So Frances hastened to take off her scarf and bonnet, and comply with the Major's wishes.

The pleasant drawing-room looked handsomer and more home like than ever, as she entered, and her father smiled even more affectionately upon her; yet, in spite of all, there was a weight upon her heart.

Notwithstanding the happiness of the last hours, she certainly did not feel at

case or happy now. Perhaps it was the thought of Edgar's solitary walk along the dreary Ayrton road, or, more likely still, the consciousness that, for the first time in her life, she was not acting openly, honestly towards her dear and only parent; but whatever, whichever it was, it imparted a languor to her tone and manner which her father could not fail to remark.

"Good-night, my darling," he said, fondly kissing her, as, after singing the songs he wished to hear, and pouring out his coffee, she rose to retire. "You are fatigued, to-night—bored with your prosy old father."

Tears started to the young girl's eyes

"No, no—do not say so—do not think so," she cried earnestly; "you do not bore me; I love you far too much for that to be possible."

"Love, love! Ah! that is all you young things think about. One day, I suppose, you will find some one else to love instead of your poor old pater, and what will become of me then, I wonder?"

"Whoever else I love, I shall never forget you, dear, dearest papa."

"Ah! well, child, I suppose it is all right. You will choose well and wisely—some good, sensible man, I doubt not." His daughter's heart beat wildly. Should she confess all now? He seemed so kind, so unprejudiced. He certainly would not object to Edgar, who was so very sensible, and good, and clever. But, ere she could summon courage to speak, her father continued—"Yes, he must be good, of course—good family, good connexions. I don't care about his being rich—ten thousand a year would do, if everything else was satisfactory. You see I am not ambitious."

Ten thousand pounds! Edgar had not ten thousand farthings. Frances actually trembled at the thought of what would be her father's anger when he learned the state of her affections, and that her lover, her beloved, had neither money, family, nor connexions.

So the young girl crept to bed on that memorable night, to dream that her father had cursed, and that Edgar had deserted her. But the morning brought fresh hope and trust.

And thus, alternating between wild happiness, and trembling fear, and self-reproach, the time sped on until the all-important Wednesday arrived.

THE MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN.

Oh! only He whose word at first
Bade woman into being burst,
The master effort of His mind,
The last and loveliest of her kind,
He only knows the thousand ties
That weave a mother's sympathies;
The mystery of that mighty bond,
Soft as 'tis strong, and firm as fond,
That blends joys, sorrows, hopes, and fears,
To link her with the child she bears.
In vain the feeble sense of man
That feelings' breadth and depth would scan;
It spreads beyond, it soars above
The instincts of his ruder love.

HANKINSON.

PROBABLY no feeling is more prevalent than that innocent desire to behold, or to become acquainted with, those men and women whose works and names are familiar to us as household gods. In reality, the result of such acquaintanceship may not be satisfactory, but, nevertheless, this insatiable curiosity still remains unsatisfied, and fresh information concerning living or dead celebrities is ever welcome. Surely it is this trait of our nature that renders biographies the most delightful of all reading, and will—notwithstanding our theory that great men have generally great mothers (by which term we mean women evidently and absolutely superior to most other women)—at least, make these daguerreotypes of the early days of our illustrious countrymen acceptable to our readers.

An old man and a young boy are sailing round the beautiful coasts of that first gem of the ocean and isle of the sea—to wit, Ireland. The sailor fishes, while the lad lies on deck copying, with a charred stick, the passing scenes. The fisher is vexed, and fails not, day by day, to call his son idle, a young dog, and an obstinate. The eyes of the mother alone discern beauty in the rough sketches, and, at last, the child is dismissed with this bitter taunt, addressed to the more appreciative mother—"It is *you* who have ruined him; as you brew you may bake. Keep him at home and make a scholar of him, he is fit for nothing else." So to school he went, and the *idle* boy ultimately proved that clever and industrious painter, James Barry.

Most of our readers, we are sure, must know Pollok's "Course of Time;" perhaps the most wonderful poem ever written,

when we consider the age of the writer and the short time he was composing it. Some 40,000 copies of that work, too, were sold within the first fifteen years of its appearance—no mean success that for a long theological poem in blank verse. Speaking on one occasion of the theological doctrines in that poem, Pollok said, "It is my mother's divinity; the divinity that she taught me when a boy. I may have amplified it from what I learned afterwards, but, in writing the poem, I always found that hers formed the groundwork—the point from which I set out."

The parentage of Robert Bloomfield, author of the "Farmer's Boy," was exceedingly humble; his father was a tailor, and died when Robert, who was the youngest of six children, was only one year old. The widowed mother kept a school, and from her the poet received his first instructions; indeed, with the exception of a few months spent in improving his handwriting, under the care of a teacher at Ixworth, young Bloomfield appears to have received no other education than that which his mother could supply. In after years, finding him too delicate for agricultural labour, she brought him herself to London (no mean journey in those days), and placed him with his brother George, whom she charged, as valuing a mother's blessing, to watch over him, and set good examples for him, and never forget that he had lost his father.

Bloomfield's letter to the publisher with the MS. of the "Farmer's Boy," which is at once modest and manly, shows how deep and true was his affection for his mother. "Sir,—A total stranger, very low and very obscure, ventures to address you. In my sedentary employment, as a journeyman shoemaker, I have amused and exercised my mind, I hope innocently, in putting the little events of my boyage into metre, *intending it as a present to an aged mother*, now living on the spot, to whom the church, the mad girl, the farm-house, and all the local circumstances of the piece are well-known." We very greatly regret to add that these negotiations for publishing failed, and that Bloomfield was obliged to send the poem in MS. to his mother.

A very different man—Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Parry—was also trained under

the watchful eye and judicious care of an affectionate and pious mother, to whom he in his turn was devotedly attached, and whose Christian influence he well knew how to appreciate. He used to say to his sisters, "If we are not what we ought to be, it is not for want of our dear mother's prayers, for we are the children of prayer—of never-ceasing prayer." So acutely did Mrs. Parry feel the absence of her son while pursuing his voyages for the N.W. passages, that at first there seemed great danger of her health giving way; while her son's fondest wish, expressed both in continual conversation and in repeated epistles, was, that on his return he might once more embrace this beloved parent, and present to her his children born in a distant land. Alas, this pious expectation was doomed never to be realized; and some accident having detained his private letters, containing the intelligence of Mrs. Parry's decease, this good man suffered most severely from seeing the announcement of her death in the columns of a Sydney paper!

It was the privilege of Leigh Richmond to have a most estimable mother—a woman endued with a superior understanding, which had been cultivated and improved by an excellent education and subsequent study. Her maiden name was Atherton, and her mind at a very early period exhibited a strong inclination to study the best authors. At an age (1700) when female education was, with but few exceptions, very feebly directed to the cultivation of general and useful literature—when the romance and the cookery-book were too frequently esteemed the chief requisites of a lady's library, Miss Atherton was a constant student in almost every branch of such learning as even in this more cultivated age would be deemed advantageous and interesting to women.

In addition to her natural talents and acquirements, she uniformly manifested a deep sense of the importance of religion. This excellent woman, as might have been expected, anxiously instructed her son, even from infancy, in the Holy Scriptures, and in the principles of religion; thus sowing the seeds of piety, which, at a future period, and under circumstances of a providential nature, were destined to

produce a rich and abundant harvest. Writing to his mother on one of his birth-days, he says—"Often do I reflect with love and gratitude on your kindness and watchful care over me from infancy to the present moment. Your qualities of head and heart cannot be forgotten any more than the name of parent." Well might the village pastor reflect with gratitude upon that parent, to whom had been accorded the double honour of being mother to both body and soul; and, in her dying hour, to whom should the last message be sent, if not to this son of her love? "Tell him," were her dying words, "tell him that I am going to happiness." She lies under the solitary sycamore in Lancaster churchyard, and Leigh Richmond wrote, after her death, "A tribute of affectionate veneration for the memory of a deceased mother," in a series of letters to his children.

How is it that the death-bed of Robert Fergusson, the immediate predecessor and prototype of Robert Burns—the author of "Leith Races," "Caller Oysters," "King's Birthday in Edinburgh," "Braid Claith," &c.—has never been painted?

Stricken with insanity in his twenty-fourth year, he was carried by his broken-hearted and widowed mother to the only asylum then standing in Scotland for such sufferers. Visiting him a short time before his dissolution, he was found in bed, by his mother and sister, comparatively peaceable. He requested his mother to gather the bed-clothes round him and sit on his feet, which he said were very cold. She did so, and his sister then took her seat by the bed-side. He then looked wistfully in the face of his mother, and said, "Mother, this is kind indeed." Then, addressing his sister, he asked if they might not bring their seam and sew beside him. To this no answer was returned; an interval of silence was filled up by sobs and tears. "What ails you?" inquired the dying poet. "Wherefore sorrow for me, sirs? I want for nothing here; but it is cold—it is very cold. You know I told you it would come to this at last. Yes, I told you so. Oh, do not go yet, mother. I hope to be soon—do not go yet—."

And so the strong man sobbed himself to rest on the same breast upon which

he had lain for shelter in earlier and happier days.

The mother of the celebrated surgeon, Sir Astley Cooper, was a woman of literary tastes, and authoress of several novels, one of which, entitled "Fanny Meadows," obtained great popularity amongst the novel-reading public of that day.

The mother of the philanthropic Fellenberg, whose exertions in the cause of useful education ought to be known in all parts of the civilized world, was a granddaughter of the great Dutch Admiral, Van Tromp, and was distinguished no less for her enlarged benevolence than for her sincere piety. With an unshrinking devotedness, she exerted herself to assist in the mental and moral cultivation of her son, especially so as to influence his character to virtue and usefulness. The impressions formed on the mind of Fellenberg by his excellent mother, led him, when only sixteen years of age, to reflect on the best means to be used for improving the degraded condition of his Swiss countrymen. This germ grew and prospered, and the magnificent agricultural college at Hoffwyl was the final result.

We conclude with an extract from a letter written by Percival Lord, assistant-surgeon in the East India Company's service—one of the most eminent of that gallant band who fell victims to the Affghanistan expedition.

When on the eve of his embarkation he wrote (to his *double parent*, as he called his widowed mother) a farewell letter, probably one of the finest specimens of manly sentiment and filial tenderness ever penned.

"To ask for your remembrance and prayers," he says, "is needless. I know I have both already; and you know I love you with the sincerest and truest affection a child can love a parent. Our confidence, then, is mutual, and requires no protestations. One request I will make, which is, that you bear our separation as a Christian suffering under trials—as becomes the long and fondly-loved partner of the toils and labours of my dear father, whose patient endurance of adversity should now be a light to our feet, to show us the path in which we should walk. Dear John (his brother, a clergyman) will enforce these things

better than I can, and will bring to your aid the consolations of reason and religion, with which our beloved father so often dried the tears of the afflicted, and eased the overburdened heart. But let me entreat you, by the love you bear us, to moderate your feelings under this, which I hope will be but a temporary absence. Remember that you are now our only joy and comfort, and that every toil we bear and labour we undergo will be brightened and sanctified to us all, if we can thereby add one comfort to your declining years, or pay the smallest portion of the debt of love and gratitude and affection, which we all owe you for the unceasing care which you have bestowed on us when children, and the undivided affection with which you now bestow on us your whole heart, with all its thoughts, and desires, and wishes."

Such confidences and such confessions are alike honourable to mother and son. Would to Heaven that the present generation recognised, in the same ratio, their tremendous responsibilities as mothers! Think you that the empty-headed, feeble-bodied, self-willed, ignorant, tobacco-smoking, small-faced, and equally small-hearted boys who form the majority of Young England, could, by any possibility, have been blessed with such mothers as we have been describing? Is it likely that the mother of little Tom Tit ever once in her life took the young child by the hand and reasoned with him of things that are not seen and that are eternal—ever poured out her soul in prayer with or for him—ever explained the mysteries of Nature to him—ever stored his heart with sayings from Holy Writ, or formed his judgment, or raised his taste, or read from the rhyme of the poet, or helped in any one way to make the lad a perfect man, thoroughly furnished to all good works? Has even home been made attractive, and presented a counter-charm to the seductions of vice and pleasures of sin? We trow not. And, verily, the moral we draw is this—like mothers, like sons. And how can we be wrong? Doesn't like produce like, all the world over? Alas! when we see such sons!—for, somewhere or other, we too well know that there must be, oh! such mothers!

MIGNON; OR, THE STEP-DAUGHTER.

THE MARTYRDOM.

The world has many cruel points,
Whereby our bosoms have been torn,
And there are dainty themes of grief
In sadness to outlast the morn.
True honour's dearth, affection's death,
Neglectful pride, and cankering scorn,
With all the piteous tales, that tears
Have watered since the world was born.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE mask falls! Suzanne is no longer the languid and exhausted wife, passing her life in smelling salts, on a sofa, in the soft light of a boudoir. She rises, as Pope Sixtus V. rose, when he threw away his crutches.* She is cured—she is strong and powerful—everything must now yield to her, for is she not the queen?

The castle is hers; Crèvecoeur's house and mansion—at least, she believes so, and thinks, too, that she has well earned them—and Thérèse, helpless and defenceless, is also hers.

The unfortunate child was not in a state to take notice of what took place around her. She had seen a priest sitting at the head of a corpse—she had seen men, habited in black, passing to and fro—she

* This Pope Sixtus V., who had tended swine in his youth, went by the name of Cardinal Maitalto; before he was elected to the Papacy, acquired the former dignity by an assumed appearance of extraordinary gentleness and humility. After becoming a Cardinal, he continued more than ever to simulate a humble appearance, and put on the look of a man bending under the load of years. He walked with his head resting on one shoulder, leaning on a staff, and incessantly coughing, as if about to expire. When, during the long combat for the tiara, it was intimated to him that the election might possibly fall on himself, he answered, with profound humility, that he was unworthy of such an honour; that he had not abilities to undertake the government of the Church; that his life could hardly last out the conclave; and that, if he were chosen, he should only be Pope in name, whilst all the authority would devolve upon others. This lure, with the prospect of a short Pontificate, during which the several parties might strengthen themselves against a new election, took with the cardinals, crafty as that body is reckoned and Montalto was elected on the 24th of April, 1585. Scarcely, however, had the tiara been placed on his head, than he threw away his staff, walked erect, and chanted the "Te Deum" with a voice so strong that the roof of the chapel re-echoed the sound. He sat on the Pontifical throne for thirty-five years, and governed with determination and success.

had seen a heavy load carried forth—she remained insensible, like a statue of Grief. She knew not even how to weep.

"That's enough!" said Suzanne, passing by her; "your grief cannot be greater than mine, and you see I know how to restrain it."

"And I—I know the obedience I owe you, madame," said Thérèse, making an effort; "I will rule my conduct by yours. If you will not allow a daughter to mourn for her father, I will control my tears, as you hide yours. You have but to command, madame; I know my duty, and I will show you every submission."

"We shall soon see," said Suzanne. "I shall judge by deeds, not by words."

Suzanne's first care was to send for her lawyer, and closet herself with him.

Thérèse endeavoured to overcome her grief—or, at least, not to allow herself to be overwhelmed by it. She tried to lay out a line of conduct for herself—called to mind her father's advice—and found a feeble consolation in thinking there remained a protector for her, on whom she could rely—a friend in whom her father told her she could confide, as if it were himself—a brother who had given her his hand before going away.

She trusted in God, and said to herself, in accomplishing all the duties which should devolve on her, in continuing her love and care for her forsaken sisters, she might still find repose, and nourish in secret her dear recollections: she determined to be circumspect, prudent, and firm.

"They are my father's children," said she to herself; "I will love them as cherished sisters, as all that remains to me of my much-loved parent. The love which I shall show towards them will, perhaps, disarm madame's irritation, the reason of which I cannot understand."

Her time, which formerly she used to divide between study, her father's society, and household cares, she now entirely and wholly consecrated to the four little girls, who had been entirely left to the charge of servants.

This tall and beautiful young girl, dressed in mourning, was always surrounded by these four little creatures, whose future was also very uncertain. She was as a young widow in the midst of her children.

She taught them to speak properly, to behave themselves nicely, to be amiable and good to one another; and these little ones, left so much to themselves, adored her, and did not know how to amuse themselves without her. The little plants, the more they were cultivated by love, the less wild they became.

"Where is our father, then?" said the children; "will he soon come back again?"

They knew nothing of life; Thérèse was obliged to teach them what death was.

"You come from Heaven," said she to them; "and, if you are good and kind, if you love one another, you will return to Heaven, and there we shall all find our dear father, who has already gone there, and who is expecting us. But he is looking at you; his eyes are always looking towards his dear little girls, and he calls them by their names. If they listen well, they can still hear his voice; if they love one another, he will be happy; if they quarrel, he will weep."

One day, when they were quarrelling, the eldest said to another, looking at Thérèse, and giving up the plaything which was the object of their grave discussion—

"We will not quarrel any longer, but kiss one another, for there is our father going to weep."

Thérèse was very regular in praying with them, night and morning. Nothing is sweeter and more salutary in a family than this practice; some good is sure to come of it. The names of her father, her relations, and friends, were never forgotten in this prayer; and the result of all this good teaching was a rapid change in the habits of these little children, whom goodness and amiability had already made more pretty and engaging.

She almost reproached herself for not having given them her whole life. She forgot the thousand attentions which she had paid her father, and the many frivolous occupations which her mother-in-law would employ her in to get rid of her; but now the widow was absorbed in inventories, proceedings, estimates of stock, land, &c., in order to arrive at the amount of her personal fortune; and, for the first time, allowed Thérèse to follow her own feelings as a devoted sister.

Madame Crèveceur, provided with "The

Law for the Widow and Orphan," surrounded by legal books, which she tried to understand, and in constant consultation with attorneys and lawyers, had soon to undeceive herself. The lawyer had a great deal of trouble in making her understand that, after so much extravagance, the largest half of what remained of this fortune, once so flourishing, represented Thérèse's sole patrimony, and that she, with her four daughters, would only have the other half to divide amongst themselves.

Another feeling, as cruel as selfishness, was awakened in her when she found herself in this new and unexpected position; it was the affection of the wolf for her little ones. One of her daughters was ill—she was not the least anxious about it—and Thérèse was watching at the head of the poor little thing, when Suzanne entered the children's room.

"Who intrusted you," said she, "you, Thérèse, the stranger, with the care of my daughters? and in what condition do you show me this one?"

And taking her by the arm, she pushed her away from the bed.

"Have pity!" said Thérèse in a low voice, "at least, spare me before these children, who still love me. Am I not their sister? And, besides, my father's soul, which has scarcely quitted this house, might hear us. They are my little sisters, madame; why doubt my affection for them? Let me love them. I will do nothing but by your orders. I entreat you to leave me to fulfil my father's intentions. I will be very obedient to you."

"Is it also one of your father's intentions," said Suzanne contemptuously, "that has placed this portrait in your room, which was found there?"

And she showed her Maurice's miniature.

"You are very forward, Thérèse," added she with a cruel significance.

"Oh, madame!" said Thérèse indignantly.

She checked herself. She tried in vain to find an answer. She could not say anything about her father's expressed wishes.

"Go to your room," said Suzanne coldly, "and wait my orders."

Thérèse went away, giving a last look at her little sisters, who were crying and

wished to follow her, the sight of which affection increased still more the resentment of the vindictive step-mother.

The family lawyer was a M. Rénard, one of the most honourable of men, a devoted and tried friend, who had made vain efforts to stop Crèvecoeur in that path which he saw would eventually lead to ruin. He was now Madame Crèvecoeur's most intimate adviser. He allowed her to speak, confess her plans, and even encouraged her in her ambition, as if he were desirous of knowing how far she would go.

But was he a really sincere confidant of Madame Crèvecoeur's intentions, or had he said to himself, that he would be better able to attend to the interests of the friend whom he had lost, by keeping his *entrée* in the house where he saw indications of designing enmity? What makes us think so, is his well-known delicacy, which ought to have prevented him from being an accomplice in wicked intentions. And besides all this, M. Rénard was also Maurice de Terrenoire's lawyer and intimate friend. Thus, then, he listened with complaisance and apparent sympathy to all Suzanne's complaints respecting her step-daughter.

Numerous friends came out of curiosity, more than from affection, to know how it really fared with Suzanne, who gave herself out to be a millionaire. To these she did not fail to relate how she had found in Thérèse's room Maurice de Terrenoire's portrait, which had been taken away, as well as other insignificant objects. She insinuated, too, that Thérèse was alone in her father's room, and asserted that she was responsible for everything that was missing.

The report of an intimate understanding between Thérèse and Maurice soon went the round of this frivolous and scandalizing society. The whole, of course, was garnished with remarks, to which each narrator knew how to add something.

Thérèse, when she appeared in the drawing room, was assailed by sneering looks, and smiles scarcely concealed. Some ladies, who could not pardon her for being so young, so rich, and so handsome, felt infinite pleasure in asking her, with an appearance of interest, how M. de Terrenoire was.

What she must have suffered in thus seeing them fail in the respect due to her

father's last wishes, in seeing them profane his purest thoughts, it is impossible for us to tell. The martyrdom that poor Thérèse endured, every heart, however, can feel.

M. Rénard, the lawyer, always attentive to Madame Crèveœur, who could not do without him, had found time to write to Maurice de Terrenoire, and had, doubtless, not failed to keep his friend *au courant* with everything that took place, and which might interest him. Perhaps, even, he received an answer and instructions how to act, for one day, when Suzanne was telling him, just as she was starting for the country, how difficult it was for her to take care of a young girl who did not know how to take care of herself—

"It is not easy, I agree with you," said the lawyer. "Ah, it will be necessary to confide in the double doors of a convent; and now I come to remember, I know the exact place you want—but no, on reflection, that would not do."

"What is it? tell me," replied Suzanne with vivacity. "I really don't know what to do with her."

"Why, I know a convent where girls are well taken care of," said the lawyer. "But there is a drawback. Thérèse might imbibe a taste for a religious life; for I have noticed a slight inclination that way in her character; and if you wish to see her married, perhaps you mean to act on a different plan. After all," added he, carelessly, "if she makes a nun of herself, that is her affair, and your children would benefit thereby."

"Well, I won't say no," said Suzanne, with indifference. "There is something in your idea. And besides, if I make this decision through your advice I shall have less responsibility. I agree somewhat with your opinion."

"Well," said Rénard, "try to decide. I will give you a letter of introduction, which will open all the doors to you."

Suzanne foresaw, with a secret joy, how advantageous it would be to rid herself of Thérèse's presence, whose beauty, fortune, and very submission, offended her; for resistance would have given her far ampler scope to indulge her fits of passion. And more, there remained the happy chance of seeing her take the veil, and leaving to her sisters part of her fortune.

She sent, therefore, for Thérèse, and,

speaking to her softly, contrary to her usual way, told her of M. Rénard's proposition.

"Dear madame," said Thérèse imploringly, "don't separate me from my sisters; they are all that remains to me of my father! What have I done to merit your anger? I will assist you, madame, in taking care of these dear children; you cannot always be with them, and you know how delicate the little one is. Your servants cannot have the same affection for them as we have. I will act in your place sometimes, and I implore you not to separate me from the family!"

"Perhaps you think you are indispensable to the household?" said Madame Crèveœur. "But be easy on that score. A mother will know how to replace you. Reflect, Thérèse; I will not force you. You can go. We will speak about it in a few days."

A short time after, Thérèse was in her step-mother's room, receiving some orders.

"Don't you hear?" said Madame Crèveœur to her. "Fetch me my scissors; they are on the mantel-piece."

Thérèse, always obliging, went to the place indicated, but, in taking up the scissors, she involuntarily glanced at an open sheet of paper which lay there, and on which were printed some large letters. The name of TERRENOIRE was the first word which struck her. The paper was not edged with black, although, at first, it seemed to announce some fatal news.

Why was she obliged to support herself against the mantel-piece? Why hold her hand to her burning forehead, whilst reading these three lines?

"M—,"

"Madame de Terrenoire has the honour of announcing to you the marriage of her son, M. Maurice de Terrenoire, with Mdlle. Maria Visconti.

"Florence, 13th June, 18—."

Why, on reading this, did Thérèse remain motionless?

"Well, Thérèse," said her step-mother with impatience, "did you hear me? What are you dreaming about?"

"I am dreaming—about the convent you wish to send me to," said Thérèse, making a great effort. "Oh, that I were there! I will no longer be an obstacle to your de-

signs. Dispose of me; I am quite ready to go."

"Another whim!" said her step-mother. "Doubtless it will be the last."

A few days after this interview, Thérèse was introduced by Madame Crèveœur to the pastor of the Convent of the Augustines, as we have already seen at the commencement of this recital.

THE HEALING HERB.

Enough! enough misery, tears, disgrace, despair, and anguish—the plague has accomplished its work. Let us, then, count the victims.

Poor Marx! what has become of your creative genius? Where flown your fancies? Now is it that you fall expiring at the foot of your exquisite statue—of that work of art which ought to have made your renown.

And you, poor little flower, the young hope of the family, Graziella—you, who, swift as the wind, followed your beloved father to the doors of that prison which was soon to be his tomb—why are you now speechless, and with deadened eyes, like a stranger in the midst of the living?

Unfortunate and too weak Crèveœur, you, the consoler of the afflicted—you, who lived but for others, and always forgot yours—if—why have you descended so young into the grave? Why have you left defenceless your dearly-loved daughter, and exposed her to so much hatred? Who will bring up and take care of your young family?

And, again, our charming Mignon, a creature so sweet, so loving, and so inoffensive—you, who shed everywhere joy and happiness—have you yet suffered enough from their calumny and contemptuous treatment? Have you been yet sufficiently wounded in your respect for your cherished father, in your noblest, your purest affections?

Why have ye all fallen?

We need not look for the arm which has struck all these blows. We know it well now—it is that implacable selfishness which will be nourished with nothing less than bleeding hearts.

But who will heal the wounds of those who survive? Who will give them refuge? Who will bring the remedy?

It must be a noble heart, for the heart

that is able to love must be powerful and know how to save the surviving ones, and how to carry consolation to the dead beyond the tomb, by replacing them on earth and carrying out their dearest wishes.

A large heart is the remedy—the Healing Herb required, and Maurice de Terrenoire had a large heart.

Our young engineer had arrived at that all-powerful age, when, under pure inspirations, the heart expands with an unquenchable ardour, when the torrent sends forth its waters without foreseeing the drought which will diminish its power and stop its course. He had gone from France under great anxiety, but had not left without taking measures so that he might know all that took place concerning the interests of his friends.

From his infancy he had been intimately connected with Marx, the sculptor. They had separated, following, under considerable difficulties, different courses, and, more than any one else, Maurice had appreciated the richness of the artist's ardent nature. In introducing the artist to his friend, Crèveœur, he looked upon himself as responsible for the result. It was certainly not his intention that this assistance should prove Marx's ruin.

As soon, then, as he was informed of the fatal news of the death of his friend, Crèveœur, and the proceedings which the pitiless widow had taken against the unfortunate artist, he felt himself bound to provide the money, and hastened to send funds to the director of the prison. His lawyer, who was his confidential agent, followed up this affair closely, and made him acquainted with the details of the execution. He learnt through this faithful channel the news of the irreparable loss which he had sustained in the friend of his childhood, the companion of his whole life, and of Graziella's entry into the convent of the Augustines.

He then wrote to the wife of the superintendent of the prison—a generous woman, whose heart had not been frozen by contact with continual misery—to thank her for her maternal cares, and to repay what she had advanced with so much liberality. Then, when, by authority, the sale of all Marx's goods took place, he instructed M. Rénard to buy in, at any price, the furni-

ture, statues, and works of art, and take another lease of the studio, so that everything should remain in the same state when he returned. On this subject he seemed to have singularly settled ideas.

More assured on this point, he wished to continue his character as protector and adopted father, and told his lawyer to pay regularly for Graziella's education, and to make every inquiry respecting the Augustine nuns. Perhaps he foresaw that he would need this refuge for the object of his secret affections—for the sweet Thérèse—for the precious treasure which a father had confided to him. Deeply deploring that his duty had kept him so long a time from France, he still caressed the idea of uniting under the same blessed roof the two deserted beings whom Providence had intrusted to his care. But, remember, we shall never make of Maurice a "Hero of Romance;" he neither had romance nor poetry, and of this he was well aware. He was but a worthy young man, who listened only to his own feelings, and who simply made a noble use of the wealth which he had already gained by his talent and industry. Even in our material age it is not altogether impossible to meet with such natures.

M. Rénard congratulated himself on the part he had taken, with such good intentions towards Madame Crèvecoeur. He had made discoveries which would have escaped him if his indignation had kept him aloof, and he did not fail, in an after-correspondence, to inform Maurice of all the persecutions of which Thérèse was the object, and of the accusations with which she was overwhelmed. Without understanding the history of the portrait—for he was ignorant of Crèvecoeur's last interview with his daughter—Maurice re-read ten times that passage in the lawyer's letter where it said the miniature had been found in her possession. It was to him an inexhaustible subject of meditation and reverie; and, although the future appeared uncertain and dubious, he still did not wish to know anything of the present, but only desired to look into that which was to come.

His first endeavour was to remove Thérèse from the house where she had suffered so much. If he had tried to interfere himself, he well knew he would double the difficulties and raise an opposition (quite na-

tural) on the part of the imperious widow. It struck him, then, that it was better to act through another medium. Trusting more and more the excellent M. Rénard with his affairs, he told him to represent the convent to Madame Crèvecoeur as a house that would quite answer her purpose, and let her foresee all the advantages that the avidity of the widow might hope for. To honest people, there is certainly a little gratification derived from fighting bad people with their own weapons. M. Rénard, who knew of Maurice's attachment, and who perhaps foresaw a way of securing Thérèse's future, entered warmly into all his projects. The widow easily fell into the innocent snare that was laid for her, and so it was that the beautiful orphan found, in the convent of the Augustines, a safe refuge and the repose of which she stood so much in need.

But Mignon's repose—for now that we have brought her to the convent-door, in relating the commencement of this sad history, we wish to keep the charming name which had been given her by her companions—Mignon's repose was still troubled by her recollections. Why? Perhaps she could scarcely tell herself.

Was it a printed letter which, one day, she had by chance looked at—a letter which announced to Madame Crèvecoeur, Maurice's marriage?

But no intimate friendship had ever existed between her and Maurice, who was of a very frigid and reserved disposition, and who was much older than herself. She looked upon Maurice more as an adviser, a tutor, according to her father's wishes.

Had she, then, felt a deep attachment for this beautiful and noble character, the contemplation of which was a relief to her after the insignificant or unfriendly persons who came to her step-mother's house? Had she herself hoped to be loved? Had she ever dreamt of devoting her life to him? Had she not sometimes imagined that the nearest and most sacred tie might one day unite for ever Crèvecoeur's daughter with his devoted friend, and that these two existences might be spent in cultivating their pious remembrances? Perhaps Mignon had dreamt this dream, for she knew she was beautiful—she could not be ignorant of it, although she possessed no more vanity than a flower

of the field. She had often noticed Maurice's serious and profound look fixed on her, as if to read her destiny; and when she was singing at the piano, before her father and Maurice, she was oftentimes surprised at the emotion of the latter, although, according to the pretensions of some other learned men, he considered himself a stranger and indifferent to the powers of music.

When by chance, too, she had taken his arm in walking, she felt an embarrassment, which she never experienced with any one else. Thus she could not account for the feeling she had for Maurice; but it was certainly something she had for no one else. And besides, why had she not been informed, like Madame Crèvecoeur, of so important an event in Maurice's life? Sometimes she felt hurt by this indifference, but Mignon was as yet unacquainted with the storms of the heart, and felt no resentment. She retained for her father's friend her affection and gratitude, and always reckoned on him as the only support remaining to her.

But her horizon had contracted; the light of her heaven had paled; the future seemed spiritless and insignificant. She lived because she was obliged to live, but desireless and aimless. If she had but cared for herself, she might have said, as did Margaret of Scotland, "Weary of life; don't speak to me about it any more!" but, obeying her better nature, she showed no signs of sorrow, and wished, above everything, to serve others. So have we seen her, immediately taking Graziella in her arms, the abandoned one, and calling her almost to life by her tender pity, the charm of her look and voice, and her sweet, motherly kiss.

For his part, Maurice de Terrenoire, if he had a deep affection for Mignon, who united all the delights of youth and beauty, every charm of the mind, every treasure of the heart—if she were to him dearer than any one else, seeing also that she was confided to him by the last wishes of a father, that she was alone in the world, and exposed to great dangers—if these were good reasons for thinking of her, and of her only, whilst he was walking on the banks of the Arno, without seeing any of the beauties which surrounded him—if, in a word, Maurice de Terrenoire loved Mignon,

he would have kept his secret; a motive of delicacy would have prevented him from showing the least feeling. For Mignon had a large fortune, and the same authority that the last wishes of Crèvecoeur gave to Maurice, imposed on him, at the same time, the greatest reserve.

As to the account of the marriage, it had certainly never been printed at Florence, as nothing of the kind had ever been thought of there. If it were like this—if this letter came from Paris, and had been drawn up to suit the circumstances of the case, as men of business say—it was a dangerous weapon, which would not compromise the enemy who dared to make use of it. But what, Mignon, what have you to complain of? Your step-mother receives a printed marriage form; it is no letter, it has no signature. No one knows whence it comes. Why do you look at that which was not intended for you? And besides, did you look at it carefully? Where is it—this important paper? It has already disappeared. You are too proud even to speak of it, to inform yourself of the circumstances, to make inquiries about it. And if you are hurt by this sharp arrow, there may be an effusion of blood, but no one will see the wound.

Thus was it, to all appearances, a secret between Madame Crèvecoeur, who was not likely to have taken a confidant in this wickedness, and Mignon, who would take care not to say anything about it. Everything had been well calculated.

Maurice could not even suspect such unheard-of treachery. In his distant retreat he only thought of the beings whom he had taken under his protection. He worshipped that power of heart and mind which traverses space, which surrounds, with hidden cares, the loved beings—which makes its influence felt without being seen, and by its resources triumphs over difficulties which it would be difficult to openly face.

He very much wished to know if Mignon ever thought of him. He had often begun to write to her, but could not quite make up his mind to trouble her with his affairs; so he contented himself then with consecrating all his thought to her, and in intrusting her to the care of the excellent lawyer to whom he voluntarily disclosed his views of it.

Meanwhile, he thanked God that Mignon was now happy and contented in the convent of the Augustines.

(To be continued.)

THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN LONDON.

VL.—WOMEN AND WORKHOUSES.

MARK you, not "women in workhouses," but "women *and* workhouses," because that includes the dwellers without, and the prisoners within, the four walls of the "Union"—strange misnomer! And our work to-day is with both parties, for we desire to describe in a few words the general condition of the 52,000 *female* inmates, and the more than 40,000 pauper children, of whom 12,000 are orphans, now confined in the workhouses of England and Wales, and to base on the facts we shall furnish, an appeal to the ladies of this country in behalf of these their suffering sisters. Never was there a subject more needing scrutiny, or that called more loudly for redress or supervision than the disgraceful and unhappy condition of womanhood in workhouses. What Howard did for the prisons, what Robert Raikes accomplished for the Arabs of our towns, what Florence Nightingale effected for our sick, some unknown individual must arise and work out for these modern lazar-houses. And quickly may the strong arm come, the bright eye beam, and the kindly heart weep over the sick, and plan a pathway for youth to march onward and upward, and make straight roads for the weary, ward to return and be once more at peace!

Workhouses are peculiar to England. You know this, no doubt, good reader, for we Britishers are proud of this peculiarity, and many a man, many a time, in many a land, has told the tale with exultation that shelter and food are found at the doors of an English union for all pleading poverty. "There's no country, except ours," cries the Englishman, "that provides by law for its poor, and that compels the rich to give of their abundance for the support of the sick and needy; ay, and it's an old institution, too; none of your new-fangled notions of yesterday. Why, workhouses have existed for the last three hundred and odd years. Didn't Henry VIII. intend them to be religious and charitable institutions to supply the place of those conventual hos-

pitals and charities which, with their revenues, he suppressed, and which fell with so great a fall at the time and in consequence of the Reformation?" "Twas a great marvel," to use the words of Dr. Arnold, "that the badness of the agents in that glorious movement had not disgraced the goodness of the cause;" but we cannot help wishing with Mrs. Jameson that greater care had been taken during the uprooting of these evils and abuses, to have prevented the uprooting at the same time of many long-rooted charities. "For the epithet *charitable* could never be applied to any parish workhouse I have seen. Our machine charity is as much charity, in the Christian sense, as the praying machines of the Tartars are piety."*

Did my reader ever, from duty, business, or Christian charity, pay a visit to that retreat for old age, that shelter for the decrepit, over-taxed, worn-out members of our community—the parish workhouse? You know the huge prison-barn as it stands on the dusty road, or down some old, half-neglected street in the most out-of-the-way corner of your parish, no doubt; but twenty to one—nay, we will double the odds—your feet have never crossed its threshold, and within the walls all is *terra incognita* to you. If you're a man and a householder, you have paid your quota of taxes as a man, and played your part well towards keeping a set of idle vagabonds, who ought to be at work; and what more can the world require? Besides, you've your business to look after, and it is impossible that you could interfere with the guardians! A pretty thing, indeed, to have the parish about your ears! And you, oh, happy mother, and still more happy maidens, what have you in common with the base-born babies and the outcast wenches that crowd the wards, contaminating each other and their miserable offspring? What communion is there between you and the weary, vacant old folks who, past work, have turned in there to die without hope, without strength, too often without a friend to listen to the last sad sob, and knowing no one with whom to intrust their farewell message to some distant, but not forgotten, if ungrateful and disobedient, child? We repeat again, the chances are that

* "Communion of Labour."

your feet have never crossed its threshold; and beyond the knowledge of the bare fact of the existence of such a place, all is ignorance, confusion, vacancy. But, query, how much of this disorder, this indecent, quarrelsome language, this pettish, pitiful squabbling about trifles, this going on, and downwards, from bad to worse, is owing to your absence? Did you never hear that "ower true story" of the sick soldier, who declared of Florence Nightingale that her very shadow, as it fitted across the ward, did him good? or that still more pathetic tale of the surgeon's wife, who walked with her husband down the plague-stricken wards of one of the Eastern hospitals, and did more, by her appearance, towards curing these hopeless, helpless sick, than all the drugs and skill which her husband could offer? "The danger can't be so very great," said the men one to the other, "if she comes here." How little they knew then that their friend had taken her life in her hand to bring life to them. Yes, the actual presence of a Christian woman among the morally or the physically sick carries with it a weight and a worth that no gold can purchase, no man measure. It is not money, it is nothing *material* that is wanted for our workhouses—'tis time, and thought, and sympathy, they require; it is the uprooting of their government by fear, and a substitution of a *régime* of love; 'tis a displacing of ignorant, drinking, ill-taught officials, and a bringing in of refined, educated governors that is wanted; and by grace we hope this will come, and that, too, before long.

The end of life is labour—at least for the majority—and the end of labour? For Dobbin, is the knacker's yard; for Neddy, the proverbial, if ignominious and problematical, "burial of an ass;" for Christian men and women, the parish dole and the pauper garb, and then the pauper burial—

Oh! where are the mourners? Alas! there are none.
He has left not a gap in the world, now he's gone—
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man.
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can;
Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns.

And how they hate this workhouse life, those poor old folk, who have borne, and borne how cheerfully, too, the heat and burden of the day! But they ought to

have saved something when they were younger—they're so improvident, the working classes, that they are! Well, perhaps they ought to have saved something. Who knows? No doubt you and I could, if we had had to bring up a family on the same sum; and we never should have fallen into temptation, or been sick, or out of work. But everybody is not so fortunate or so self-denying as we are; and so, after all, we come to this question—what is to become of the miserable and the mistaken, and the worn-out? Do you think it right that those who have committed no crime worthy of imprisonment should be virtually, if not nominally, coerced? Do you think it can be right to warm, to guide, to arrange our goals better than our unions? Do you think it fair that there should be classification in the one case and none in the other?—cleanliness in the former, filth in the latter?—intelligent men and women to have charge of criminals, while paupers are placed over paupers, and ignorance and vulgarity are permitted to hold union reins?

I am troubling you with much unpleasant matter—'tis a huge, unpleasant sore that is being exposed—but, by all that is true and holy, the old rags must be torn off, and the place thoroughly cleansed; for these houses, that might be the glory of this land, are, as they stand now, a foul disgrace, where corruption breeds corruption, and every hateful thing.

The poor-houses in some country towns may be bearable when compared with many of the metropolitan houses, but they are all cold, whitewashed sepulchres, full of dead men's bones. The number of inmates varies in different parishes at different seasons, from 400 to 1,000. In the great London unions it is generally from 500 to 2,000. Of these, a very large proportion are women, and they may be divided generally, and described, as night-wanderers, or tramps, orphan children, the lame, blind, idiot, and insane, the aged, who here lie down on their last bed to die, and last, but by far the worst, the sick outcasts of the streets, who have been thrown up as refuse out of the very mire of the gutter. And where do these outcasts come from in the beginning? Why they are in innumerable instances, girls who have been brought up in the very house

to which they return. In one workhouse, which shall be nameless, 209 out of 309 were returned upon the parish in a deplorable state; and out of 326 from another house, 110 were known to have been subsequently led into vice and infamy! Two-thirds out of 300 girls returning to be wretched mothers of wretched infants, swelling the mass of destitute inmates, and adding to the parish expenses! Is it not astonishing that the poor-law guardians do not see that, to encourage some moral and preventive influences within the walls of the workhouse, must, in the long run, diminish the burdens on the ratepayers?

Again, the number of females committed from the workhouses to two London prisons was, in the year 1856, nearly 500, and, in the following year, the number had increased! And no wonder. Men know what fruit to expect from a corrupt tree, and are not disappointed in this instance. Oh, no! there is no variation in the great laws of Nature; and if we want different results, there must be different management and broader views taken.

No doubt it is difficult to deal with men in masses, and a group of persons without any real ties certainly stand a worse chance in life than the same number of beings surrounded with friends, relations, and all the adornments of civilization. Granted; but that is no argument that bad should be made worse, and that men and women, who are simply unfortunate, should be treated worse than criminals. Surely workhouses are but means to an end, and that end is, or ought to be, the good and amelioration of its inmates. The blind, the lame, the aged, ought to be able to regard the house as a Christian retreat, provided by Christian men for their poorer brethren; and, as to the able-bodied paupers, with very rare exceptions, they have no right there, and, moreover, they never would be there, if it were not for the parsimony of the guardians.

What time and what money, we should like to know, would it take to provide by emigration for all the young girls now in all the unions in England? Here we have Canada, Australia, New Zealand, stretching out their hands and crying out for us to help them, voting sums of money every session to pay for the passage of female labourers; and we, like the dog in the

fable, unable to provide for them, distracted by their conduct, disgraced by their lives, and impoverished by their maintenance, reluctantly hold back, and refuse to give up what would be treasure to others and is absolute loss to us.

Who is to teach us wisdom, and when will a remedy be provided? The doors are closed; no man comes out to tell the tale of things done within those walls; and we, outside the gate, are too careless to force the latch and walk in. Yet the movement must come from without—the relief *must* come from us!

If every reader of this paper would but knock at the door of the nearest union, and, being denied entrance, would but go home vowing vengeance against a system that tended so to distress the distressed and degrade the degraded—if he or she would but venture to inquire into the condition of the house and summon up courage to demand an admittance on the visiting day (mem., you can see prisoners in any gaol as often), and walk round the wards and see the old, sick, bedridden women, who have lain staring at whitewashed walls for the last four, six, ten years of their lives, or go round and see the shrivelled, wretched children, whose food is carried off by the harpies around them; or listen, if he dare, to the language in the oakum room—surely he will think with us that it is high time to awake out of sleep and sound an alarm.

Already a society has been formed, called the Workhouse Visiting Society, under the superintendence of the Bishop of London and other philanthropists, having in view three principal objects, viz.:—

1. For befriending the destitute and orphan children while in the schools and after they are placed in situations.
2. For the instruction and comfort of the sick and afflicted.
3. For the benefit of the ignorant and the depraved, by assisting the officers of the establishment in forming classes for instruction; in the encouragement of useful occupation during the hours of leisure, or in any other work that may seem to the guardians to be useful and beneficial.

The co-operation of guardians is earnestly desired in furthering these objects. The sanction of the Poor Law Board has already been obtained to this mode of

action, subject to such regulations as may prevent any infringement of the discipline of workhouses, and with the concurrence of the guardians.

In conclusion, we will add that communications may be addressed to Miss L. Twining, at the office of the National Association, 3, Waterloo-place, London, S.W., who will give any further information that may be required. Under their supervision may workhouses become what William III. said they might, under a prudent and good arrangement, viz., "answer all ends of charity to the poor in regard to their bodies and souls: they may be made, properly speaking, nurseries for religion, virtue, industry, by having daily prayers, the Scriptures constantly read, and poor children Christianly instructed." Only to think that that was said in 1698, and that we are now where we are in regard to the government of workhouses in this boasted nineteenth century!

M. S. R.

WHATEVER SHALL I DO?

A TALE OF WOE, WANT, AND WEAL.

Though plunged in ills and exercised in care,
Yet never let the noble mind despair.
When press'd by dangers and beset by foes,
The gods' their timely succour interpose;
And when our virtue sinks o'erwhelmed with grief,
By unforeseen expedients bring relief.

PHILIPS.

WHATEVER SHALL I DO? Happy reader, who has never *thought* this, even if she have not been so despairing as to *utter* it. Of course you will all say that there are so many circumstances under which this exclamation may have been made, mentally or *vivâ voce*, that some explanation is necessary. This explanation will be found in the following sketch from the life of

A YOUNG WIFE,

a sweet girl of some nineteen summers, whose first trouble, after the honeymoon spent in the Island of Wight (as our dear French neighbours love to call it), occurred the very first day she arrived at her cottage-home, some ten miles from the city of London. We are fearful of specifying the precise locality, and saying whether it be situate on the Waterloo "line," not far distant from the "silver Thames;" or on the more frequented "London and Brighton" Railway, whither

all Cockaigne seems bent on moving between the hours of four and six; or amidst the less-peopled districts of the North of London, where the more pastorally-inclined of "London Cits" do disport themselves at eventide. No! we daren't name the place, lest a twinge of a dismal remembrance should be felt in many a fair one's heart, and she should say unto herself, "Why, surely it's *my* case, for I well remember thinking, when in a similar position, 'Whatever shall I do?'"

The young wife's first trouble came in this wise. She had risen early, and her dear, dear husband, who was "something in the city," and was looked up to in the "country" more, perhaps, than he was in "town," had departed to his "office," or "warehouse" (we won't say which it was, for fear of awakening the aforesaid unpleasant feelings in the breasts of the aforesaid fair ones)—and at half-past eight o'clock, the breakfast "things" being cleared away, there came this terrible cry from the young wife's heart—"Whatever shall I do?"

Now, those ladies who have taken the trouble to read thus far into the pith and marrow of our thrilling sketch, won't think, we trust, that Charles had already been unkind; or that any feeling of misgiving had arisen in her mind respecting his devotion; or that Augusta was jealous of him; or, indeed, that any dreadful calamity had overtaken, or was about to overtake, this "nice young couple." If our readers are now expecting some "pitiful story" of ill-requited affection, we must at once say, with Canning's knife-grinder, "We have none to tell." But a story quite as full of woe is ours, and one to be worked out, we can assure you, through no ordinary trials and changes. The trials—those of servants; the changes—ditto.

Well, now, after this tantalizing introduction (we can fancy we hear musical voices saying, "Oh! how ridiculous!"), we will at last tell you what made our young wife cry, "Whatever shall I do?" Charles was to come home by the 5-20 train from town, and at six o'clock there was to be ready

THE DINNER!

That was the *bête noir*—that was the skeleton in her house which Augusta was

contemplating with fixed eyes and miserable mien.

"Oh! dinner, dinner, dinner! whatever shall I get for dinner? Whatever shall I do?"

Not that she thought Charles difficult to please—not at all. It hadn't come to that yet, at any rate. But the ordering of a dinner was to her an incomprehensible problem—an addition sum she couldn't make "come right." She would ask "Mary," the servant (she had but one, and quite enough to begin with, too), but no! she didn't like to do that—it would look "so stupid" of her (Augusta) not to know what to order. She would have a "good cry"—that always does you good, she had heard some people say; but, somehow, it wasn't a crying job, and the tears wouldn't come—they didn't think it worth while, perhaps.

Minutes passed, and no resolve was made, no step taken to overcome the difficulty. The nightmare was heavy on her breast, and she fairly screamed (just a little one) when she heard "TCHER!" called in a very jerky voice, but in a somewhat authoritative tone, at the kitchen-door.

Now, if Charles had said what he would have liked for dinner, it wouldn't have been so dreadful; but, as he left the house, he had said, "He'd leave it all to her; he knew she would manage everything so nicely."

"Butcher, ma'am, please," said Mary, entering the room; and in Augusta's eyes she seemed to be enjoying exceedingly her mistress's misery.

"Yes, Mary. What—has—he—nice?"

"I'll ask 'im, ma'am," said Mary, and made her exit.

But, meanwhile, Augusta had had a most delightful idea.

"How silly I was, to be sure, not to think of that cookery-book which Aunt Storres gave me; why, it will tell me in a minute what to do."

So thought our young wife; but it didn't tell her. She eagerly turned over the first two or three pages, and, recollecting it was "September," turned to see what was in season for that month. Lots of things in season, from plaice to partridges, certainly, and no end of recipes; but to Augusta they were useless. The

book purported to be a practical work; and so it might have been to those who knew all about the art of cookery; but to poor Augusta's inexperienced eyes and unpractised hands, the "*some of this, a little of that, and a few of those, and not too much of these, and about an hour or two,*" and the indefinite, unintelligible, and extravagant nature of nearly all the recipes, caused altogether such a chaos in her mind, that she was half-distracted, as she told Charles some months afterwards.

Mary had had, by this time, a little chat with the good-looking butcher-boy, whose shiny face and ready tongue seemed to have a considerable attraction for her, and now returned to the breakfast-room with the message that—

"Please, ma'am, they've mutton, and beef, and veal."

"Ah, then, tell him mutton, Mary."

"Yes, ma'am;" but Mary did not leave the room.

"Veal, Mary, tell him."

"What joint, ma'am?"

"Oh! a—a—a—sirloin's a nice joint. I think we might have a sirloin. Don't you think so, Mary?"

There was something like a grin on Mary's face. She certainly didn't look quite demure; but she might have been thinking of the butcher-boy.

"Well, Mary, what are you waiting for? Don't you know there's a joint called the sirloin?"

(Poor Augusta! the strain on her mental powers was becoming something terrible, and she felt that this question would decide the fate of herself, Mary, and the dinner).

"Yes, ma'am, but there aint a sirloin of veal—it's of beef."

"Oh—o—yes it is, Mary; it's a loin of veal, of course; so it is. Tell him to send a—a loin, then."

Happily, the right nail was hit at last, and thus was given the first order to the butcher by Augusta Freshfield. It was an episode in her life she learnt afterwards to laugh at, and would amuse all her friends by its recital, but she always added, with a sigh, "It was very bad while it lasted." She also said that Charles rather lifted his eyebrows when he saw the large loin *hot* on that day, and lifted them rather more, too, when he saw it *cold, cold, cold*, for *three succeeding* days. For the loin

was a large one, and not easy to be demolished by so small a family.

Her other troubles, on that first day, aye, and for many days after, we won't go into—we think it would be too hard upon the poor "young wife," who, after all, was not so much to be blamed as those who had had the "bringing of her up."

But there is just one thing we wish to add, and we are certain it will bring balm to many a wounded heart, and be a delight to thousands.

And it is this. Last month, Augusta was telling the tale of her first trouble to one of her young friends, who had just received an offer from "such a nice fellow," and is going to be married some time next year to him, as he will then have worked into a capital position, and be able to keep his wife "stunning," as he says.

"Ah! I shall never have such trouble as you have had," replied the little damsel, all happy in the new-found joy of being loved by the "nice fellow," and being told so by him. "I shall never have such trouble."

"I hope not," said Augusta, but her voice betrayed a slight amount of doubt on the subject.

"And I'll tell you why," said little Rosebud; "my aunt has taught me a little, and I heard last evening, from Mrs. Cayrefole, that there is going to be published a new work, called 'The Book of Household Management,' and it will have everything in it that a young and inexperienced wife can possibly want to know. Mrs. Cayrefole gave me a few prospectuses of it, and you can have one, and see what you think of it. It's almost certain to be a good book, for it's going to be published at Bouverie-street, London, at the office of the 'Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine,' and that's the nicest little periodical that any one can take in every month, I'm sure. My brother George, too, buys Mr. Beeton's 'Dictionary,' and he says it's the most interesting and useful work he ever saw."

"Well," said Augusta, "I'm delighted to hear that somebody is going to prepare such a book, and I shall certainly get our bookseller to order it for me. What's the price of it, did you say?"

"Ah! it's so cheap that *any one* can buy it, and so I hope a great number of servants,

as well as mistresses, will; for it's only threepence a month, and it will be finished in a little more than a year."

"Well, if it's longer it won't matter, will it? for, from what I can judge from this specimen-page of it, it seems to me that it will be a most admirable work. It not only tells one's own duties and those of all domestics, and gives the most intelligible and economical recipes, but I also see there is an entirely novel feature introduced into it, which will make it also extremely valuable in an instructive point of view. Indeed, it will teach all of us something about 'little things' that we don't know now."

"Yes, and it's going to be edited by a lady, I see—Mrs. Isabella Beeton."

"I'm very glad to hear it. We shan't have such dreadfully extravagant dishes as are made up by the men-cooks."

"What's that you are saying about men and cooks?" said Charles Freshfield, who had just come in from smoking his cigar in the garden.

"Oh, it's nothing to do with you rude men," said Augusta, pulling his great, rough face down to hers, and bestowing a pat on the top of his head, and something better on his cheek.

"Isn't it, though," said Charles; "by Jove! I think cooking has a great deal to do with the men. It means comfort, and pleasure, and good health, and good temper, and I don't know what besides—why, it's everything, is cooking. All the good in the world has always been done after a good dinner; so don't you say, Miss Saucebox, that it's nothing to do with us. What's this? is this about cooking? Ah! so it is. Well, I'll read it you; I rather fancy I'm in good voice to-night, and I'll charm you with my finest notes. Listen, ladies all."

[And he read to them the prospectus of "Beeton's Book of Household Management," which will be seen accompanying this number of the Magazine.]

ROYAL BLACKING. — One quart of the best vinegar or sour beer, four ounces of ivory black, the juice of a lemon, two tablespoonfuls of olive or good oil, two tablespoonfuls of treacle or coarse sugar, a little gum dragon, one ounce of oil of vitriol (to be put in last). The whole to be put on the fire and well mixed together, the vitriol excepted.

AUNT MARGARET AND I.

II.
THE MAYBERRIES;
OR,
MARKED OUT FOR MISFORTUNE.

IN TWO PARTS. II.

BUT, at all events, whatever difference of opinion there might be as to the wisdom of the Mayberries' plans, past or present, no one (except, of course, a few obstinate infidels) denied that they were certainly "marked out for misfortune." Mrs. Marshall, as we have seen, blamed the folly of their own undertakings. Miss Simpkins, who is the most nervous of the fire-dreadening population in D—, and has all her grates surrounded by a double wire-screen, beside patronizing "patent extinguishers" and "registered safety match-boxes," attributed the calamity solely to the non-use of a particular description of lamp, "warranted" to use an impossibly small amount of oil, and to be perfectly free from any dangerous propensity to extended illumination. Whether it fulfils the former agreement, I do not know; that it certainly does the latter I can sincerely testify, its light being the nearest approach to that peculiar irradiation denominated, by illogical and unscientific people, "darkness made visible," of any I have ever seen. Indeed, I am at this moment wearing the prettiest of lilac muslins, whereof the pattern on one-half of the body is turned upside down, in consequence of having attempted to cut it out by the light of Miss Simpkins's lamp, and Aunt Margaret, I know, attributes those "wrong stitches" which came unaccountably into the middle of her knitted window-curtains to the same cause.

"Well now, Miss Graham, you must admit that there is something very singular in these continued calamities," said Miss Crosbie; "the three children in measles, just after they had been burnt out of house and home! Why, even Mr. Shepherd, this morning, said——"

"Not that they had been marked out for misfortune, I hope?" replied Aunt Margaret.

"Well, no; not exactly that, certainly; but he did say that it was very remarkable—very unaccountable indeed—that is nearly the same thing, I think?"

"Which was unaccountable, the fire or the measles?"

"Now, my dear Miss Graham, you are always asking such questions," put in Miss Molesworth (it was on the occasion of a tea-party at this lady's house that the conversation occurred); "but surely you don't deny that there is a Providence in these matters?"

"Certainly not," said Aunt Margaret.

"And that some persons are actually marked—that is, I mean that some persons have peculiar trials?" said Mrs. Hopkins.

"Certainly they have."

"And yet," urged Miss Molesworth, "you'll not allow that such persons are marked!"

"My dear Ellen! How awkward! What could you have been doing?" interrupted Aunt Margaret, as I unaccountably, at this moment, upset my teacup, sending the contents all over our hostess's elaborately-polished table.

"I am very sorry, my dear Miss Molesworth. Pray let me assist you." And we all began to bustle about to prevent further mischief, by removing the other tea apparatus out of the shop.

"What was I saying?" quoth Miss Molesworth as we re-seated ourselves. "Oh, yes! Marked out for misfortune," she repeated, with deliberate emphasis, not to be deterred from giving utterance to the obnoxious expression even by the injury to her mahogany and French polish. "Marked out, indeed! Betty, be sure you use the brush well in the morning! The most unheard-of sort of thing. And a little stale beer, Betty, will get it all out. Marked, indeed! oh, dear!"

"Law, no, ma'am; tea never stains; not a mark will be there to-morrow."

Every one smiled at Betty's misapprehension; but, as soon as she had left the room, Miss Crosbie resumed the subject.

"Now, what can be the difference between being 'peculiarly tried' and 'marked out for misfortune?'" she said.

Miss Crosbie's *forte* is supposed to lie in questions; so, after the utterance of this one, she drew herself up and arranged her collar and sleeves, and smoothed her front. Finding no one answered immediately, she added, "It seems only, after all, a mere difference of expression."

"Are all trials misfortunes?" said Aunt Margaret.

"Well, I presume—that is, few people, I think, will say that——"

"You will scarcely call them blessings, I suppose," said Harriet Marshall, with a flippancy which would have hurt me, I think, but that she was at that moment sewing on the last button to Freddy's frock; "nor pleasures neither. For my part, I am sure I wish to have as few as possible."

"I daresay we all do," said Aunt Margaret; "but I believe there are many who have never met trials, or what are called trials, who have great and grievous misfortunes; numbers who, without sorrow, or difficulty, or loss, are, indeed, peculiarly unfortunate. Are not idleness, vice, and selfishness misfortunes? Are not even feebleness of mind, weakness of purpose, despondency, want of hope, terrible misfortunes? Are not people unfortunate in temper, in disposition, in feeling, in understanding, in principle?"

"Oh! my dear Miss Graham, no doubt; of course we all know that," said Miss Simpkins; "but then, you know, people could prevent all these things: all these are faults."

"No one need be idle, or vicious, or discontented, or ill-tempered," said Mrs. Hopkins.

"Is it so very easy to eradicate all faults of Nature and all errors of education?"

"No, certainly not; but then persons—properly disposed persons, of course, I mean—will generally succeed in doing so," said Miss Crosbie.

"But those are not, perhaps, properly disposed persons," replied Aunt Margaret, with the smallest perceptible smile.

"I know I wish I could be always industrious," whispered Fanny Marshall.

"I was in a passion with my shoemaker yesterday morning, Miss Crosbie," said Harriet Marshall, touching me with her elbow. "I fear I am not a properly disposed person. Pray don't laugh, Ellen Graham." And she settled her face into a picture of demureness.

"I mean, of course, that religion and right principle will always teach us to correct those faults," said Miss Crosbie, not condescending to notice the young

ladies; "and, therefore, they can be prevented or cured."

"As easily as a fire or the measles?"

"Well, I am as certain as certain can be, if we talked till midnight," said Mrs. Hopkins, rising to break up the meeting; "that there are people completely——"

"Oh, pray!" said Aunt Margaret.

"People certainly and undoubtedly——"

"No, no!" I cried.

"And I cannot understand why curable errors are to be classed with inevitable events," said Miss Crosbie with dignity.

"I don't think Aunt Margaret meant to class them," I said.

"There's little use in talking; such a series of calamities must be considered remarkable," said Miss Molesworth.

"And I am sure they ought to lead us all to reflect seriously," sighed Mrs. Marshall.

"If our many blessings have not done so already," said Aunt Margaret.

"Well, I think those who are not aroused by trouble——" said Miss Simpkins.

"Or happiness," said Aunt Margaret. But there was no use in pursuing the subject farther; we were obliged to leave it a settled thing that "The Mayberrys were marked out for misfortune."

Still, however we might be fatalists in theory, in conduct we were certainly practical in D——. Harriet Marshall's blue eyes grew red from sympathy and night-sewing, to supply the garments more indispensable now that sickness had come, and she got a whitlow on her pretty forefinger from the same cause. Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Hopkins contributed jams and jellies, and sweetmeats, custards, blanc-manges, and advice without end. Miss Simpkins spent a whole day manufacturing a shade for the candle, which would resist the fire-raising propensities of a score of "Janes." And Miss Crosbie sent her own maid (who had nursed all her sister's children), with strict orders not to stir from Mrs. Mayberry's nursery until her children were well.

I think Mrs. Rucker was the most useful present contributed, and I do not know, indeed, what Susan could have done but for her, for some days. Aunt Margaret and I are but poor nurses; and Fanny Marshall fell into a sleep and the fire, the first night she attempted to sit up;

but Mrs. Rocker was wide awake, and never either *in* the way or *out* of it. The jug of barley-water was never empty, the gruel saucepan never un replenished, the fire was always bright, the kettle always boiling, the linen always aired; there was never a smoky chimney, a creaking door, or a difficult window, while Mrs. Rocker presided; the room was never cold, and always sufficiently ventilated, and the Captain's watch, hanging over the mantel-piece, kept time to a second. She quieted the babes as no one else could have done, and even Master Fred never refused to take medicine at her bidding. She could make Miss Molesworth hear without raising her voice sufficiently loud to disturb the invalids, and trim the candles so that even Aunt Margaret could see, without creating too much light; she managed to cook Captain Mayberry's chop, and make poor Susan's toast, both in an eatable manner, by the wretched kitchen-grate (they were in temporary lodgings), after the servant had given up in despair. She pulled Fanny Marshall out of the fire without causing any alarm, and dressed Harriet's finger without giving her any pain. She found Mrs. Hopkins's spectacles at the bottom of the water pitcher, and Mrs. Marshall's scissors in the tea caddy, when every one else had hunted for both articles in vain; and she even restored poor Freddy's kitten to health after that unhappy little animal had been immersed in a tub of soap-suds, and then precipitated into the sink by an inebriated charwoman.

I think Susan certainly had trouble enough now. Three sick children, her own health not by any means quite restored, her husband walking all day (he had sold the pony), and writing frequently nearly all the night, in an ill-furnished and uncomfortable lodging; with straitened means still more straitened by the late disaster; yet I cannot call to mind that I ever saw her fold her hands in despair, or sit down to bewail her condition. Perhaps she had not time to do so. Indeed, I have often thought since, that one trouble drives out another somehow, and that when they come very thick, we have so much to do, fighting with them all, that we have not leisure to be frightened by any. I know Aunt Margaret and I have often been more perplexed by a grease-spot on the carpet,

and more put out of our way by the getting in of our winter coals, than we all were now amidst the increasing occupation, and the continued litter caused by a room full of sick children.

We took turns with the other neighbours to stay a day or a night with our friends, and on these occasions we all ate, drank, slept, and dressed just where and when we could, without being much discomposed by the incongruities of time and place. Even Aunt Margaret (who is rather particular) has often, after a night's watching, performed her toilet in Captain Mayberry's dressing-closet, and was only very slightly hurried when, on one occasion, after we were both at home, she recollected having left a stay-lace on his dressing-table. And Miss Simpkins, who is as careful about her diet as her fires, supped one night off poached eggs and toasted cheese (and was glad to get them, too), when we had all gone without our tea, and had but a very poor dinner, in consequence of the children having been, as Mrs. Rocker said, particularly fractious.

I don't know that we any of us did much good, except, of course, Mrs. Rocker; but we did not like to stay away, for, in D—, we have got into a habit of thinking, you perceive, that it is not kind, though it may be polite, to leave people alone in their sorrow or their sickness. So we invaded Frederick Mayberry's home at this time, all the ladies of D—, young and old, and we nursed his children (teased them, Mrs. Rocker said sometimes), and we made his tea (being an old soldier, I suspect he'd have made it better himself), and aired his shirts (I invariably scorched them), and petted his wife (and sometimes scolded her), and pitied him (and lectured him too), until, what between the petting and the pitying, the nursing and the scolding, I am sure any less good-tempered man would have driven us all out of his "apartments" at the point of the bayonet, or the kitchen poker, at least.

But Captain Mayberry did nothing of the sort; he drank the sloppy tea, and wore the scorched shirts, and bore the lectures, and allowed Miss Simpkins to put on his plate just as much of her "genuine Dundee marmalade" as he ought to take for breakfast. I suspect he finished the pot after

she was gone; at least, I found it empty; and the children being in bed, there was no one else to do so; and, in fact, as Miss Molesworth said, "he was the only *rational man* she had ever met with." And yet, in spite of his extreme good conduct, and his wife's to boot, and in spite of the rapid recovery of the little Mayberrys, we never met in a group of three or four in the street or in each other's houses, but some one said, "Marked out for misfortune."

Captain Mayberry and his wife bore more vexations at this time than the most vexatious single or married ladies in D—— could have inflicted on them, for they had a great deal of very real distress, which all our fuss and activity (and we were fully as fussy as we were active) could not alleviate. We were none of us very rich, and, even had we been, the Mayberrys had too independent a spirit to make assistance of a pecuniary nature easy, or even possible. I know that his boots were very much worn, although he walked about so manfully and cheerfully every day. I know that the apothecary's bill was a difficulty. I know that Susan bought less at the butcher's shop, and did not take the best parts of the meat. To be sure, Mrs. Ellis sent chickens from her own poultry-yard, and Sir William Harrington gave a bag of game nearly every week (he is a great sportsman), and neither Mrs. Ellis nor Sir William, I think, believed that the convalescent Freddy devoured all this feathered spoil, so that the diminution of butcher's meat was of less consequence. I know that the little parcel which Susan gave her husband one morning to take to ——, the county-town, contained some trinkets for the Captain to dispose of. I know that the grocer had to be asked "to wait a little," which he very civilly consented to do; and I know that Susan was a little fluttered one day, when the baker's boy reminded her that the month's account had not been settled. But then, Freddy was beginning to eat like a young ostrich, Winny was out-growing her last made frocks, and Minnie was not only getting healthier than she had hitherto been, but she was actually straighter.

So, you see, the Mayberrys *would* get on. In as short a time as it was possible to move the convalescent children, another house was taken, although the furniture to be put into it was, owing to the fire, rather

scanty; but Susan said they could not afford furnished lodgings, and that Frederick was uncomfortable without his own fireside. They did not succeed, you may be sure, in effecting the removal without some mishap, for an awkward carrier let fall a basket of crockery, and Jane, that incorrigible Jane, actually broke a looking-glass. The crockery was a loss, as they had not much to spare, but the looking-glass was but a trumpery old affair, not much regretted by any one excepting Mrs. Hopkins, who, being given to the interpretation of omens, shook her head seriously over the fragments. They settled themselves down somehow; and then Frederick walked all day and wrote all the evening; and Susan worked, and nursed, and walked, and wrote too; and Freddy made as much noise as ever, and tumbled upstairs and downstairs, and tore his clothes; and the twin babies began to walk also, and ran against chairs and tables, and rolled over cushions and under bedsteads; and they were a very merry, industrious, intelligent, sensible, laughing, joking, poor family.

I think no one laughed more than Susan did herself at the contrivances necessary in their household at first, and I am sure no one made better jokes than Frederick at the extraordinary arrangement of the breakfast or dinner table, consequent on the absence of several of the usual appointments, and the substitution of unusual ones. As to Jane, she was more comfortable, I think, in such a state of things; but that was to be expected from a person of her "ill-regulated" disposition. Things gradually arranged themselves. Frederick no longer walked about in worn boots; Susan got courage to order a leg of mutton; the civil grocer signed his receipt; the baker's man did not need to remind "missus" of that little account; and at last Miss Crosbie touched my arm in church one morning (before the service began) to call my attention to the fact of Mrs. Mayberry's new black silk gown. I think Miss Crosbie was better pleased by that black silk than by her own India shawl, a present from her brother, and worn that day for only the third time. I know she was obliged to pull out her handkerchief immediately after the touch above mentioned; and when I knelt beside her at the general thanksgiving, I am sure

I heard the words, "Susan Mayberry." And if she did return a special acknowledgment for her friend's new garment, I daresay many more worldly and less reverent thanksgivings ascended to Heaven that morning. Freddy began to wear smart hats and embroidered frills, and Minnie and Winny toddled about in red shoes. Jane, too, had her wages raised, and adorned her best bonnet with a flaming ribbon; and when we all took tea with Susan on New Year's Eve (there are few dinner parties in D—), the parlour had a new carpet, and the tea equipage was complete.

* * *

"Well," said Aunt Margaret, as we met Mrs. Hopkins coming out of Frederick Mayberry's house the other day, just as we were going to knock, "is she quite well?"

"Quite well," said Mrs. Hopkins; "wonderfully well, indeed."

"Well!" repeated Aunt Margaret the second time, for the next inquiry was rather an embarrassing one.

"A very fine little boy," said Mrs. Hopkins.

"And quite healthy, I hope."

"Quite healthy. A very fine little boy, indeed."

"And this is five!" said Miss Simpkins, who came up at that moment with Mrs. Marshall and Harriet, "and Ellen scarcely to her feet yet. Dear, dear!"

"I hope you are not going to say they are all —," said Aunt Margaret.

"Misfortunes," interrupted Harriet Marshall, with a laugh.

"No, of course not," said Miss Simpkins; "but, still, five children, you know, and their means are very small."

"Captain Mayberry's situation has been much improved by the increase lately to his salary," said I.

"Yes, poor man, it is terrible drudgery," said Mrs. Hopkins.

"And now that Mrs. Mayberry cannot assist him in writing, it is worse than ever," said Miss Simpkins.

"How well he has learned to write with his left hand, though," put in Harriet Marshall.

"For my part, I consider such cases quite a warning, an example, a perfect

example," said Miss Crosbie, who had joined the group.

"Of perseverance, of energy, of patience, and courage," said Aunt Margaret.

"Now, Miss Graham, what can you know of the difficulty and expense of bringing up five children?" said Mrs. Marshall, coming hard down on my aunt with her matronly experience, and darting, at the same time, a severe look at Harriet; for the little episode of Lieutenant Cartridge, always a sore subject with Mrs. Marshall, was not forgotten. "For my part, I agree with Miss Crosbie, that young people bringing themselves into such difficulty through imprudent marriages"—and here Mrs. Marshall grew trebly severe—"are a warning and an example."

"And I am sure we can appeal to facts, for they have had no end of trouble," pursued Miss Crosbie.

"Poor young man, without his right arm, too," said Miss Simpkins.

"Was that in consequence of being married?" said Harriet, treading on my foot.

"And his sight so very bad!" said Mrs. Hopkins.

"But it is better, and really improving every day," said Aunt Margaret. "You know, when first they came, he thought he should have lost one eye completely, and now it is only a little weak."

"And their house is scarcely furnished yet!" said Miss Crosbie.

"It is nearly so, indeed," said I, "and Susan would have had the new curtains up in the drawing-room but for her confinement."

"And five little children in that small house!" exclaimed Miss Simpkins.

"Oh! they are not very troublesome," I replied.

"With only two servants!" said Miss Crosbie.

"And one of them that Jane!" said Mrs. Hopkins.

"Freddy is to be sent to school," I ventured.

"Aye, a fresh expense," observed Mrs. Marshall.

"And Minnie and Winny are quite stout, now!" said Harriet.

"Quite stout enough for mischief, I am sure," replied Miss Crosbie, intending to be ironical—not upon the twins, but Miss Marshall.

"But pray," said Aunt Margaret, "what is really so very deplorable in their case? For my part, I think you have merely enumerated——"

"Difficulties," said Miss Crosbie.

"Surmounted," replied Aunt Margaret.

"Trials," quoth Mrs. Hopkins.

"Borne patiently," said Aunt Margaret.

"Poverty," said Miss Simpkins.

"Well met, and fairly conquered."

"Vexations of all sorts, I am sure," said Mrs. Marshall. "It was only the other morning that Jane——"

"Pooh! vexations!" said Aunt Margaret, who was getting a little excited.

"Well, Miss Graham, all I can say is, that ever since the Mayberrys returned to D——, they have certainly, as every one has noticed, been singled out for," Mrs. Hopkins was trying to alter the phrase, "devoted, one may say to——. Not that I shall assert that it has been the result of imprudence, as you do not wish it——"

"And every one knows they were better off when they married, and could not anticipate such reverses," interrupted Mrs. Marshall.

"Exactly. So, as I say, one cannot help remarking that they have been devoted to——"

"Each other," said Aunt Margaret.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall.

"Been perfectly immersed, one may say, in——" resumed Mrs. Hopkins.

"Cheerfulness and good temper," said Aunt Margaret.

"Marked out for——" pursued Mrs. Hopkins, with determination. She was very near having it; but Aunt Margaret struck in at the right moment—"Sympathy, affection, respect," said she. Mrs. Hopkins gave in. Miss Crosbie began—

"Really, Miss Graham, how any one can consider—a—a——," she was beginning to hesitate.

"A very happy young couple," said Aunt Margaret.

"How any one can consider persons——"

"Having good health, good sense, and good principles," said Aunt Margaret.

"Can consider persons with——with——"

"Means enough for comfort."

"With, I repeat——"

"Five intelligent, handsome children."

"With an income depending merely——merely——"

"On industry, honesty, and activity."

"And——and, a future prospect——"

"Of respectability, success, and good fame."

"Upon my word, it is very extraordinary," quoth Miss Crosbie, with the slightest possible toss (for we are all too well-bred to quarrel), and relapsed into silence. You see, this is the way we argue in D——. We never trouble ourselves about principles, we come to facts; and Aunt Margaret won.

"I shall take little Minnie home with me," said Miss Simpkins; "she is not robust enough to be left among the other children, now that Susan is not about."

"And I am sure, mamma, we could manage Freddy for a few days," said Harriet Marshall.

"Mrs. Rocker could take care of little Ellen, if Mrs. Mayberry would part with her," said Miss Crosbie.

"How Captain Mayberry will ever get a decent cup of tea now, with *that* Jane," said Mrs. Marshall; "I declare I've a very good mind——"

"I really do think we could contrive——," said Mrs. Hopkins.

"Ladies! ladies!" quoth Mr. Pilkington, putting his head out of an upstairs window, "quiet, pray; we can hear your voices in the next room. And, if you please," he added, laughing, "parcel out the children as you like, but don't take possession of Captain Mayberry; respect the laws of the land, my good friends, and our social obligations."

"I am sure——," said Miss Simpkins, *sotto voce*.

"I never spoke loudly in my life," said Miss Crosbie.

"I think 'tis only his joke," said Harriet Marshall.

"Did you hear us?" I said to Susan next morning while I was pouring out her tea, and keeping what nurse called "an eye on the cradle" at the same time. "Did you hear us talking in the street yesterday? Mr. Pilkington said you did."

"He only intended to tease you, I suppose," replied Susan; but she gave such a queer little smile that I think she must have heard some part of our conversation.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

In another portion of this month's Magazine will be seen a notice and prospectus of a new work called **BRETTON'S BOOK OF HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT**, the first monthly Part of which will be published on November 1st. It is to be completed in from fifteen to eighteen Parts, and will form, when finished, a handsome volume of some 700 or 800 pages.

As it is desired that this volume should be as original and comprehensive as possible in all its departments, our subscribers are respectfully solicited to forward any new and authenticated recipes they may have been in the habit of using and testing.

As an acknowledgment of their assistance, a copy of the **BOOK OF HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT** will be presented to every lady who will furnish the Editress with, say, six original recipes connected with any "household department."

These recipes, it is almost unnecessary to observe, must not, of course, be copied from any existing "Cookery Book."

The recipes required may be ranged under the following heads—

I.

Recipes for Cooking, Pickling, Preserving, and for all the requirements of a Kitchen, or relating to the duties of a Cook.

II.

Recipes for Polishing, Cleaning, and for all matters relating to the duties of a Housemaid.

III.

Recipes and information relating to the duties of the Nursemaid, &c. &c. &c.

* * * For all other particulars the reader is respectfully referred to the prospectus which accompanies this number of the Magazine.

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

BREAD OR POUND CAKE.—One pound of flour, three quarters of a pound of butter, three quarters of a pound of lump sugar, one pound and a half of currants, five eggs, a quarter of a pound of lemon peel, two ounces of sweet almonds, a teaspoonful of yeast, and a glass of brandy.

LEMON CHEESECAKES, TO KEEP SEVERAL YEARS.—To a quarter of a pound of butter put one pound

of coarsely-powdered lump sugar, six eggs, leaving out two of the whites, the rind of two lemons grated, and the juice of three. Put all into a pan and let it simmer over the fire until dissolved and it begins to thicken like honey; then put it into a jar and tie it up close, and keep it in a dry place. It must be stirred gently all the time it is boiling.

TO CURE HAMS, TONGUES, BEEF, AND LEGS OF MUTTON.—To five quarts of water put as much common salt as will bear up an egg, half a pound of baysalt, two ounces of nitre, and three quarters of a pound of foot's sugar. After the meat has been in, a scum will form on the top, then boil it, and it will keep for twelve months, still adding a little more salt.

ROCK BISCUITS.—Take one pound of flour, well dried, half a pound of lump sugar, half a pound of butter, two eggs, a few currants, if you like, and two ounces of sweet almonds cut fine. Beat the eggs, and mix with the butter and sugar; then add the flour, almonds, and currants. Drop in small lumps, and bake in a moderate oven.

TO MAKE MARMALADE.—Take one dozen Seville oranges, half a dozen sweet ones, and two lemons. Halve and quarter the bitter ones, squeeze the juice and then scrape the pulp out of the skin; then squeeze the juice out of the half dozen sweet ones, also out of the lemons. Put the peel of the bitter ones in salt and water all night; boil them until you can run a straw through them, changing the water four times, then take them out and lay them on a sieve to drain. After that, scrape the loose strings out and cut them in small slices. Weigh all together, and add their weight and a half of lump sugar, and boil twenty-five minutes. Put it in small glasses, and cover with brandy papers.

THE FASHIONS

AND

PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

THE railroads have worked a revolution in the affairs of life. Every year they empty the great metropolis of all who can command even a small amount of money, and have leisure enough to spend it in the gay watering-places which dot the margins of Queen Victoria's realm. We congratulate all those who are allowed the pleasurable privilege of wandering away from home, but we congratulate them far more on the happiness of a safe return. When old October makes his annual reappearance, we know that the few who are still loitering in sylvan shades will soon turn their faces to the dear dwellings which they have for a time deserted, and that domestic life will resume the current of its social happiness.

For the present, then, we give up speaking of coquettish hats, and floating feathers, and of picturesque sea-side costume. These must now give place to those graceful properties of dress which characterize the home-residence of the English lady. The autumn fashions are framed with this view. And first let us describe that which we have selected for illustration as being most suitable for the season on which we are now entering.

This dress is made either in silk or mohair. If in the first, the colours most favoured are still nut-brown or a deep sea-green. The skirt is made in an economical style, having a deep flounce attached to a short skirt. This flounce



is headed with a ruche either of its own material, a darker shade of the same colour, or of black silk, cut on the cross and pinked at each edge. The sleeve is long, having a second smaller one, which is cut up two-thirds of its length, both being trimmed round with the same ruche, and having a bow with long ends attached to the top of the opening. The body is full, and has a large bow with long ends at the front of the waist. These bows are all made of the same silk as the ruche, and are also pinked at each edge. It is a common thing for many ladies to have by them some quantity of black silk, in the shape of mantles, or other things which have fallen into disuse from change of shape, which may be made ser-

viceable in this way without showing the least difference from new even to the most practised eye; and to such we recommend this application. When this dress is made of mohair, it may be either of a plain colour or a small check, either of which suits the style remarkably well.

As the autumn season brings with it many of the social parties which, while they put the ball-dress quite out of the question, yet demand a toilette of simple elegance, we will here mention one which is taking the lead in Paris on similar occasions. It consists of a muslin, either white or with a small pattern, or of a bare with a double skirt, the under one being with six narrow flounces, simply hemmed; the

upper one with three. The sleeve consists of a large puff set into a band just large enough to pass over the hand and encircle the arm half way between the wrist and the elbow, and having a lace turned up over it. A *fichu* of net and lace covers the body, which is low. A broad ribbon bow, figured with bouquets, having long ends, is attached to the waist. Sometimes this bow is of black or coloured silk, pinked at each edge; but this is matter of taste.

For the promenade, the chief articles are jackets and mantles of striped cloth. The first of these are made large and ample, having a peculiarity in the sleeve, which is cut extremely wide, and put in large plaits into the arm-holes, so that when it falls quite unconfined. This jacket has also a small collar and pockets.

The autumn bonnet which we shall most recommend is rather a novelty in style. It is of black chip, trimmed either with bright blue or with that peculiar colour which is now being so much admired in Paris, sometimes called nankin, sometimes salmon-colour, according to the tendency of its shade. In these bonnets, the curtain is in black, bordered with the colour. A broad ribbon is passed across the front, and on the left side two cabbage-bows are placed, the one black, the other of the colour. Sometimes the ends of the ribbon are carried back on to the curtain behind, and terminate with one of the same cabbage-bows. The inside trimming is sometimes a cluster of blue cornflowers, placed rather high on one side, and sometimes a roll of coloured tulle looped over at short intervals with black velvet ribbon.

The prettiest novelty for the season in the way of ornament for the hair, is a circle of medallions, worn across the forehead. These are sometimes in cameos, sometimes in coral, and sometimes small gilt coins laid on a band of black velvet. We have also seen some gilt butterflies on a bandeau of black velvet, and scattered over the bows of black velvet behind the head, which had a very tasteful and fanciful effect.

Ladies in the country may like to have a simple cap suggested to them, which they can easily have made. Fold a piece of black net to about an inch wide, and let it be just long enough to reach to the sides of the face. Cut two little lappets about three inches long, and round at one end; tuck into them a very slight wire, and sew them on to the end of the foundation-band. Attach a round crown. Fold a piece of net, and set it on as a curtain behind. This forms the foundation of the cap, which is to be trimmed with bows of ribbon at each side, placed on the lappets, and with bows and ends behind. Over this lay a row of white Maltese lace plain in the front and full round the ears and behind; and over this a diamond of black lace, or one crossed with ribbon velvet, finished round with a narrow black edging. In this way one of the prettiest caps of the season will be produced.

THE WORK-TABLE.

EDITED BY MADAME ELLE ROCHÉ.

NOTE-PAPER CASE.

ANOTHER summer has nearly passed away, with its panorama of Nature's varied beauties. The sea-breezes are beginning to chill, instead of to

cheer. The trees are setting the fashion in dress, by changing their robes of brilliant green for the more subdued, yet richer tints of autumn. The parks and the beaches of English watering-places were not quite so much crowded as they were a month ago, and many are turning their faces homewards, where a loving welcome awaits them. If the change has given renewed vigour to body and mind, and an increased interest in all home duties, it is well that it should have been enjoyed, for then the paper object has been attained. The pleasant occupations of the work-table will be resumed with renewed energy, and fresh undertakings commenced, either for the adornment of homes, or as tokens of affection and friendship.

The article we have selected this month for illustration is an ornamental cover for a note-paper case. The style of work in which it is to be executed is now much in fashion, and is extremely pretty in effect. It is worked on either bronze-coloured, or green morocco leather. The outlines of the design are formed of gold and silver thread, and the intermediate portion between the two lines is filled in with very small seed-beads, the shape of the pattern which is done in gold thread is filled in with black beads, and the remaining part, which has a silver outline, is filled in with steel beads. The four ovals in the centre are in the silver thread and steel beads, the loops which unite them being in the gold thread and black beads. The outer border and corner must be varied in the same way, by working the four corners in the silver and steel, and the remaining parts in gold and black. It is necessary in this work to select the beads of a very small size, as the beauty of the work is much increased by the smallness of the beads. They must also be placed as close together as possible, not in lines, but indiscriminately, as this produces a much better effect when the work is completed. When this ornamental portion of the article is finished it must be sent to be made up in a proper manner. Any lady who executes this design with care will find that it produces a very elegant note-paper case, worthy either to present to a friend, or to add to her own drawing-room table ornaments.

EMBROIDERY BORDER FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

Embroidery is now a style of ornament for dress so established as to require a constant variety of designs to suit all the different purposes to which it is applied. It is the chief trimming for babies' and children's dresses; and almost every article which a lady wears would be incomplete without its decorative aid. A design, then, which is effective when worked, is acceptable to many ladies who feel a pleasure in employing their leisure time in the production of some elegance either for themselves or for the decoration of their families. The border given is applicable for many purposes, being showy and light. The holes are cut out and worked in button-hole stitch; the lines are also done in the same way; the leaves only being worked in satin stitch. The proper sized cotton for this sort of embroidery is No. 20 of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co's Perfection, which, from its roundness and softness, gives an appearance of great regularity to the work.

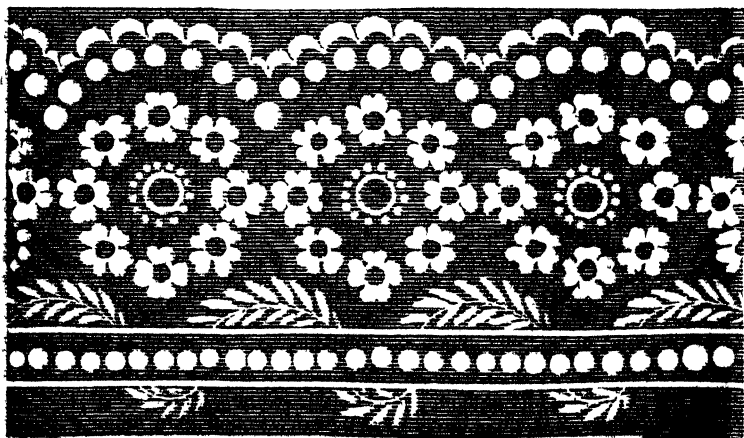
INITIAL WREATH.

It is desirable for utility, as well as for ornament, that handkerchiefs should have some distinguishing mark of their ownership besides simple initials. These may sometimes be applicable to others, and thus cause confusion and

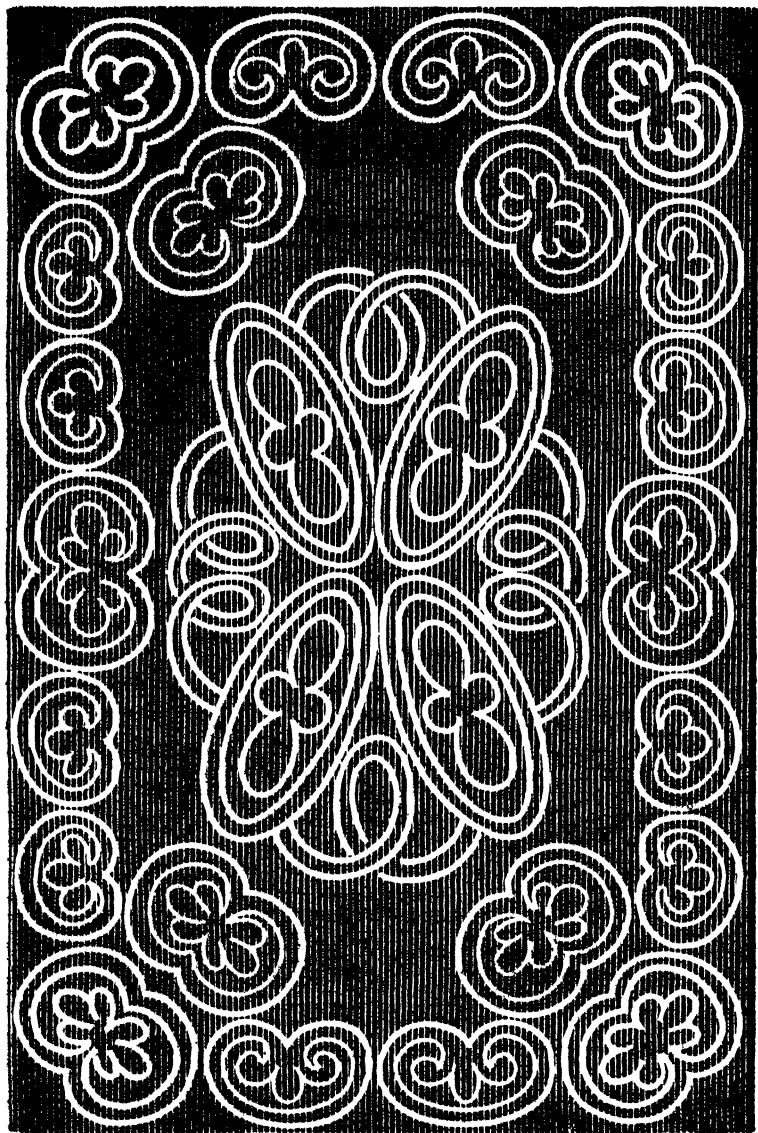
trouble, if not less, when articles are returned from the laundry. If some ornamental device be adopted it can be immediately recognised, and thus much annoyance be often prevented. The wreath is always a graceful form of ornament, and is especially suitable for placing in a corner



The one given, although simple in design, is very pretty when worked, and will contain either a single or double initial. It must be worked in flectionné, as a coarse cotton is destructive to the beauty of all embroidery, but especially so when the material on which the work is executed is No. 30 of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co's Per-



EMBROIDERY BORDER FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES.



ORNAMENTAL NOTE-PAPER CASE.



CHARLES LAMB'S RESIDENCE AT 11, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON.

POETS. THEIR LIVES, SONGS, AND HOMES
CHARLES LAMB.

PERHAPS, of all our poets, none had so sad a home as Charles Lamb. We turn with peculiar melancholy from the recollection of Rogers's superb mansion in St. James's place—from that abode of chastened elegance, illuminated by cheerful

kindness and graceful talent—to Lamb's weary removes from narrow lodging to narrow lodging, with the afflicted companion, whose sorrows fell the more heavily on her devoted brother, because she was so deeply loved.

His own reason for one of these removals—that he “knew they were marked people”—has a dreary depth of misery, which a hundred pathetic sentences could not equal; and the necessity of “losing themselves in a crowd,” that they might obtain permission to indulge their affection unmolested, and live their saddened lives in peace, is a picture of grief which has scarcely a parallel.

Charles Lamb was born in the year 1775. His father had been in the employ of Mr. Salt, a bookseller, and enjoyed from him an annuity, in reward of long and faithful services. That the family had no inheritance of wealth or rank, may be known from the fact, that this annuity constituted the sole support of the elder Lamb and his family, consisting of a wife and three children, with the exception of a trifling sum paid to him by his sister for her board.

While yet in mere boyhood, Charles obtained a situation in the India House, and contributed his scanty salary to the family resources; but as, by this time, his father was nearly imbecile, and his mother totally deprived of the use of her limbs, this trifling addition to their income did not save them from the miseries of poverty.

Of his brother, John Lamb, so little is known, that, when the picture of the struggling family at this period is presented to us, we are at a loss to decide whether inability or disinclination prevented him from contributing to the relief or comfort of his relatives. The subject of this sketch invariably speaks of him with kindness, and always expresses his full belief in the goodness of his disposition; but we have the plain fact before us, that, in the self-devotion of his poor brother, he took no share, and that on the latter alone devolved the task to cheer the short remaining existence of his surviving parent, as well as to provide for the innocent author of this bereavement.

Charles Lamb's first essays in poetical composition were made at the age of twenty years. He appears, also, about this time, to have formed an attachment to a young lady, commemorated in some of

these early effusions; though love had scarcely so much to do with the development of his talent as friendship; the example of his admired schoolfellow and firm friend through life, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, being his chief inducement to commence literary composition.

At that time he resided with his infirm parents, his sister, and his aunt, at 7, Little Queen street, Holborn, occupied with the duties of his situation, which appear to have allowed little recreation of mind or body; and his chief enjoyments were confined to correspondence with Coleridge and a few other early friends. The necessities of the family obliged Miss Lamb, the senior by some years of her gifted brother, to procure an increase to their income by needlework; and if any picture of this employment could be more sad than that portrayed in Hood's “Song of the Shirt,” we have here one to attest, too fearfully, to the reality of the old saying, that “truth is stranger than fiction.” Poor Mary Lamb indeed

Sewed at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt;

not for the overworked sempstress, who might have been glad to contemplate her aching head wrapped in the friendly garb, but for the mother to whom her toil was devoted, murdered by her in a fit of insanity produced by the protracted labour.

A tendency to this dreadful disease exhibited itself in Charles Lamb about the close of this year, 1795, and was considered sufficiently alarming, to warrant his being placed under restraint for a short time. In after life he always maintained that he had been actually mad; but various circumstances justify us in concluding that his hallucinations did not reach to a total aberration of reason; not the least of these is the fact of his unvarying soundness of mind under the peculiar and dreadful visitation which so shortly after occurred, and the protracted trials of his whole future life. One of his most pleasing sonnets was written during his detention in confinement—he himself says, during a “lucid interval.” We transcribe it, as a specimen not only of true poetry, but of that very uncommon ingredient of a poet's mind in general, self-abnegation.

If from my lips some angry accents fall,
Feeblish complaint, or harsh reproof unkind,

'Twas but the error of a sickly mind
And troubled thoughts, clouding the purer well
And waters clear, of Reason; and, for me,
Let this my verse the poor atonement be—
My verse, which thou to praise wert e'er inclined
Too highly, and with partial eye to see
No blemish. Thou to me didst ever show
Kindest affection; and wouldst oft-times lend
An ear to the desponding, love-sick lay,
Weeping my sorrows with me, who repay
But ill the mighty debt of love I owe,
Mary, to thee, my sister and my friend.

The frightful event which clouded two lives is so well known, that it needs but to be glanced at. In the autumn of 1796, Miss Lamb, worn out by attendance on her aged parents (especially her infirm mother), and by constant toil at her needle, as well as weakened in nerves by confinement, was seized with a sudden fit of uncontrollable frenzy, during which she succeeded in taking her mother's life, as well as wounding, though slightly, her father, before she was secured from further mischief.

If known, it has never been made public, by what means a criminal trial was evaded, in which case, of course, she would have been confined for life; but such not having taken place, her noble brother offered to undertake solely the maintenance and care of the unhappy young woman for the rest of her life. During her father's life, she was obliged to remain in the asylum where she had been placed, and that time was spent by her brother in endeavouring, when released from the toils of business, to amuse a doting old man, rendered selfish and exacting by imbecility, and in caring for his poor aunt, now in rapidly-declining health, who had been returned to the afflicted family by a wealthy relative, who having, in the first horror of the event, charged herself with her support, thus early wearied of the undertaking.

Death soon relieved him from his duty to his surviving parent, and he was then enabled to bring home his sister, now, for a time, restored to reason. It is unpleasant to record that his brother John, though enjoying a good income from the South-Sea House, not only, as before stated, declined giving any assistance to the brother and sister, reduced much in circumstances by the loss of the father's annuity, but actually opposed, and endeavoured to prevent, Mary Lamb's release from constraint.

The poor aunt's small income, added to their own, produced little more than £100 per annum, and if, in all the pages of biography, we meet with a more singular instance of self-devotion than this, of a young man, scarcely twenty-two, with tastes formed for enjoyment, with all the ambition which belongs to genius and all the refinement which accompanies poetical genius in particular, thus, without hesitation, taking on himself such a duty, at least, we cannot find one where the duty was so undeviatingly performed, where the self-devotion was not only so lasting, but so little complained of.

The death of the aunt, who was fondly loved by both nephew and niece, produced the first return of Miss Lamb's insanity, which, thenceforth, continued to appear at intervals, longer or shorter, during her whole life. The home of Charles Lamb was thus, during a period of nearly forty years, alternately one of cheerless solitude and anxious responsibility. Miss Lamb continued to her affectionate brother either a sorrow, secluded from the careless world, but ever haunting his weary spirit, or a care, cherished and loved, indeed, but no less a care, dwelling, but not reposing, in his humble abode.

The greater part of their lives was spent in London or the immediate neighbourhood. They resided at different periods in Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane; in Mitre-court, near Temple-lane; at Islington, at Enfield, and at Edmonton.

Occasional visits to their friends, latterly given up on account of their agitating effect on Miss Lamb, varied the monotony of this quiet life, and, as the poet advanced in reputation, and extended thereby the circle of his chosen acquaintances, they were enabled, when her health permitted, to collect around their fireside a select few of those endeared by friendship and similarity of tastes; for Miss Lamb shared with her brother in mental qualifications, and nothing but her afflicting infirmity, perhaps, prevented her from taking a distinguished place among those women who have adorned the ranks of literature. She published, conjointly with her brother, "Poetry for Children" and "Mrs. Leicester's School," of which he acknowledged the best part to have been hers; and put several of Shakespeare's plays into prose

narratives; and, indeed, he alludes, on more than one occasion, to the assistance rendered by her generally in his literary labours.

Of the works of Charles Lamb, the best known are the essays by "Elia," published in the "London Magazine" to which he was introduced by William Hazlitt, then employed on that periodical; these are, of course, familiar to most readers, and, with regard to their merits, have seldom met a dissentient voice. With his poetical compositions, perhaps, the acquaintance is less general, but to all who know them, they must be recommended by the extreme sweetness and tenderness of the language and sentiments. His own favourite authors were Cowper, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, the two latter being also his most intimate friends; it is not extraordinary, therefore, to find a kindred spirit in his writings. His admiration of Wordsworth, indeed, was little short of idolatry, and there is a curious incident of his literary career connected with this poet. When he (Wordsworth) published his "Excursion," that same poem of which Byron said—

A drowsy, poway poem, called "Excursion,"
Writ in a manner which is my aversion,

Charles Lamb was induced to send to Mr. Gifford, editor of the "Quarterly Review," an article on it, embodying, of course, whether just or unjust, his own strong admiration of the work. The paper was duly published, but how much to the surprise and indignation of its writer may be supposed, when it is said that not only was every sentence containing any marked approval left out, but others inserted which bore a directly contrary meaning, and a favourable review, in fact, converted into a hostile critique. Unfortunately, he had retained, it appears, no copy of the article, and was consequently unable to take any steps for obtaining redress; we must suppose, at least, that so gross a fraud would not have been permitted to go unpunished, had it been possible to obtain legal remedy. This anecdote is curious, if only as illustrative of the great difference which so short a period of time has made in the character of the whole business of "book-making," as the assertion may be safely made, that no respectable publisher of the present day,

would, even if certain to escape detection and exposure, be guilty of so dishonest an act.

The first collection of Charles Lamb's poems was published, in 1797, in a volume with some of his friend's and brother poet's, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Such a project had been in contemplation before the period of his mother's death, but was abjured for some time after that fearful event, and afterwards carried into effect at the solicitation of his friend. Probably at that time, also, he abjured a dearer project; as his domestic attachments and duties were henceforth concentrated on one object; and, unless we may suppose his love to have terminated disastrously before, he certainly must have then sacrificed it for ever, on the altar of fraternal affection. Some pieces in the edition mentioned had previously appeared in the "New Monthly," to which, as well as other periodicals, he was a contributor. At an after period he was solicited to write for the "Keepsake," but declined then, and on all occasions, to furnish anything for the "annuals," disliking the style of those publications. To the "New Monthly" he contributed (in prose), besides "Elia," "Popular Fallacies," and to the "Englishman's Magazine," published by Mr. Moxon. a series of miscellaneous articles, entitled "Peter's Net," besides furnishing epigrams for various newspapers; and it is not a little curious to find Moore, in his "Diary," speaking of him, who was, in all his writings, essentially an epigrammatic writer, thus:—

"Charles Lamb, a clever fellow certainly; but full of villanous and abortive puns, which he miscarries every minute;" although this dictum may be taken as one among many proofs that "to set the table in a roar" does not demand the highest efforts of wit.

In the year 1825, Lamb's labours at the India House ceased. He was superannuated, to his great joy, and celebrated the event in his own favourite essay, the "Superannuated Man," and in the following characteristic letter to a friend:—

"My dear M—,

"You might have come inopportunistically a week since, when we had an inmate. At present, and for as long as ever you like, our castle is at your service. I saw F—

yesternight, who has done for me what may

To all my nights and days to come
Give solely sov'ran away and masterdom.

But I dare not hope, for fear of disappointment. I cannot be more explicit at present. But I have it under his own hand that I am *non-capacitated* (I cannot write it in) for business. O joyous imbecility! Not a susurrantion of this to anybody.

"C. LAMB."

This letter alludes to the medical certificate of his physical inability for office-work, and is dated from Colnebrook Cottage, Islington, 1823, where he and his sister were then residing.

They had removed from their first lodging, at Pentonville, to another in Southampton-buildings, and at last hoped to realize their wish of a dwelling to themselves. But this was forbidden. Miss Lamb's disorder becoming more frequent in its attacks, and those attacks of longer duration, they were, after various other removals, at length, obliged to take up their abode with a family who jointly undertook the care of Miss Lamb, during the attacks of her malady, at Edmonton. It was impossible to have her separated, even during her convalescence, from those persons capable of controlling and taking care of her in her insanity; the last years of her brother's life were, therefore, spent in what was, to all intents and purposes, a private lunatic asylum.

This remove was made in April, 1833, and he died December 27th, 1835.

Of a life so uneventful (except in the one instance) as his, there is little more to be said. In disposition, he was gentle in the extreme, and without the faults which sometimes accompany gentleness—weakness or vacillation—naturally gay and cheerful, but with such a quick sensibility as made his melancholy moods as frequent as his mirthful. He was generous to profusion to his friends, if they needed, and yet, in his personal expenses, an example of frugality; kind to the frailties of his fellows, but severe to his own faults—for spots on the sun there were, and a disposition to indulgence in stimulants, beyond what is either morally or physically good, was his besetting temptation. That such a fault should have been difficult to combat, in his

peculiar circumstances, cannot be wondered at; that it never was permitted to become so uncontrollable as to incapacitate him for literary exertion, or the painful domestic duties he had devoted himself to, is a sufficient testimony to the real firmness of his disposition. That those duties were performed in the spirit which more completely sanctifies duty, a short extract from one of his letters to Miss Wordsworth will prove. Of his sister he writes thus—

"She is older, and wiser, and better than I, and all my wretched imperfections I cover to myself by resolutely thinking on her goodness. . . . But, even in this upbraiding of myself, I am offending against her, for I know that she has cleaved to me for better for worse; and if the balance has been against her hitherto, 'it was a noble trade.'" The spirit of humility and faithfulness can no farther go.

Charles Lamb enjoyed the friendship of most of the celebrated writers of his day. Foremost among his earliest companions were Coleridge, Wordsworth, and George Dyer. Hazlitt, Godwin, Leigh Hunt, the late Serjeant Talfourd, his executor and biographer, and a host of kindred spirits, conspired to cheer the social hours of the poet and his beloved sister. Southey, Rogers, and the unfortunate artist Haydon, were also numbered among his friends, from all of whom he seems to have received unvarying kindness and attention, and with whom he appears to have ever maintained that frankness of intercourse, that complete candour and confidence, peculiar to great minds. His death was rather sudden, being the result of an accident, the illness consequent upon which only lasted a few days. His sister, though a good deal his senior, survived him nearly twelve years, dying on the 20th of May, 1847. It is gratifying to state that the India Company allowed her, from the time of her brother's death, the same pension to which she would have been entitled had she been his wife, although the economy of Charles had enabled him to realize a sufficient sum to have preserved her from want.

It has been erroneously supposed that Lamb was an unbeliever. That he held forms, and even creeds, in light estimation, is true; but of the leading doctrines of the Christian faith he never doubted; and of his experience of their spirit he speaks in

language impossible to any one to whom they were not a reality.

His tastes were essentially domestic—*homely* in the best, the true sense of the word. How much these tastes pervaded his writings, and how much he admired the *homely* virtues, will be seen in an extract from one of his poems, with which this sketch may conclude.

On the green hill top,
Hard by the house of prayer, a modest roof,
And not distinguished from its neighbour barn,
Save by a slender, tapering length of spire,
The grandame sleeps. A plain stone barely tells
The name and date to the chance passenger.
For lowly-born was she, and long had eat,
Well-earned, the bread of service. Hers was else
A mounting spirit, one that entertained
Scorn of base action, deed dishonourable,
Or aught unseemly. I remember well
Her reverend image: I remember too
With what a zeal she served her master's house;
And how the prattling tongue of garrulous age
Delighted to recount the oft-told tale
Of anecdote domestic.

Better 'twere to tell
How, with a nobler zeal and warmer love,
She served her heavenly master. I have seen
That reverend form bent down with age and pain,
And rankling malady. Yet not for this
Ceased she to praise her Maker, or withdrew
Her trust in him, her faith and humble hope—
So meekly had she learned to bear her cross—
For she had studied patience in the school
Of Christ; much comfort had she thence derived,
And was a follower of the Nazarene.

LOVE OR HATE.

IN SIX PARTS.

II.—HOPE DYING.

Nature doth wrestle with me, but revenge
Doth arm my love against it.

SHIRLEY.—*Maid's Revenge.*

They did not know how pride can stoop,
When baffled feelings withering droop;
They did not know how hate can burn
In hearts once changed from soft to stern;
Nor all the false and fatal zeal
The convert of revenge can feel.

BYRON.

WEDNESDAY, the fateful morning, broke at last, beautiful, clear, and promising as any heart could wish; and, with restless impatience, Frances Beaumont was up and dressed long before six o'clock.

Time lagged slowly—to use Edgar's words, every hour seemed a day—and Frances trembled nervously with excitement and hope. Never, for an instant, did she doubt that her lover would be punctual. Oh, no! come what might, he would not fail her; but a thousand other

fears shook her by turns. It might rain it did not seem probable, but the finest mornings do not always precede the finest days, and she knew that to attempt the woodland paths in the wet would be impossible. Her father, too, might forbid her to go out (he never had done so, but he might to-day), or express a wish that she should accompany him in some particular direction. These, and a host of similar *contre-temps*, presented themselves to the girl's fancy, until she became so irritable and anxious that, when spoken to unexpectedly, she could not avoid starting and growing pale. Thus Wednesday wore on. Dinner seemed interminable. The Major partook twice of soup—a thing he had not done for weeks—sent for the cook to express his satisfaction and give her a hint for the next tureen, tasted, re-tasted, inquired, suggested, until Frances was nearly distracted. Still, all things, however unpleasant or irksome, come to an end at some time, and at last the soup, the roast, the puddings were discussed, the cloth drawn and dessert placed, and then Frances sprang up with ill-concealed impatience.

"What is the matter, my dear? What are you in such a hurry about?" said the Major, pouring out a glass of claret, and selecting a fine peach from the dish before him.

"I am only going to take my usual walk, papa, and, as dinner has been prolonged rather more than is customary, and it is such a lovely evening, I do not want to lose a moment."

"Very well, if you like to run about directly you have swallowed your dinner, it's your affair, not mine. Oh! by-the-bye, Frances, during the fair time, I wish you would take James with you. I don't like the idea of your walking alone."

"Oh! please, papa, do not insist upon that. I will not go far from home. I shall be quite safe; and it destroys the whole pleasure of a walk, having a servant on guard over one."

"Well, well, do as you like, only take care of yourself, that's all." And, giving way, as was his wont, to his daughter's will, the speaker returned to his wine, while she, inexpressibly thankful for having escaped the threatened escort, rushed upstairs to prepare for the walk.

One more half hour, and Frances was

far on her way to the Lake—a name she had bestowed upon the pool in her childish days, and which it still retained.

Lightly as a fawn she bounded along the pleasant meadow paths, until she came within sight of the trysting place; then she paused suddenly, a tremor of expectation shook her frame, and she could scarcely stand. In a moment more she would be in Edgar's presence; she must compose herself, subdue this agitation; so she stood still, thought a few seconds, and then walked slowly on.

One more turn of the pathway, and she reached the spot on which we first saw her. Arrived there, she cast an anxious, eager glance round, another, and then, breathing a heavy sigh, half disappointment, half relief, threw herself upon the grass. Edgar had not come. In five minutes she looked up again, smiled wearily, and said half aloud—

"How impatient I am! He could not be here yet. I must be reasonable, and wait awhile."

Half an hour—an hour passed, still he came not. She moaned restlessly, and presently, as if suddenly struck with some uneasy thought, murmured—

"He has lost his way in the wood."

But even as she said so she remembered that, although the woods were large, they were not intricate, and that he had come that way before. No, he had not lost his way. Another half hour passed in the agony of resolute endurance, then, with an exclamation of horror, Frances raised the face which had so long remained hidden in her hands, and, springing up, cried vehemently—

"He is ill. Something has happened. His sick friend is dead. Cruel, impatient that I have been! My own Edgar, how could I doubt you?"

But vain was this attempt at self-deception. In spite of all, the truth would force itself upon her. If he were ill, he could write, he could send. So she sat down proudly, and by degrees her hope died out. He would not come now; it was getting late and cold, and the poor girl shivered.

"I will wait an hour more," she said, taking out her watch and laying it upon her knee, "and then——"

It was an ominous pause; her dark eyes

flashed fiercely. Not only hope, but faith, trust, love itself, were withering slowly in her heart.

The third hour passed, as those before had done, without a sign of the truant, and, at the expiration of the time she had appointed to herself, Frances rose from the grass. All tremor, all embarrassment, all the sweet, fearful emotion of womanly love had vanished from her face and manner, and nothing betrayed the inner struggle and conquest, save the burning, contemptuous flashes of her eyes, and the hard, determined lines round her mouth, as she said sternly and passionately—

"Fool, baby, that I have been, to trust so readily, to believe where I should have doubted, to love where I should have hated! Love! who said I loved him? I deny it. I do not. I hate him; yes, hate him with the deepest hate that ever woman felt. Has he not trifled with me—scorned me? Oh, if I were but a man, he should never live to tell the tale; but, alas! what can a woman do?" And, half distracted with shame and grief, she wrung her hands bitterly. "But I will be revenged; yes, yes, helpless as I seem, I will yet teach him a lesson that all the world may profit by, and he shall learn what the power of hate enables one woman to do, and then, perhaps——"

She paused.

Poor girl! she thought she hated him, but, even now, in the first half-frenzied moments of rage, the probable effect of her conduct upon him was her first thought.

With a resolute effort, however, she repressed the weakness as soon as she was conscious of it. She had resolved to hate, to punish him; she had cause, and she would; and, hugging the resolution to her heart, Frances turned her steps homeward.

Evening had deepened into night, the sun had sunk, the moon had risen, yet Frances walked on slowly, her rich, soft silk trailing in the long, wet grass, while in her heart two feelings were at war.

Love, deep, intense, strong as her life, only to be extinguished by death, fought with hate, for the man who had won, spurned, and despised her affection, deceived and played with her trust, and broken a solemn promise. It was a hard struggle, but the evil passion, alas! conquered, and ere Frances reached her home, she had

resolved to be avenged by any means, and at any cost, upon Edgar Staunton.

From that unhappy hour, Frances Beaumont's life became an acted, living lie. She summoned all the pride natural to her character, and inherited from a long line of ancestors, to aid her in concealing the secret of her soul. She became even gayer and more witty than before, but the gaiety was hollow, the wit sarcastic; she laughed when her heart was aching, she smiled when she would have given worlds to weep.

Thus, then, had passed two months, Frances being more admired, her society more courted than ever; but, as might be expected, the admiration and devotion of the men she daily met, sickened and disgusted her. Unconsciously, she compared them with Edgar Staunton—his lofty, earnest manner, high intellect, and seeming nobility of soul—she weighed all who approached her in the balance with him, and found them wanting. And, moreover, if he, to all appearance so good and honourable, had proved false, how could she trust them? During these two months, she had neither seen nor heard of Edgar.

One evening, at the expiration of this time, which had been spent in a whirl of feverish gaiety, Frances, more than usually dispirited, petitioned to stay at home and spend the hours alone with her father—a proposal to which the old man, who loved his daughter more than aught else upon earth, acceded with delight.

So they sat together in the drawing-room. The clock struck nine, and Frances, according to the old custom, poured out and sweetened her father's coffee, breathing, as she did so, a heavy sigh.

"Why do you do that, dear?" said the Major tenderly, detaining her hand as she passed his cup.

"What, papa? I have done nothing, have I?"

"You sighed."

"Oh! that is nothing. I often sigh."

This was true; she did often sigh, although she did not and would not own why—perhaps she hardly knew—so her father smiled, saying—

"I know that; you do it constantly, and it makes me anxious for you. Are you ill or unhappy, Frances? It seems to me that you are changed of late."

"Changed, papa! What an odd fancy! I am only gayer and merrier than ever, I think, and I am quite well, and quite happy."

Her conscience smote her for the falsehood, but she would not yield to its reproaches, repeating again, as if trying to convince herself of the truth of the words—

"I am quite happy."

"That is all right, then. I was beginning to fear in good earnest that you were getting tired of home, and of me."

"Papa, papa!" and Frances seized his hand, "you have often said this lately. Why is it? What have I done, or left undone, to make you speak so? I beseech, I implore you, do not use such cruel words again. I love you, I love you—you alone of all the world—for you alone are true, you alone love me."

As Frances uttered these passionate and broken sentences, the bright colour came and went upon her cheek, flushing it crimson, then leaving it deathly pale; her limbs trembled, and refused to support her, and she sank upon the chair from which she had risen.

"My dear child, what is the matter?" cried the Major, starting up and going to her. "You are ill—over-tired."

"No, no; it is nothing—only a momentary faintness—the day has been oppressive. Please sit down. I am quite well now." And her voice was very quiet, very subdued.

"I doubt it; nevertheless, come and lie down here on the sofa. Take my arm, love."

She obeyed, and, for some time after, the silence which followed was unbroken; but, at length, an idea appeared to strike Major Beaumont, and he exclaimed eagerly—

"I see what's the matter. You want change—new places, faces, everything—old fool that I was not to see it before! You must go from home a bit, Frances, eh?"

"As you choose, papa; but I am very well here."

"No, no; you are not; you need air." And then ensued a rapid, pleasant sketch of the benefits likely to arise from the plan, until Frances, finding it promised fresh excitement, which had now become her daily, almost only, support, seized upon it with alacrity.

"Yes; I like the scheme very much.

But where shall we go—to Brighton, or Hastings, or——?”

“Nay, nay; not *we*, child. You surely do not expect me to drag my old limbs to those gay places!”

“I don’t know, papa, why you should not. You would enjoy them as much as I should, and, of course, you do not intend me to go alone.”

“Certainly not. But why can’t you go where I should not be wanted—to Cheltenham, to visit your uncle, for instance?”

“I should like it very much, but——”

“What? By Jove, how I do hate that villanous word! what a curse to the language it is!” cried the Major testily, annoyed by the prospect of opposition to his will. “Though what you can see to find fault with, or demur to, now, I can’t for the life of me imagine.”

“I do not demur or find fault, papa,” answered Frances gently; “for, indeed, I should like very much to go; but I do not like leaving you at home, all by yourself.”

“Oh, is that all? I thought it was some fancy or other about the place—not gay, fashionable enough, or something; but never mind about me, I shall do very well—very well indeed.”

“I do not think so; you will be lonely. You had better let me stay.”

“Not I, indeed. I shall be glad to get rid of you, if only to prove my independence. Why, you conceited little minx, as if you were of such mighty importance! I’ll teach you a lesson—I’ll take down your arrogance.” And he rubbed his hands, saying merrily, “Only wait till I send for you back again, that’s all. Oh, you don’t know how I shall enjoy myself! For one thing, I shall go and visit Isabella.”

“Ah! that would be an excellent arrangement. Only do that, papa darling, and all my scruples will be at an end. But—now do be patient and hear my one more, last remark—my uncle has not asked me, and I can’t go until he has, can I?”

“Perhaps not; but, if that is all, really the *last* objection, I can soon set it at rest. Read this; I received it from your uncle to-day.”

Frances took the letter her father held out, and found it to contain a most cordial invitation from Mr. William Beaumont to his niece—so cordial, indeed, that it made her heart bound with pleasure. But, as

she gave it back to the Major, her eye fell upon a postscript, previously unseen, which ran thus:—

“A short time since, to further one of my dear Isabella’s benevolent schemes, I received into my office a young man named Edgar Staunton. I think some of you know him, and if you are interested in him, you will be glad to hear that he is going on most satisfactorily.”

The letter fell from the reader’s hands; she covered her face with them, and trembled fearfully. It was but a momentary emotion, however, and, when it passed, she rose calmly and said—

“When you write to my uncle, please accept his invitation. I will go.”

And thus, without further debate, it was settled; but how much that little postscript had to do with the girl’s resolution, no one ever knew.

A week more found Frances Beaumont in the whirl of a Cheltenham season. Balls, pic-nics, soirées, and concerts followed each other in quick succession; and, although others might be tired with all this heartless bustle, she never was, or, at least, never seemed to be.

Rest and thought were the only things from which Frances shrank, her own company that which she dreaded the most.

There must always be something wrong when we fear to be alone—when our thoughts seem arrow-winged but to wound ourselves; and this Frances felt keenly, although she went on the same headstrong course, which made her solitary hours so wretched, nourishing a determined hatred towards Edgar, which, now that she was in his immediate vicinity, rather gained than lost ground.

Sensitively alive to the painfulness of her position, she dreaded above all things to meet the traitor, either accidentally or otherwise. The idea of seeing this man, whom she had so wildly loved, and by whom she had been treated with so much scorn and indignity, filled her with terror; and to escape this possibility, and be revenged upon him, she felt that she could do or endure anything.

Things were in this state, when one evening, for the first time since her arrival, Mr. Beaumont spoke of his *protégé*.

“He is a very nice fellow, this Mr. Staunton, that your sister recommended,

and quite a treasure—so apt, so steady. Did you ever see him, Frances?”

“Yes, occasionally,” she answered, in the coldest, most indifferent tone she could command.

“He is very handsome—at least, so the ladies say. I can assure you he is very much admired here.”

A sharp pang shot through his listener's heart, her pale cheek blanched still paler, and she bit her lip until the blood came, as, after a minute, she replied—

“Indeed! He was not much thought of in Hertfordshire, I believe.”

“Ah! they were jealous of him, perhaps. The ladies wish to have all the good looks to themselves.”

“Possibly. I cannot say.”

“You don't appear to like him much, Frances,” said the old banker; “but there are great differences of taste in these matters. Our Cheltenham belles are quite charmed with his appearance. ‘It is so manly and intellectual, and that little brown moustache, so very piquant and interesting,’ they tell me.”

His words nearly deprived Frances of sense and self-possession, every one stabbing her like a dagger. Edgar—her Edgar, whom she had so loved, so idolized! who had sworn eternal fealty to her!—now false, and sought, admired, loved by others, fairer, richer, perhaps, than herself. The thought was madness, and she felt that if she dwelt upon it even for a moment, she must inevitably betray her secret; so, making a wonderful effort, she answered carelessly—

“You appear deep in the ladies' confidence, uncle. Have they made you their father confessor?”

“No, not exactly, although I have been asked confidentially, more than once or twice, who my very *distingué* friend was.”

“Friend! and you said, what?”

“Well, to own the truth, I felt rather mischievous on the point, and willing to tease my fair questioners a little; so I said that he was my clerk, the son of a small Hertfordshire farmer, and upon which the fair damsels shrugged their shoulders, sighed, and declared that, ‘Poor fellow, it was very unfortunate for him; but, of course, under such circumstances, he was not to be thought of.’” And the old man laughed heartily.

But his niece quivered with indignation, and her lip curled contemptuously, *although not with disdain of him against whom she spoke*, as she continued—

“They were right; Mr. Staunton has been brought far too much out of his sphere.”

The girl's tone and emphasis were peculiar, and instantly excited her uncle's attention.

“I don't know what you mean, Frances,” he said. “The young man appears to me to be a perfect gentleman in feelings, acts, and manners, and is certainly the very opposite of presumptuous.”

“Indeed! I am glad you find him so.”

“There is something more in all this than meets the ear,” said Mr. Beaumont, struck with the difference between the speaker's words and tones. “What makes you dislike this man? What do you know of him?”

“I do not particularly dislike him, uncle, and I know very little of him.”

“And that little not in his favour, eh?”

“Well, not exactly, perhaps; but you should not ask me. Isabella knows more than I do.”

“She recommended him most highly.”

“How could she do so! But I suppose she did not know then.”

“Know! know what? Why do you speak so mysteriously, Frances? What ought your sister to have known?”

“I did not say she ought to have known anything, sir,” replied Frances, who, if she had not been naturally most brave and fearless, would have shrunk from the storm she saw lowering upon her uncle's brow. “I only thought she might have told you of some of the reports current about him, but, as she did not, I suppose they were incorrect.”

“Then it is only report—you know nothing of your own knowledge?” asked the banker, his brow clearing.

“No—yes—that is to say, I am not at liberty to tell,” stammered Frances confusedly.

“Humph!” and the old man looked steadfastly in his niece's face, then said suddenly, “You are not deceiving me, Frances?”

“I!” and she started nervously. “What do you mean, uncle?”

“I do not know; your manner is strange,

and your dislike to this man evident, and, at present, apparently unreasonable."

"Uncle, will you answer me one question?" And, taking a sudden resolution, the girl rose and faced him steadily. "If a man will deceive, cajole, and lie to one person, will he not to another?"

"Assuredly."

"Then, since things have gone so far, I tell you that Mr. Staunton has done this, and that I, of my own knowledge, affirm it. Is it too much, then, that I bid you beware?"

"For Heaven's sake, explain yourself."

"I have said all I can, all I dare." And Frances glided away, and left her words to work on the old man's mind.

HOUSE SKELETONS, AND HOW THEY COME.

EVERY one, of course, knows the story of the poor lady who, presuming to cast her eyes on another besides her liege lord, and discovering, to that gentleman's mortification, that his friend was as good-looking and agreeable as he, was punished by being obliged ever after to keep in her closet, and daily behold, the skeleton of the object of her admiration, sacrificed to the outraged love or vanity of her rightful owner. Whether the lady were really guilty of anything more than a too sudden recovery from that gratifying blindness, which, contracted during the period of courtship, lasts for a longer or shorter term after the tying of the indissoluble (?) knot, does not appear, though we are inclined to think that a wounded self-admiration was more likely to have originated the idea of the skeleton-closet than a real, downright jealousy; and have, therefore, been preserved from a too harrowing pity, either for herself, her lord, or the living reality of the anatomical specimen, who may have been an insufferable coxcomb, justly devoted to the pointing of a moral against vanity. At all events, in the now very general application of this story to the circumstances of every-day life, there is more in the fact of the skeleton than might at first be observed. A death in the family—the body so lately warm with life—of a beloved member of the household, now lying still and cold in an upper chamber! Who does not know what solemn feelings, what a hush and calm,

what a mysterious spell of silence, and gravity, and decorum, the knowledge of such a fact brings to those even who are not participators in the grief of the bereaved relatives—to the mere hirelings and dependants? Who has not experienced how the little cares and businesses, the little vexations and perplexities of life, which on other occasions fill up the daily sum of its doings and feelings, never intrude on those awful hours which pass between the departing of the spirit and the consigning of the dust to its kindred dust?—how even sorrow itself is frozen and locked up, until this last act removes the visible death from among us, and permits a return to misery, perhaps, but living misery. While the angel of terror keeps watch in that retired apartment, there is no room (however large the mansion may be) in any other for annoyance, for spleen, for spite, for triumph, for petty malice, for little vanities and conceits, for trivial bickerings, offences, provokings, reproaches—the sense of that dread presence pervades the whole. Not with a feeling altogether painful either; this sudden check, this compulsory pause, this break between the agitation, the anxiety, the baffled hope of the sick-room, and the grief and loneliness of the deserted fireside, is a very merciful respite—a something like sleep between seasons of bodily pain—and gives rest to the mind for all that must follow. So we never try to get rid of this sense of Death's presence; we rather accept it; we wrap our poor sorrow-beaten souls in this kind shelter, as the earth, after the storms of autumn, receives with welcome her snowy shroud, and reposes until the blustering winds of early spring arouse her again into activity. Very different is the unpleasant knowledge of the "skeleton-closet." The dead body, before "decay's effacing fingers" have swept away its likeness to life, is to be approached with awe, and gazed upon with reverence; the dry bones are to be thrust into some dark recess, lest they excite disgust and loathing. The place where the one reposes is to be regarded with something like honour; the den of the other is to be shunned and avoided if possible.

If we do not obtrude our great griefs and trials on public observation, still we are not sorry that society should notice the closed shutter and the garb of woe, and breathe a sigh of sympathy as the "plumed hearse"

and the train of mourners pass, or lay down with an exclamation of pity the newspaper which records our loss of friend or property. The sudden reduction to poverty of a wealthy family, or the sudden snatching away of an esteemed parent or beloved child from the family circle, are griefs which we are not ashamed to acknowledge: indeed, the greater the depth of the poverty, the more beloved the relative, the more do we expect, if not exact, cognizance of our woe. But for the other sort of trials, paint the closet-door in the gayest colours, hang up a curtain of silk, or velvet, or brocade; paint the skeleton itself, if it must be seen, but ignore its existence as an object of pain, or grief, or fear, if possible. How far we can succeed in doing this may be questioned. These "skeletons" of social life are nasty things, do the best we may; ungainly, ill put together, apt to rattle unpleasantly if their hiding-place be ever so cautiously approached; not easily folded into a neat, unsuspected package, but addicted to sticking out at angles and obtruding from nooks; not dangerous, like a dead body returning to corruption, or a living one, tainted with infectious disease; but vexatious, harassing, humbling, mortifying, degrading to our pride or vanity, and wounding to our self-respect. It is of a few of these social plagues we would now wish to speak.

Is there a "skeleton" in every house? We believe not. We hope, at least, that there are many who do not by their own folly make it for themselves, and who are sufficiently happy in all the relations of life not to have it made for them; but to a great many, alas! we know it is a fact, an existence, which they cannot or will not do away with. In the former case, of course, nothing remains but to endure, to recollect that, after all, it is but a "skeleton," which may vex, but cannot harm us, and so bear the hateful knowledge as well as we can. In the latter, we had better prevent its introduction; or, if a temporary imprudence has introduced it, take it down, and fling it out of doors.

Of the "skeletons" which we can avoid or get rid of, pecuniary difficulty, arising either from bad management, extravagance, or indolence, is, perhaps, the most general. Classing it among the "skeletons," of course we do not mean by it any

of those pecuniary difficulties likely to end in bankruptcy and ruin, but merely those little embarrassments which people are subject to, who, having unwisely spent to-day, must uncomfortably spare to-morrow; who, having incurred a debt to obtain a superfluity, must forego a necessary in order to pay it.

We must ask pardon for saying that we think *women* are especially apt to provide this species of "skeleton" for themselves and their families. Setting apart those of both sexes who rush into a career of extravagance, reckless of the consequences, men are more likely to involve themselves in difficulties from a general desire to increase their importance, to add to their possessions; and their embarrassments, therefore, get very much beyond "skeletons." In their case it is not the symbol of death hung up to frighten the superstitious, but endowed with a supernatural life, grinning, with a scythe and an hour-glass, and pointing to the grave of hope, and fame, and name—perhaps of life. It is women generally who collect all the little unpleasantnesses, and humiliations, and mortifications attendant on a too lavish expenditure in show and glitter, and a consequent pinching in comfort and propriety, and string them upon wires to jerk into their faces when they open their closets or their wardrobes. It is women, in general, who are obliged to sit in fear lest their guests should ask for something which ought to have been forthcoming, but that an extra guinea or two, sacrificed to vanity or the opinion of the world, in their own dress or the furniture of their house, prevents it; or who tremble lest an insolent servant should revenge herself for the scantiness of the kitchen dinner by spoiling the ostentatious repast provided for the company in the dining-room; or who suffer from an unprincipled tradesman taking advantage of the inability to settle his demands with strict punctuality, to send tough meat or fish not in season. We say in general; for, of course, there is no doubt that bad management on the part of the master of the house, sometimes, and perhaps not very seldom, causes really well-principled, sensible, and well-managing women, humiliations which they must bear in silence, or prevent by actual personal privation. No one, however, can doubt that this "skeleton," whoever

may be to blame for its appearance, might be avoided or got rid of.

Want of system and good order, in other matters besides expenditure, succeed in raising up a "skeleton," and a very obtrusive one. With what unpleasant feelings we part with a dear and esteemed friend, who should have been received with pleasure, but whose advent brought nothing but dismay and vexation, inasmuch as the visit was paid at a time when all ought to have been regularity and quiet, but was not, because nothing ever is done at its right time or kept in its right place! As we turn from the door closing on our retiring guest, the "skeleton" appears in the deformity of the disordered and untidy apartment, and points to our wounded self-respect and the lost esteem of our friend; and it is in vain that we devote an early day to his banishment by broom and duster; he has been seen, and that is enough.

This "skeleton," indeed, is all-pervading. He speaks from piles of unanswered letters and heaps of unarranged papers; telling us of offended friends, justly reproaching relatives, and estranged acquaintances; he peeps at us out of cupboards and presses; he trips us up by rents in the carpets; he sometimes, indeed, grows more than merely disagreeable, he becomes formidable, and manifests his presence by fires and inundations.

Ill-health is a grievous "skeleton." We do not, of course, mean that ill-health which is actual, severe, the finger of God in chastisement or love, but that state of valetudinarianism produced by fancifulness, self-indulgence, or over-carefulness. In some respects, this differs from the two previously noticed, inasmuch as the proprietor of this "skeleton," so far from keeping it concealed, generally prefers to place it as prominently before the eyes of his or her friends as possible; and also that, instead of its being always the object of the owner's aversion, or the cause of humiliation and disgrace, it is rather a petted favourite, and a subject of triumph and parade. Still, in many instances where a little constitutional feebleness of body is joined to a great deal of constitutional feebleness of mind, the unfortunate individual becomes the possessor of a very harassing "skeleton" indeed, requiring a very extraordinary exertion to dialodge it

—an exertion seldom made, and seldom still persevered in to ultimate success.

Who that can walk forth in the teeth of an east wind, or bear the drenching of a north-west shower without any appalling dread of colds or toothaches, but must pity the poor creature for ever haunted by apprehensions of an unclosed door or a broken window, and tortured by the continuous fear of damp clothes! Or that eats with honest enjoyment and moderation of all the good things provided by Nature, but must feel for him who dreads a poison in the ripe and blushing fruit, the cool vegetable, or even in the bubbling spring! Who that can climb the breezy hills, sail over the dancing waves; that can sleep on a hard bed, a soft bed, or no bed at all; eat a good dinner, a bad dinner, or do without a dinner; that can do a reasonable amount of work, and enjoy a pleasant amount of amusement; that can exercise lungs, limbs, and brains; laugh, dance, cry; scold (if necessary), be noisily merry, heartily angry, thoroughly excited, but must have compassion on the self-constituted patient with a thousand aches and pains, fears and cares, weaknesses and fancies, who can feel nothing keenly but his or her own ailments, do nothing earnestly but complain!

This "skeleton" is also an inflicted one; that is, it is not always the owner of it who suffers most keenly; as, perhaps, many an industrious man with a large family can testify (for it seems more peculiar, we must say, to women), when he has to dread the doctor's bills, which are draining his resources, and gazes on the peevish countenance, or listens to the querulous voice of the wife, who should be a helpmeet, but is a drag and a burden.

Religion, that lovely and loveable thing, is, alas! too often made a "skeleton" of. And what a wretched, miserable "skeleton!" The very driest of "dry bones." Not only does the proprietor of this "skeleton" wither his or her own faith and holiness into a lifeless, useless, perished handful of dust and ashes—the dust and ashes of formality and superstition—but every other member of the unhappy household comes more or less under the influence of the stifling presence. No one can doubt the fact of this "skeleton" who has seen innocent enjoyment, which ought to be en-

hanced by the knowledge of a conscience at ease, held as a forbidden thing; and gloom and dullness reigning, where all should be enjoyment and animation. So miserable are the effects sometimes of this variety, that we might almost consider it a much more mischievous object than a skeleton, had it not one peculiar feature, namely, that its possessor is always most anxious to keep its ugliness out of sight. While the active, cheerful servants of God are ready to acknowledge that the path of duty may be sometimes a "thorny way," the professors of this sort of devotion are always ready to assure you, with the most melancholy faces, and in the most cheerless accents, that they are the happiest people in existence.

Of the "skeletons" which are inflicted, and must be endured, perhaps bad temper is the chief. Not, of course, a thoroughly tyrannical, brutal disposition, which ranks among social miseries far beyond a mere "skeleton;" nor yet a blustering, hot, hasty temper, in which, like a spring day, though you have to endure, and, perhaps, do battle with some heavy squalls, you have bright, joyous alternations of sunshine. No. The fretful temper, the selfish, exacting temper, the discontented temper, of which you can never calculate whether it will be pleased or not, unless it has proceeded to that extremity, that you can guess with tolerable certainty it will be displeased, do what you may. This is a "skeleton," rather, these are "skeletons," which have worn down many a bright spirit, crushed many a warm heart, and the knowledge of which poisons the very springs of life. There is a bold, insolent temper, too, quite a robust and burly "skeleton," which can say and do a hundred impudent things quite in a rattling, off-hand manner, careless of any one's feelings; a heavy "skeleton," weighing down the refined and the sensitive souls exposed to its baneful influence, of which the world is not yet so polished or so Christianized, but that it affords us many examples.

A very effective "skeleton" of either of these sorts is obtained not unseldom by the injudicious indulgence of parents. And, here again, we must particularize women. The maternal parent is certainly more apt to spoil the children than is the father. Women are really so frequently unwise in

this respect that, if those who so arraigned "skeletons" merely for their own punishment, one would be almost inclined to leave them, uncautioned, to the consequences of their own folly. But, unfortunately, it is chiefly on the relations and companions of after-life that the results fall most heavily; it is the wife or husband, the children, the dependants, who generally suffer; it is they who have to strive miserably to hide from the indifferent or heartless acquaintance, or the sympathizing friend whose peace might be hurt by the knowledge, the existence of that dreary closet, the sense of which mingles with every action, thought, and feeling.

The moral turpitude of a near relative is a hideous "skeleton." It is in vain to reflect philosophically that such trials are not uncommon, and may be borne as portion of the general lot of humanity; or to reason sensibly that no positive disgrace attaches to any but the doer of wrong; or even to feel that the general sympathy is towards you, you cannot avoid the thrilling shame, the nervous confusion, the painful anxiety to avoid the subject, the feverish expectation that it must be ever recurring. Heaven shield the good and virtuous from being obliged to keep in the mansions of their souls those loathsome closets!

A less revolting "skeleton," yet something allied, is in the mere worthlessness of those we ought to regard, and would find esteem. This form seems almost peculiar to married life. Members of the same family, of the same blood, have so much of disposition in common, that their very faults escape notice by each other, or, at least, appear very much extenuated. But in the other case it is not so. How many a man, high-minded, generous, and noble, has a "skeleton" for ever at his side, in the meanness of thought and littleness of feeling of his wife? How many another, just, right-minded, and honourable, is linked to a combination of petty artifice and unworthy cunning? And how many a woman has to endure these in her partner for life? In her case the trial is the greater, because she is less independent in thought and action; she has less to do and more to suffer.

Our "skeletons" are becoming so terrible, that we would gladly turn to some which are merely disagreeable. There are a great

many which (although we carefully shut them into their closets, and, indeed, feel not only provoked, but mortified, should they chance to be seen) are only annoying, troublesome, unpleasant, and at the knowledge of which we can even sometimes afford to laugh. A considerable number of these, too, may be considered erratic "skeletons," taking up only a temporary abode in our mansions, and either vanishing naturally in the course of events, like the more evanescent spirit to which the actual skeleton belonged, or yielding to a well-directed, vigorous effort for their removal. Of such a nature may be considered a clever and capable domestic addicted to "spiritous excitement," who times her potations exactly at the season when a particularly ceremonious dinner, or even, perhaps, a christening feast, or a wedding breakfast, demands all her energies, and who always contrives to be found by the most especially honoured guest, the very person before whom you desire that everything may appear in proper order, either asleep on the drawing-room rug, or arrayed in your new lace shawl, seated in state on the centre of your satin ottoman, under an inebriated impression that she is one of the invited, and that the entertainment has been got up in her honour. Or a friend or relative with whom you feel bound to keep on good terms, and therefore to invite whenever you contemplate a social gathering, and who, being of an unamiable disposition, always contrives to throw a damp on your party. Or a rather disreputable connexion, whose conduct is not sufficiently bad to warrant a cut direct, but who is looked coldly on by your more respectable acquaintance, who will time his visits at the most inopportune moment—that is, exactly at the advent of your most respectable acquaintances. Or a "love of a pet," in the shape of a poodle dog or a tortoiseshell cat, bestowed on you with many tears and caresses, and frequent demands of a promise "never to part with it," by a friend who has sailed for India or California, and which breaks your china, tears your clothes, gnaws your books, bites and scratches your own or your neighbour's children, in the latter case, perhaps, involving you in an action at law, in which you are cast in fifty pounds damages and the costs of the suit.

These are all, more or less, "skeletons." So is a governess "with a grievance;" an old uncle who will give you advice; a young cousin, nephew, or niece, for whom you are in some degree responsible, who never takes advice, and gets into innumerable scrapes, more or less serious or ridiculous, in which you are sure to be to some extent entangled; a "very superior" aunt, who snubs you on all possible occasions; a particularly candid, "blunt" relative, of either sex, who always makes a point of telling everything he or she ought not to tell, exactly at the time it ought not to be told; who obligingly reminds you, in every society, of every little folly, over which you would gladly draw a veil; and amiably directs attention at all times to your peculiar deficiencies, defects, or infirmities; or a terribly sensitive person, who is always "receiving a slight," or "enduring an offence;" or a very suspicious one, who never gives you credit for straightforwardness, who always imagines "a secret," either in motive, opinion, or proceeding; or an exceedingly mysterious individual, who continually causes you to appear unworthy of confidence, on account of little circumstances being unavoidably betrayed, the knowledge of which it is discovered has been carefully concealed from you without any sufficient apparent reason.

All these are continually (trivial as they may seem) disturbing the peace of sensible persons. Happy are those among the dwellers in our "valley of dry bones," who have none of the more sad or fearful "skeletons" among those we have enumerated.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN LONDON.

VII.—THE SANITARY MOVEMENT.

"NASTY AIR"—that's the anagram of "SANITARY!" Who'd have thought it? And yet, after all, that nasty air is the breeze that has kindled the Sanitary Association into life. Only to think that trade, fashion, custom, coal, and over-crowding have so vitiated our London atmosphere, and impeded our powers of respiration and digestion—to say nothing of spoiling our complexions and tempers, or of the introduction of new and rapidly-spreading diseases—that we, the women of London, have been obliged, in self-defence, to form

ourselves into an association to poke out the unclean corners of our parishes, and fumigate the holes of our courts!

When you come up to London, and make your spring purchases in Regent-street, or are carried in the family coach or cab, as the case may be, down Fleet-street, into St. Paul's-churchyard, you get one view of London—and a very fine view it is, as far as it goes—but, while you are wandering and wavering between Allison's and Heubigant's, we, the residents and the workers, are, perchance, diving into some back alum, not fifty miles from the spot upon which you are standing, uttering curses, deep, if not loud, and taking another view of the same city about which you will have so much to say on your return to the sweet village of Squash.

Well, you know, perhaps, that some great men, and some good men, and some clever men have lately been speaking about these back alums, and some great women, and some good women, and some clever women have lately been writing, and lecturing, and talking, too, on this same subject. It is not enough, however, for a few of us up here—who are called upon, in common with every real worker in London, to do infinitely more than we ought to do, either mentally or physically—to try and accomplish a work like this, which demands the whole energy of Englishwomen as a body—we want your help, your time, your money, your influence, your moral weight; and, what is more, we must have it. The time is past for us to sit down and say that matters of political economy and subjects of social science are out of our path, ill-suited to our sex, and beyond our strength; the truth is, these matters come up to us with an all but menacing air, shaking with angry gestures before our faces, impatient for a solution, and demanding redress.

Are we to try and do this work alone? Are we to struggle on, doing a hand-to-hand fight, or will you come on and help us, encourage us, work with us?

I am ashamed of you, my idle sisters, for your carelessness and indifference is causing no end of pain, of death, of disease.

Well, what do we want you to do? Why, first and foremost, to visit some alley or court, and see, with your own

eyes, the actual condition of our London metropolitan dwelling dens for the poor. Go down stairs into the cellars, and see old Widow Harvey, and her three sons, in the front room, with their brood of chickens in the area, and dog Toby under the old dame's bed; peep into the widower's den in the back room, and see the sleeping accommodation for the man and his grown-up daughter; try the windows, especially the top sash; no movement there, no ventilation, no, not even a little light upon the rickety old stairs. Go into every room in the house, and remark how every floor is but a repetition of the down-stair horrors; the only variation being the increase or decrease in the numbers of the juvenile population. Hear the poor man's tale of when he took out a pane from his window, and a panel from his door, for the purpose of securing ventilation, how the landlord threatened him with an ejection, and more than hinted about the desirableness of his departure.

Look down the bye-paths and back streets of our great city, and note the absence of the scavenger and his assistants in those very courts—mark where the gas-lamps stand few and far between—remember when the drainage-pipes were last laid down—think where the parish doctor pays his most frequent visits—taste, if you dare, the water with which they are supplied—sit down and work out the proportion allowed to each person for daily use—trace the overland route of every form of epidemic disease that visits your parish, and balance all this with the absolute command "that every man look not only on his own things, but every man, also, on the things of others."

If you have not sufficient philanthropy in you to be ashamed of your country—if there is not enough of the milk of human kindness in you to make you shiver at the sickness, and sorrow, and suffering produced by the disgraceful state in which our metropolitan poor are "cribbed, cabined, and confined"—then sit down quickly and make it a matter of calculation, turn it into an affair of £ s. d.

Look at it as a costly affair—consider, dirt breeds disease, and disease, when it is finished, brings forth death—and when the strong man is taken away, and the busy hands of the mother laid at rest for ever,

what then? Why, the children are carried off to the union, and your rates are raised to support them, or they wander vagabonds up and down the town, till want and temptation entangle them in the meshes of sin, and at your expense they are marched off to prison, and at your expense they are kept in prison. So you see you pay for it all—for the union, with its master and matron, its overseers, its ward-men—for the prison, and its officers, overlookers, schoolmasters, lavender-water-sprinklers, and Heaven knows what beside.

If you were a philanthropist, we might bid you ponder over the tears shed, and the struggles undergone, before that little family group was altogether dispersed—we might hint about the possibility of there being a home-feeling even under such circumstances, and about the wisdom of encouraging, and enlarging, and extending such ideas; but you prefer the mercantile measurement of the matter. Well, we are ready to meet you on that ground; and we say it has been proved over and over again, that lodging-houses for the poor are not only a safe but a profitable investment. How, then, is it, that more are not built? Simply because, *apparently*, there is no demand for them; that is, because the capitalist hears no actual outcry from the poor man—gets no petition for new houses—he is content to work on, and at those demands which are thrust into notice.

We have been told by two great authorities, that we, who come into contact with the poor, must rouse their feelings on the point, and make them, as a mass, discontented with their dens. Rare advice! Why the whole of London could be roused, with the greatest ease, on the point; but, unless the authorities are ready for such a movement as has never been known in this land, that way of working the question must be let alone for ever.

The working classes, as a body, are *already* as discontented on this head as it is possible to be without breaking out into rebellion. We have no hesitation in saying that half-a-dozen women, in earnest on the question, could raise, in less than a month, such a cry throughout the length and breadth of London as would shake the country from one end to the other. Heaven forbid that such a thing as that, should ever

be attempted; for, if the cry were raised, the work could not be accomplished all at once—no, not if every man in the town lent a helping hand.

Besides, after all, it is the capitalist who is the real delinquent in the matter—it is the speculator, whose morals are at such a low ebb—it is the lawyers, those great conscience-keepers of that great family of the "Never-thinks," who want arousing and convincing of these facts. And we, who know too well how deep and earnest is the smothered cry of the poor man for better house accommodation, must join and be their mouth-piece—must plead for those who cannot plead for themselves—must master facts and argue—must persuade, entreat, and work, till the present disgraceful condition of things has passed away.

Consider, now, especially you who live in comfortable cottages in the country, what it must be to pay £6 10s. a year for an under-ground room, or back attic, in a London artizan's lodging-house; and be it remembered that 2s. 6d. a week is a very average sum for such accommodation; so that, taking an eight-roomed house, and letting it out at the sum already named, room by room, which is a general practice, £52 a year is made; and, saying the average number of persons in each room to be five (*viz.*, a man and his wife, and three children), which is about the proportion to be found in the better description of houses, we get an aggregate of forty persons in one eight-roomed house! Let this be multiplied by the number of houses—twelve, eighteen, twenty—down the court, every house similarly crowded, and some little idea may be formed of the condition of the atmosphere, the state of morals, and the physical aspect of the inhabitants.

In every room, too, besides the men, women, and children, some bird or beast, not unfrequently both, is invariably to be found; to which may be added, creeping things innumerable—not forgetting "the unmentionable animals."

Fancy *our* living in a house where the coals had to be shot across our little white bed into a corner cupboard, which served for a larder, and also as a ledge to hold our washing-tub—that there was no dust-bin, or hole, or anything else, into which we might throw our apple-parings or the peel-

ings from our potatoes—that the dust from under our grates must be laid at our street door, and that our neighbours' cabbage-stalks must rot under our noses in the little back garden in which we take so much delight.

Only think how you would feel if you dare not put a ventilator into your room, if the place were too hot, or whitewash your ceiling unless your landlord considered it dirty enough! or what it must be to live in a room where the windows only partially open, or, perhaps, cannot open at all! Fancy making it a matter of rejoicing that some idle urekin should break a pane in your window, because then you would have a chance of a change of air! Yet all these things are facts—we can prove them all; yea, and bring far, far worse facts to light, if what is now stated is not enough.

Why, in the Field-lane Report for this very year we are told of a country clergyman who requested some of the officers of that institution to take him round to visit some of the homes of the poor children who are taught in that excellent ragged school; and what was the result? After visiting about eight or nine homes, he was obliged to retire in almost a fainting condition! And we can believe it. The scene was so much worse than any pen can describe, or imagination paint, that the reality was too much for a stranger.

We, like the poor, are so used to these abominations, that our hearts are getting callous. Do, pray, make haste and help us, before we all get hardened together, and sit down quietly in despair.

You see this sanitary movement is infinitely more a social than a physical question; or, rather, what very great social results will spring from it. When Mrs. Reymar began that room-to-room visitation, by means of her Bible-women, in St. Giles's, the discovery was immediately made that the most effectual way to stop drunkenness was to supply these poor creatures with beds!—that men and women who rested, if rest it could be called, on bundles of straw or rags, rose in the morning so unrefreshed from their sleep, that "a go of gin" was an absolutely necessary draught to screw them up to a working pitch—but that, after the introduction of the beds, this morning visit to the "house"

was discontinued in nearly every case, the end having been effected by other and more appropriate means.

Every woman in the habit of visiting among the poor, should consider herself bound to understand—and to understand thoroughly, too—those great laws by which health is preserved, life prolonged, and the simpler forms of disease checked or removed—should be able to tell clearly the importance of lowering the top sash of a window, and the wisdom of making acquaintance with the "Cheap Doctor"—of the benefits arising from the frequent use of the bath, both for the person and for the clothes—how the unwashed skin makes double work for the lungs, and, by depressing the spirits, causes that unnatural craving for stimulants so common in large towns—of the connexion between an ill-cooked dinner or supper and the husband's chronic bad temper. This is what is wanted, more workers—workers who possess some acquaintance with these great truths, so as to be able to explain and enforce them—who shall work with us and for us, while others are digging the foundations of those new and better dwellings which shall make all this knowledge practicable and available.

The old Romans had in their employ men who possessed authority to enter and inspect every dwelling-place in the land. They were wise in their generation, those old Romans; and, maybe, by-and-bye, if we are not too proud, we may profit by learning a lesson even from our ancient enemies; and then, when the revelation is made officially of what we now state confidentially—how pigs and human beings are crowded by hundreds in a well-known court in Kensington—or how one of the great railway companies reaps £1,500 a year from miserable lodgers in tenements skirting their line, let at the rate of from 9d. to 1s. 6d. per week, each room holding some sixteen or more persons (lodgers at a halfpenny a night being received)—we say, when these things are known officially, we presume some sort of indignation will be felt by the public. And, that these things may be known officially, let you and I take, drag, lead, all, any,

* See Sanitary Tracts, sold at 14, Princess-street, Cavendish-square.

and every individual we possibly can influence, into some of those blind alleys and countless courts, where their own olfactory nerves may quicken their other senses into the belief of the paramount importance of the Ladies' Sanitary Association.

M. S. R.

PRIZE QUOTATIONS.

ENVY.

[It is difficult for any one to describe a passion which he is not conscious of having ever felt; yet, if we were called upon briefly to define ENVY, we should say that it was a malignant sorrow experienced at the success of another. Of all the passions, this is the one which most punishes the individual who is a prey to it. It oxydizes or eats into the soul, as water does into iron. It is, therefore, a striking passion for poetical illustration, and, accordingly, the poets have, in their effusions, introduced it under every variety of circumstance. That Shakspeare thought it a malignant grief is clear from the manner in which he frequently speaks of it. In proof of this, we will give one passage from "Romeo and Juliet." It is taken from the scene in Capulet's garden, where Juliet appears sitting at a window, when Romeo sees her and exclaims—

But soft! what light through yonder window
breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the sun!
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious.

Here we see the destructive element which gives to envy its malignancy; for if the passion was such as excited pity from its making the "envious moon" ill, to assuage her grief, rather than to "kill" her, would be the first idea that would enter the mind. Envy, however, is not to be viewed as one of those deadly passions which desire the ultimate misery of another, but only as desiring, subordinately, the means of advancing ourselves or some one else to an equal position with the person envied, or lowering that person to our own or the other's level. As a most interesting exercise, we announce it to be the next subject for our "Prize Quotations."]'

POESY OF THE PASSIONS.

REMORSE.

An estranged friend is apt to overflow with tenderness and remorse, when a person that was once esteemed by him, undergoes any misfortune. *Spectator.*

And bitter Vengeance, with a yron whip,
Was wont him to displease every day;
And sharp Remorse his hart did prick and nip,
That drops of blood thence like a well did play.

EDMUND SPENCER, born 1553, died 1598.—
Fairie Queen.

Their fire steedes with so untamed force
Did beare them both to fell avenges end,
That both their speares with pitielasse remorse
Through shield and mayle and habergeon did wend,
And in their flesh a grieisly passage rend,
That with the furie of their owne affret,
Each other horse and man to ground did send. *Ibid.*

His stubborn heart that never felt misfara,
Was toucht with soft remorse and pittie rare;
That even for grief of minde he oft did grone,
And fully wish that in his powre it weare,
Her to redresse; but since he meanes found none,
He could no more but her great misery bewene. *Ibid.*

If you refuse it—as in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally indeed to all estates—

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, born 1564, died 1616.—
[*King Richard III., Act 3, Scene 7.*

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.

King John, Act 4, Scene 3.

A servant that he bred, thrilled with remorse,
Opposed against the act, bending his sword
To his great master

King Lear, Scene 1, Act 4.

For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implored a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French.

First Part of Henry VI., Act 5, Scene 4.

Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild while she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.

Third Part of Henry VI., Act 3, Scene 1.

Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power
After offence returning, to regain
Love once possessed, nor can be easily
Repulsed without much inward passion felt,
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

JOHN MILTON, born 1608, died 1674.—
[*Samson Agonistes.*

So spake our father penitent: nor Eve
Felt less remorse; they, forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judged them, prostrate fell
Before him reverent: and both confessed
Humbly their faults, and pardon begged; with

Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeigned, and humiliation meek.

Paradise Lost.

Having thus said, of kind remorse bereft,
He seized his helm, and dragged him with his left;
Then with his right hand, while his neck he
wreathed,
Up to the hilt his shining falchion sheathed.

JOHN DRYDEN, born 1631, died 1700.—
[*Virgil's Aeneas*, Book 10.]

For to be known a cuckold can be no
Dishonour but to him that thinks it so;
For, if he feel no chagrin or remorse,
His forehead's shot-free, and he's ne'er the worse.

SAMUEL BUTLER, born 1612, died 1680.—
[*Hudibras*.]

Want and incurable disease (fell pain!)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
At once; and make a refuge of the grave.

DR. EDWARD YOUNG, born 1681, died 1765.—
[*Reflections on Man*.]

The critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

ALEXANDER POPE, born 1688, died 1744.—
[*Essay on Criticism*.]

Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever tempting, ever cheating train!
Where are ye now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.

JAMES THOMSON, born 1700, died 1748.—
[*Winter*.]

How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life
They furnish matter for the tragic muse.

Ibid.

Nor head nor heart
Offered to ache; nor was there cause they should,
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings up of what might be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom.

ROBERT BLAIR, born 1700, died 1746.—
[*The Grave*.]

'Tis when the wound is stiffening with the cold,
The warrior first feels pain—'tis when the heat
And fiery fever of his soul is pass'd,
The slumber feels remorse.

ROBERT DODSLY, born 1703, died 1764.—
[*Old Play*.]

But soon did righteous Heaven,
With tears, with sharp remorse, and pining care,
Avenge her falsehood; nor could all the gold
And nuptial pomp, which lured her plighted faith
From Edmund to a loftier husband's home,
Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aside
The strokes of Death.

MARK AKENSIDE, born 1721, died 1770.—
[*A Inscription*.]

Call her then
Swift to thine aid, ere the remorseless spade
Too deeply wound the bosom of the soil.

WILLIAM MASON, born 1725, died 1797.—
[*The English Garden*.]

It was not thou that, like remorseless Cain,
Thirsted for brother's blood: thy heart disdains
The savage imputation.

Ibid.

Each bashful sentiment incipient grace,
Each yet remorseful thought of right and wrong,
Murdered and buried in his darkened heart!

WILLIAM DODD, born 1729, died 1777.—
[*Prison Thoughts*.]

But thou art fallen, fallen! Oh, my heart,
What dire compunction!

Lord, I sink
O'erwhelmed with self-conviction, with dismay,
With anguish and confusion past compare!
And could I weep whole seas of briny tears
In painful penitence; could I deplore
From my heart's aching fountain, drop by drop.

Ibid.

Abstain from sin!

The world around solicits his desire,
And kindles in his heart a treacherous fire;
While all her purposes and steps to guard,
Peace follows virtue as its sure reward:
And pleasure brings as surely in her train
Remorse, and sorrow, and vindictive pain.

WILLIAM COWPER, born 1731, died 1800.—
[*Progress of Error*.]

Remorse, the fatal egg by Pleasure laid
In every bosom where her nest is made;
Hatched by the beams of truth, denies him rest,
And proves a raging scorpion in his breast.

Ibid.

Let no dark crimes
In all their hideous forms then starting up,
Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,
And stab my bleeding heart with two-edged
torture.

BELBY PORTROUS, born 1731, died 1808.—
[*Death*.]

But now, with pangs of keen remorse I rue
Those years of trouble and debasement vile.

DR. JAMES BEATTIE, born 1735, died 1803.—
[*The Poet's Manhood*.]

Never hide thy tears, Araspes!
'Tis virtuous sorrow, unalloy'd, like mine,
By guilt, and fell remorse!

HANNAH MORE, born 1745, died 1833.—
[*Daniel*, Part 7, Scene 1.]

And where sin is, O king, there fell remorse
Supplies the place of punishment!

Ibid.

Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still, we make ourselves
Regret, remorse, and shame.

ROBERT BURNS, born 1759, died 1796.—
[*Man was Made to Mourn*.]

Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain,
And trampled down the warriors slain,
And neither known remorse nor awe;
Yet now remorse and awe he owns.
His breath came thick, his head swam round,
When this strange scene of death he saw.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, born 1771, died 1832.—
[*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto 2, Part 20.]
High minds of native pride and force,
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse;

Fear, for their scourge, mean villains have,
Thou art the torturer of the brave.

Marmion, Canto 3, Part 13.

Proud Alaric's descendant could not brook
That mortal man his bearing should behold,
Or boast that he had seen when Conscience
shook,

Fear, tame a monarch's brow, Remorse, a war-
rior's look.

Vision of Don Roderick.

For Roderick told of many a hidden thing,
Such as are lothly uttered to the air,
When Fear, Remorse, and Shame the bosom
wring.

Ibid.

She changes, as a guilty dream,
When Conscience, with remorse and fear,
Goads sleeping Fancy's wild career.

Rokeby, Canto 1, Part 1.

With desperate merriment he sung
The cavern to the chorus rung;
Yet mingled with his reckless glee,
Remorse's bitter agony.

Rokeby, Canto 3, Part 15.

Fantastic passion's madd'ning brawl!
And shame and terror over all!
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which, all confused, I could not know
Whether I suffered or I did,
For all seemed guilt, remorse, or woe.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, born 1772, died 1834.

Oh! need ask, that saw those livid guests,
With their swollen heads, sunk blackening on
their breasts,
Or looking pale to heav'n with ghastly stare,
As if they sought, but saw no mercy there;
As if they felt, though poison racked them
through,

Remorse, the deadlier torment of the two!

THOMAS MOORE, born 1780, died 1852.—
[*Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*]

I asked her what there was in guilt
That could her heart allure
To shame, disease, and late remorse?
She answered, she was poor.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, born 1780, died 1843.—
[*Complaints of the Poor.*]

That we may not look back with remorse and
dismay

To think how this season was wasted away.

JANE TAYLOR, born 1783, died 1824.—
[*Song.*]

Now, see upon the perjured fair one hang,
Remorse's glooms and never-ceasing pang.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, born 1785, died 1806.—
[*Chiffon Grove.*]

The mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,
Is like the scorpion girt by fire,
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close,
Till, inly searched by thousand throes,
And maddening in her ire,
One sad and sole relief she knows,
The sting she nourish'd for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang and cures all pain,
And darts into her desperate brain:

So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpion, girt by fire;
So withers the mind remorse hath riven,
Unfit for earth, undoomed for Heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death!

GEORGE LORD BYRON, born 1788, died 1824.—
[*The Giaour.*]

There is a war, a chaos of the mind,
When all its elements convulsed, combined,
Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force,
And gnashing with impotent remorse;
That juggling fiend, who never spake before,
But cries, "I warned thee!" when the deed
is o'er.

The Corsair.

Oh, Mariannel! now for thee,
The heart for which thou bleed'st is bleeding;
Revenge is lost in agony,
And wild remorse to rage succeeding.

Herod's Lament for Marianne.

She clasped her fervent hands,
And the tears began to stream;
Large, and bitter, and fast they fell,
Remorse was so extreme.

THOMAS HOOD, born 1798, died 1845.—
[*The Lady's Dream.*]

The cave was dark and damp; it spoke
Of penance and of prayer;
Remorse, that scarcely dared to hope,
And heavy grief were there.

LITITIA ELIZABETH LONDON, died 1838.—
[*The Hermit's Grave.*]

Remorseful, penitent, and lowly,
I come to crave, O father holy,
Thy benediction on my head.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, born 1807.—
[*The Golden Legend.*]

Contrition, penitence, and remorse,
Came on me with o'erwhelming force.

Ibid.

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moan-
ing and tossing,
Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands
of the sea-shore.

Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of
passions contending.

Love, triumphant and crowned, and friendship
wounded and bleeding,

Passionate cries of desire, and importunate plead-
ings of duty.

"Is it my fault," he said, "that the maiden hath
chosen between us?"

Courtship of Miles Standish.

I turned aside to weep: I lost him a little while;
I looked, and years had passed; he was hoar
with the winter of his age.

And what was now his hope? Where was the
balm for his sadness?

The memory of the past, was guilt; the feeling of
the present, remorse.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, F.R.S., D.C.L.—
[*Proverbial Philosophy.—Of Sorrow.*]

He holds his life from hour to hour,
He feels it ebb away;
Fear at his heart, a phantom power,
A spirit of decay—

And grim remorse, with setting blind,
Playing the serpent with his mind,
These hath he, night and day!
And shinking from the eyes of men,
He ever mouneth, "Whea, oh, when?"

MISS JEWELRY —
[*The Doomed Prophet.*]

MIGNON; OR, THE STEP-DAUGHTER.

THE MIRACLE OF THE ROSES.

Do you know the country where the *eglantine* flourishes? Come here, and rest your eyes, weary with gazing on these miserable pictures; come here to console your wounded hearts. Here you will find none but smiling images; here you will be able to forget the world of wickedness.

Let us once more enter the holy refuge of piety and childhood. Let us join in the young girls' games; let us listen to their joyful songs, to their unconstrained mirth; let us lose ourselves in this noisy multitude.

We have not long to look for our sweet Mignon, whose tall figure rises above the rest of her companions. How much she is grown and improved under this guardian spirit. Her complexion is more settled, her eyes more liquid, her lips more smiling, her walk less fatigued. But then, for more than a year, she has been enjoying perfect tranquillity, surrounded by loving faces—more than a year ago, her amiability and beauty first graced this house, where, it appears, they can now no longer get on without her. Madame Thérèse, the superior, touched by her sad history, the details of which she knew from the lawyer, who often came to inquire after Mignon, is very careful of her, and is always in need of her society.

But how is it that we cannot find that puny and ungraceful Graziella so easily? Perhaps it is because we cannot recognise her; for she ought to be there, following in her young mother's steps—and see, here she is. But what a delightful change! Nothing is wanting to her now but speech. However, you cannot say she is pretty, for her open countenance, surrounded by curly hair, seems more like that of a boy. But what fire there is in her movements! How noble her bearing! What intelligence in her bright eyes! Is it, then, Mignon who has worked this miracle? Yes; Mignon

has conquered Graziella's listlessness—has discovered a taste, a passion in Graziella's mind—she has opened a fresh path for her understanding, by occupying herself with her, in helping her in her first attempts; for the heart is an able master.

Mignon, who had seriously undertaken the mother's office, superintended Graziella's duties, who, by reason of her infirmity, needed particular care, and who, thanks to a little encouragement, began to make some progress. So she made her learn her lessons; but Graziella could not repeat them like the others. Then would Mignon hide the book, and her daughter was obliged to write from memory what she had learnt. Mignon watched her closely, did not overlook any bad habits, straightened the child's figure, which bent over the table, would not pardon her scribbling, wished to see her show care in everything—persuaded that one bad habit engenders another, and that all things are connected one with another. Her remarks were made so softly, that Graziella, who at first resisted slightly, kissed her hand, as if asking pardon; and, in her desire to please her young mother, she made an effort. What a pretty group, so natural and genuine—the anxious look of the elder girl, the mischievous air of the child—a kiss, from time to time, serving as an interlude to each precept! An artist, who could have surprised them so, would have taken up his pencil to preserve the remembrance of it.

But Mignon was sometimes angry; yes, very angry. She had accustomed Graziella to be careful of her appearance, and not to soil her hands and face, and noticed some improvement in her little rebel. But, one day, Graziella began writing with her hands covered with yellow-looking earth, and, as she had marked her forehead and cheeks with yellow lines, she looked really frightful, and poor Mignon was discouraged.

"My child," said she to her, "you really cannot love your mother. I see it now. You do not listen to me; you don't wish anything more from me; you give pain to Mignon."

Graziella took her hand, as if to ask her the reason of this reproach.

"Look at your hands, naughty child!" said Mignon. "Here you are as disorderly as on the day when I found you at the foot

of the large plane-tree, your hands in the dirt. Your dress is covered with it, and if you could only see your face! Go! you cannot love me at all."

Graziella, quite affected, knelt down to ask pardon. Then a new thought seemed to strike her. She looked in the class where she worked with Mignon, and saw that they were nearly alone. Then she made a sign of intelligence to her young mother, put her finger to her lips, as if requesting her not to say anything, and to wait before condemning her, and then she went away running.

Mignon could not account for her absence, when she saw her coming back cautiously, carrying a small basket, from which she drew divers shapeless objects, which she commenced arranging on the table.

On looking at them more closely, Mignon remarked, however, the care and taste with which these little figures were modelled in a coarse kind of earth. You could distinguish a nun walking, holding a book, which she was reading with great attention. In another personage, you might recognise the old portress, by her deformed figure and crabbed countenance, counting her bunch of keys. Then Graziella respectfully took up a diminutive subject which represented a woman lying down, and a little child praying, on her knees, by her side; and she looked at Mignon, saying sorrowfully, "Mother!" and then she made a sign with her hand, as if to announce something more sorrowful, and she drew forth from her basket another object. It represented a grass mound, with a few branches of cypress delicately studied. The mound was surmounted by two little crosses, and Graziella, taking Mignon's hand, made her read at the foot of the pedestal, "To my father; to my mother!" and the courageous child kept herself from crying.

"Poor child! poor dear thing!" said Mignon; "it is you who have made, who have imagined all that! And who taught you—how have you done it?"

Graziella rose and pointed to her forehead with pride, then put her hand to her heart sorrowfully; then, diving again to the bottom of her precious basket, she drew from it, like a treasure, a small heap of brown, damp earth, which she clasped tenderly to her bosom, soiling herself more than ever.

Yes, it was a secret desire, a passionate taste for art, that possessed this young intelligence, which people believed extinguished. It was her wish to imitate her father's works, which had captivated, absorbed all her instincts. It was like a hidden worship rendered to an extinct shrine.

A feeling of modesty had prevented her from bringing before her companions her dearest remembrances, which she thought would be ridiculed. Her natural timidity made her conceal from every one her attempts, which she still found too shapeless. When she was seen at the foot of the trees, solitary, moulding the damp earth, they did not give her credit for trying to perfect her attempts. Some heavy storms had left, like alluvion, in a shady walk, a rich and soft earth favourable to her designs, and she had collected it like the precious minerals of Peru.

Such was the reason for the strange derangement in her toilette. She only wanted to be inspired with confidence by Mignon's tender look and caressing voice; she only desired to justify herself in her mother's eyes, and to obtain her pardon, that she was led to make this avowal.

Graziella clung to Mignon, kissed her hands, and asked forgiveness by the expression of her supplicating eyes; then, putting a finger to her lips, she enjoined her to say nothing of this confidence.

Mignon was too happy. She raised Graziella and embraced her with tenderness, not thinking of her earthy hands and dirty face.

"Dear child," said she to her, quite touched, "you loved your father well, and I also have lost everything. We are two abandoned ones; we ought to love one another well. It is from thinking of him, dear little one, that your inexperienced hand wished to attempt what you have seen him do. What a happy inspiration! You must take courage; I will assist you. Why did you not tell me of it sooner? you naughty child of mine." And then she kissed her again; then she examined with more attention the small figures before her, and was astonished at what could be done by desire, almost without resources!

The little dumb child, whose secret overwhelmed her, was charmed with the encouragement she met with from her dear confidant, and acknowledged her gratitude

in a thousand endearing expressions. Mignon knew Graziella's story. She very often thought of the future of this child, whom misfortune had united with her destiny, and whom she did not wish to abandon. It seemed to her as if Providence had confided her to her charge. After what she had seen, she could no longer doubt her ability and real talent, and foresaw with joy the means of procuring her a useful occupation to which she could devote herself, in spite of her unfortunate infirmity. Then Mignon, who drew with much taste, gave her drawing lessons every day, procured wax for her to model in potter's clay, moulding tools of every description, and models, in baked earth, to copy from. She obtained permission from the good superior, who encouraged all these ideas, that Graziella should have her study in an out-of-the-way coach-house, which looked on to the court with the plane-trees. From this time Graziella was an altered being; she had no longer a downcast air; she had no more dirty hands; she expertly used her tools to give form to this precious brown earth, with which they kept her well supplied. She had a nice little figure; happiness improved her beauty, and her gratitude to her young mother amounted almost to adoration.

Although she had had no other master than Nature, and an ardent desire, she made, for so young a girl, unexpected progress, and, on the day of the Virgin's *fête*, which is a grand day in the convent of the Augustines, she gave a touching proof of her intelligence and knowledge.

On this day it was the custom to erect a beautiful altar in the orchard, at the bottom of the court of plane-trees. In leaving the chapel, all the pupils, veiled and in white dresses, walked in procession to the garden, chanting, laden with fresh bouquets from the fields, and then they deposited all these flowers in a rich pyramid at the foot of a statue of the Virgin.

They had robbed the forest of its blossoms to spread a green carpet as far as the altar; they had decorated the Virgin in a splendid brocaded dress, which fell down in long folds, stiff and straight, like you see in the churches at Antwerp; they had decorated her forehead with a brilliant diadem; but the Virgin Mary's head, we must say it, had suffered from the incle-

mency of the seasons, and was no longer fit for this attire. It was a great surprise, then, when they saw, on the morning of the Assumption, under the Virgin Mary's crown, a beautiful angelic figure, which seemed to regard them with a sweet smile.

It was a great event; the old portress thought a miracle had been performed, but it was only a miracle of friendship and love. Graziella, assisted by a few companions and a nun, who was in the secret, had replaced the damaged head by a charming face, which somewhat reminded you of Mignon's sweet and noble features. It was the purest type that her heart had designed to represent the Virgin. The work was not faultless, but the expression was happy. Everything foretold that Graziella, by her efforts and progress, would one day really become an artist.

After this beautiful *fête* of the Virgin, who protects young girls, study is relaxed, and afterwards entirely suspended. The holidays are approaching. It is the time for long walks in the most solitary parts of the forest. With what ardour infancy and childhood dive into and lose themselves in the winding paths of a large wood! Do you remember it? Does it not seem to you as if these young girls were taking possession of their empire? Heaven and earth are theirs; theirs is the breeze which passes by them; theirs are the large trees, and blossoms, and flowers! The moss invites them; the birds call them. Whither are they running?

What discoveries, what joyful cries, what little madcaps they are! what chosen paths, first abandoned, and then taken to again! What butterflies chased and passed by! What shining gold beetles repose in the eglantine! do not disturb them, they are at home. How beautiful are the large woods when they are animated by young girls! How lovely they are when they launch out into the splendid forest. There you may see a group of collectors of plants; each one is occupied with her herbarium. An industrious nun is teaching them to distinguish the common ones. From the oak to the hyssop, every tree, every plant, has its virtues. The treasures of the forest are more abundant and more precious than those which are concealed in the bowels of the earth; for plants give life, and the passion for gold often kills. He who could

understand all the properties of plants—who knew all that could be extracted from flowers, fruits, stalks, and roots—would be richer than a king, and almost as wise as Nature's Author.

How many mysteries are still hidden from us! There is no recreation more attractive, more healthful, more fruitful in unforeseen discoveries, than the study of botany. While some are giving themselves up, with the ardour of their age, to the research and classification of the common sorts, and preciously collecting choice specimens of each plant, others give themselves up to their games.

There are in one of the most beautiful parts of the forest (called the Reserve), large and splendid avenues, carpeted with moss, and grass as fine and soft as an infant's hair; immense venerable trees bend themselves forward, and cast a shade and freshness over this vast space. It is a real theatre of flowers; thick blossoms form there natural side-scenes; the curtain is aerial and full of mystery; the ground, sloping down, is an amphitheatre of sweets for the spectators. Don't you hear the warblers and the nightingales in the orchestra?

What a refreshing sight then! The grave superior, being seated in the midst of the nuns, and the attentive pupils grouped below them, a few of the more intelligent girls amused themselves by representing, in this vast theatre, say a scene from the Old Testament; as, for instance, the story of Ruth and Naomi, or Rebecca and Eleazar, or, perhaps, an historical remembrance, like the inspiration of Joan of Arc, the devotion of St. Geneviève.

The good superior, with a kind and upright spirit, was pleased to see, either in the retreat of the convent or in the depths of the forest, these young intellects expand themselves without the assistance of costume or scenery. It appeared to her that these innocent attempts would teach them to collect their thoughts, to condense them in a few words, and to express themselves clearly. She loved to see them, when, resting themselves from their noisy games, they would reproduce pastoral pictures, like those that Paul and Virginia tried under the banana-tree, before Madame de la Tour and Marguerite.

Mignon excelled in this extemporaneous

speaking because she was well-informed, but, above all, because she was simple and natural. Timidity more often arises from self-love, and a great desire to produce effect; but the charming Mignon, when she had to take a part, simply put herself in the place of the person—spoke and acted as she would have acted and spoken under the circumstances in which she found herself. She became this personage—she allowed herself to be moved by the feelings which she would have experienced. They were astonished at the impression made by her truthful speeches and actions; but her secret was, that she herself was interested.

We remember having seen her represent an interesting scene, in which all her grace shone forth. The theatre was as if expressly made, and there was nothing wanting. It was called "The Miracle of Roses." To carry out this simple scene, which always amused the children so much, they must first send the joyous little band into the country. It was the season for the brier-roses. But the bushes are so generous. The pretty wood-roses offer their smiling faces at each turn.

And how many of these beautiful white stars, or roses, or jaspers, will never be seen, never looked at. They are veiled beneath the sombre branches, as beautiful, as perfectly executed by the Divine hand, as if each one was to be examined and admired as a work of art—and nobody will have seen them. But God has sown them without counting, like the daisies in the meadows, the blue-bells in the corn-fields, good dispositions in some breasts, and the stars in the Heavens. On this day, no rest for the brier-roses.

Oh, what a beautiful harvest! Gather, gather, young girls; carry the sheaves of white stars in your arms; there will still be some left, there will always be some left behind; like your mothers' smiles and kisses, there will always remain some. God gives without counting. Gather, gather, young maidens!

But the harvest is over; the play is about to commence, the spectators are seated, the actors are behind the scenes; they clap their hands three times. Pardon our insignificant analysis, which we will abridge to arrive at the *dénouement*; leaving each personage to take her part without art, after her own manner, and

according to her inspiration, with the exception of somewhat altering the pure text of the golden legend, from which this beautiful and graceful scene is borrowed.

You first see Saint Elizabeth, followed by her servants, distributing to the poor and infirm, bread and clothing, at the same time addressing words of consolation to them. Elizabeth is no other than sweet Mignon. Her beautiful head is adorned with a crown of roses; her train is borne by her page Graziella. The poor and afflicted retire blessing her.

At that moment her august husband appears, represented by a tall young girl, with a confident air; her head-dress consists of a branch of cypress; a switch of hazel-tree is her powerful sword. The landgrave speaks loudly; he reproaches Elizabeth for her liberality. He complains that all his wealth is disappearing, and he commands, for the future, that no distribution shall take place with his consent.

Elizabeth pleads with earnestness, and in a supplicating voice, the cause of the unfortunate. Her husband is inflexible, and retires, repeating his orders. Elizabeth, left alone, deplors the harsh cruelty of the landgrave, and addresses a prayer to God that he may awaken better feelings in him. However, one of her women comes to tell her that a number of poor people, having lost everything by a fire in their village, and dying of hunger, had come to the door of the castle to ask for bread.

"My God!" said Elizabeth, "again you send these poor things to me! Lord! it is not your will that I leave them to perish, without assistance, at the door of a castle where abundance reigns. Pardon my disobedience to my husband. I will prove my submission in every other respect, and will deprive myself of everything to compensate for this liberality."

Then she orders her page to bring a large quantity of bread, and to collect all that he can find in the castle. Her orders are executed; and the bread, which is for the pupils' supper, is brought to Elizabeth's feet. She then appeared to fill her cloak, and ordered her women to conceal some under their garments; then, again addressing a prayer to the Lord, and passing behind a bush, which is at the side of the theatre, she looks cautiously about to see if she is ob-

served, and prepares to go out, giving her women orders to follow near, and render assistance to the afflicted ones. It is then that the terrible landgrave appears again.

"Stop!" cried he, "ungrateful wife! You are preparing again, I know it, to transgress and disobey my orders. ~~Charity~~ You make use of as a pretext for failing in the first of your duties; but if you have dared to disobey me, beware of my anger!"

General terror. The women stand motionless and silent.

"What are you carrying under your cloak?" said the landgrave, in a severe tone of voice, to one of the followers, who appeared more heavily laden than the others.

"My lord," said the follower with confusion, after having looked at Elizabeth, "they are roses that we have gathered to make into scent."

"See, then, these beautiful roses," said the landgrave with irony, rudely tearing away the servant's mantle; and the dog-roses tumble in large masses at her feet.

Elizabeth and all her women, appearing very much astonished, unfasten their mantles with fear, and a shower of flowers covers the scene, like an abundant snow. The landgrave retires in great confusion, and Saint Elizabeth, who thought herself lost, throws herself on her knees, with her servants, to thank God for the protection which had been accorded them by the Miracle of the Roses.

Well, the result is foreseen. The children have lent their bread, have gathered the brier-roses; they cannot doubt the change that took place behind the bush; but, nevertheless, the effect was great on this young audience, when the beautiful and shining figure of Mignon, thanking God, lost herself as far as her knees in a cloud of white roses; all the children clapped their hands and were happy at thus seeing the generous Elizabeth escape from the fury of the terrible landgrave, and then every one took up her loaf of bread to eat it.

But on that day Mignon had another inspiration, and, having spoken in a low tone of voice to the superior, as if to ask permission, she announced that she was going to perform another miracle. She had noticed behind the trees a wandering

and miserable family, who looked on at their sports very sorrowfully. She reappeared then, carrying a heavy weight in her dress, from which might be seen escaping a quantity of roses, and she made a sign to the poor woman, who was slowly coming up the avenue, to come to her.

She was a young woman from Alsace, who appeared to be quite fatigued. She was carrying a young child; another followed with difficulty, holding her tattered dress; two little girls walked on in front. How much had all these poor creatures already suffered!

"My dear child, would you like some roses from the wood?" said Mignon in her sweet manner, embracing the eldest with pity.

"Oh! roses from the wood!" sorrowfully said the little girl, with fair hair like ripe corn; "there are plenty of them on the wayside; but it is bread that we require. Our father is ill, we have a long way to go before we can join him, and we are very hungry."

"Well, child," said Mignon, "why doubt Providence? Only blow on these roses!"

The child, looking at Mignon with the confidence which her charming face always inspired, but still appearing to doubt, blew on the mantle, smiling.

Then Mignon opened the long folds of her dress, and twelve pieces of bread fell at her feet amidst the roses, with a purse containing several pieces of money, which were to assist the unfortunate family in continuing their journey.

They applauded still more this new miracle. The poor woman thanked the good angel who gave her her daily bread. She saluted the nuns and young girls, holding towards them her little child, who smiled; and Mignon found an opportunity of showing, even in her amusements, the treasures of her heart.

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

LEMON PUDDING.—Boil two lemon-peels in water till quite tender; beat them well; then melt (not oil) half a pound of fresh butter; in a basin before the fire, beat six eggs; mix well with loaf sugar, brandy, and the juice of a lemon. Put puff paste round your pie dish, and bake half an hour.

HARE SOUP.—The hare for soup must be fresh killed. Skin and parnach it, saving as much blood as possible and the liver. Cut the hare in pieces,

putting it into a pan with one pound of lean gravy beef, a slice of ham, and three quarts of water; then add one moderate-sized carrot, two onions, thyme, winter savory, and parsley, a quarter of an ounce of whole allspice, a quarter of an ounce of whole black pepper, a little browned flour, a quarter of a pint of port wine; Cayenne and salt to taste. To boil gently about twelve hours. This soup should be made the day before, and be strained before serving, and the best parts of the hare cut in pieces and put again into the soup.

OX-CHEEK STEWED.—Have it boned. Prepare it the day before it is to be eaten by cleaning it and putting it to soak all night in salt and water. Next day, wipe it dry and clean and put it into a stewpan. Just cover it with water, skim it well when it is coming to a boil, and let it gently simmer till the meat is quite tender. Slice some onions, fry them brown in a little butter and flour, and put them into the gravy; add two large onions whole, with two or three cloves stuck in each, three turnips quartered, a couple of carrots sliced, a bay leaf, a head of celery, and a bundle of sweet herbs, Cayenne pepper, black pepper, and salt. Let it stew till perfectly tender. Take out the cheek, divide into pieces fit to help at table, skim and strain the gravy, melt an ounce of butter in a stewpan, stir into it two spoonfuls of flour, and mix it by degrees with a pint and a half of the gravy, and add to it a tablespoonful of Chili vinegar, one of mushroom or walnut catsup, or port wine, and the same of brownling. Boil up, and serve quite hot. It may be served in a soup or ragout dish.

TO PRESERVE PLUMS.—Gather the fruit when quite dry, and be careful not to bruise it. Lay it in a sieve, for a day or two, to shrivel. Prepare your jar by rinsing with a small quantity of brandy, and use good moist sugar. Place a layer of fruit and another of sugar till the jar is full, then bung and resin it down, and they will keep for years. Damsons may be done in the same way, but they are more precarious.

TO SALT TWO HAMS, ABOUT TWELVE OR FIFTEEN POUNDS EACH.—Two pounds of treacle, half a pound of saltpetre, one pound of bay salt, two pounds of common salt. Boil the whole together in a stewpan. Your hams should, two days before, be laid in a pan and well rubbed with salt, which will draw away all slime and blood. Throw what comes from them away, then rub them with treacle, saltpetre, and salt. Lay them in a deep pan, and let them remain one day; then the mixture to be poured over them boiling hot—a sufficient quantity of the liquor to be made to cover them. For a day or two, rub them well with it, afterwards they will only want turning. They ought to remain in this pickle for three weeks or a month, and then be sent to be smoked, which will take nearly or quite a month to do. An ox tongue done in this way is most excellent, to be eaten either green or smoked.

EXCELLENT MACARONI.—Soak the macaroni first in warm water for about half an hour; throw that water away, and boil it for a quarter of an hour in fresh water; throw that away also, and boil it in about half a pint of milk till quite tender. Be sure it does not burn. Take a silver spoon, and, while on the fire, keep lifting the macaroni, so that it does not stick to the bottom of your saucepan, which ought to be a china one. Do not break your macaroni more than you can

help. It will take two ounces of macaroni to make a large dish for a party. Now grate half a pound of either good Cheshire or Parmesan cheese. Put half the cheese into the saucepan with the macaroni, adding Cayenne and salt (season pretty well with Cayenne, and salt to your liking), then turn it into a deep small pie-dish; stir these together before turning into your dish, taking care to have sufficient milk and water to cover your onions, then lay the rest of your grated cheese all over the top of your dish, with a small quantity of fresh butter, but do not stir it. Place it before a clear fire to brown nicely, then serve it up quite hot; but do not boil after you have put the cheese to the macaroni.

TOMATO SAUCE.—Take two or three dozen tomatoes when quite red and ripe, bake them till quite tender, and put them in a jar with a cover. Put them in your oven on going to bed, when it will not be too hot; in the morning look to them. Do not bake them so that they will break, but sufficiently soft to skin nicely and rub through your colander. Measure your pulp in a tumbler which holds half a pound, and to every pound of pulp put a pint of Chili vinegar, one ounce of garlic, one ounce of shallot, sliced and chopped fine, at least two ounces of salt, a large green capsicum, a good half teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper, a couple of pickled gherkins, and six pickled onions. The capsicum, onions, and gherkins must all be chopped very fine. To all this add, at least, a pint of the best common vinegar. Boil the whole together till every ingredient is quite tender; then again rub it through your colander, and to the above quantity put the juice of, at least, six good, ripe, fresh lemons. Boil the whole again together till it becomes as thick as good cream; bottle it when quite cold, cork it well, tie a piece of bladder over each bottle, keep it in a cool place, and in a week it will be fit for use. For fish, game, or cold meat, a dozen tomatoes will make a good deal. You may put less garlic or shallot if it prove disagreeable. N.B.—A quantity of liquor will come from the tomatoes, which must be put through the colander with the rest. Keep it well stirred while on the fire. Use a wooden spoon; you can use your skellet; it will not hurt it.

THE FASHIONS

AND

PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

BOUNTIFUL Providence has so arranged this world in its routine, that change of seasons is but another name for change of pleasures. If we lose the glorious sunshine, that lures us into country ramblings, we gain the cheerful, glowing, rosy fire, which so well enhances all the comforts of home. Still, it is not well that we should become the slaves of even innocent enjoyments. It is necessary that we should win zest of in-door enjoyment by means of out-of-door exercise. The most refined should never give up her daily walk, unless under very hostile demonstrations of the elements indeed. With good courage and warm clothing, she will gain both in health and spirits; and if she should ever be called upon to fight the great battle of life, she will be better prepared for that conflict, out of which, comparatively, so few of the delicately-nurtured come victorious.

Fashion, however much maligned as folly, knows all this, and acts upon the knowledge. She has turned her attention to the warm winter mantles which the season demands, and fixed the form of those which are to take precedence. We give the one most recommended by its various merits. It is direct from Paris, and we think its style will please the most fastidious lady. It is made in grey cloth, and bordered with plaid trimming, which is now much in favour in the French capital. The hood is drawn up with a bow of the same. The sleeve is one of the leading peculiarities of this cloak. It is large, and the fulness is set in with double French plaits. Although we have spoken first of the plaid trimming, these cloaks are quite as frequently bound with black velvet; and more especially when they are made in striped cloth, in which material they are also especially fashionable, the stripe meeting at the seam, which runs crossway down the back, from the neck to the hem.

Bonnets are also receiving their adaptation to the season. Tuscan straw and Leghorn are both extremely fashionable, the curtain being of their own material. The trimming of these admits of some variety. It consists, we will say, in the first place, of a broad black ribbon, sprigged over with a pattern of rose-buds, having on one side a large bunch of artificial rose-buds. In the same way the broad black ribbon may have heart's-ease or ears of barley scattered over its surface, the one in bright purple, with green leaves, the other in the colour of the golden corn; and these must respectively be trimmed with bunches of the heart's-ease, or the produce of the harvest-field. The other bonnet which we would also recommend to the notice of our subscribers, is the fine, clear, glossy, black chip, which is very durable, and perfectly lady-like, being also trimmed in the same manner. The inner trimming is a simple cap, with a bunch of rose-buds or of the heart's-ease on one side, if these have been chosen, but if the barley, then a bow of black velvet, with rather long ends.

The dress, partially shown in our illustration, may be made in either silk, mohair, or a liney of a good quality. The skirt is trimmed with three rows of plissé up each side. The body is high, and fits the figure, having a point behind and a waistcoat front. This form does not reach to the extent of a jacket, as the depth is no more than the width of the trimming, which is a narrow plissé, and carried round the bottom and up the front as high as the throat, leaving just space enough between for the row of buttons which are introduced. The sleeve is large and open, and has a plissé all round, as well as at the top, forming a small epaulette.

The under-sleeve now most in favour has something utilitarian in its character in accordance with the season. It is large, and consists of black net, of some pretty pattern, laid over a white one, which keeps it in form, and assists in filling up the large sleeves of the dress. It is always close, and may be confined with a band of black velvet. Sometimes it is trimmed with bands of black velvet, edged with narrow black lace.

The season has now passed in which silk dresses of light colours as walking costume, and yet there are many



ladies who have kept them from much injury during their summer campaign. The fashion now prevailing in Paris suggests a renewal of their usefulness for those autumn and winter parties which enliven the more dreary months of the year. The present mode is to wear these silk dresses with a trimming that not only makes them suitable for the season, but gives them quite a new character. Some bright-coloured ribbon is carried round each skirt of the dress, and in a double row up each side of the upper

one, leaving, on the place where they meet, sufficient space for the insertion of a row of rosettes, usually five in number. The sleeves are trimmed to match. Young ladies wear a fichu of white net and lace, or muslin embroidery; the more matronly adopt a fichu of the same material as the dress, with a fall of black lace at its lower edge. Both look remarkably well. The colour of the ribbon may be scarlet, ruby, rose, any of the bright greens that light up well, or blues, with the same proviso; but they must, of course,

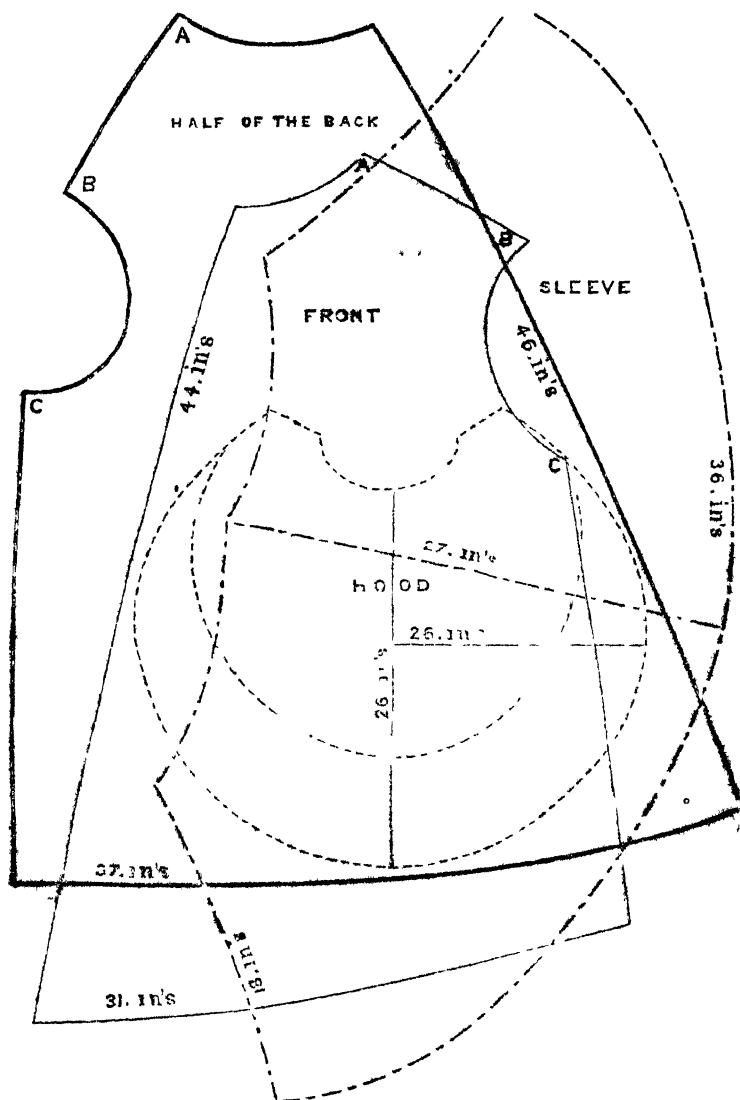


DIAGRAM OF DRESS.

be selected according to the tint of the dress. In this way a summer walking-dress may be converted into a fashionable and effective evening costume.

THE WORK-TABLE.

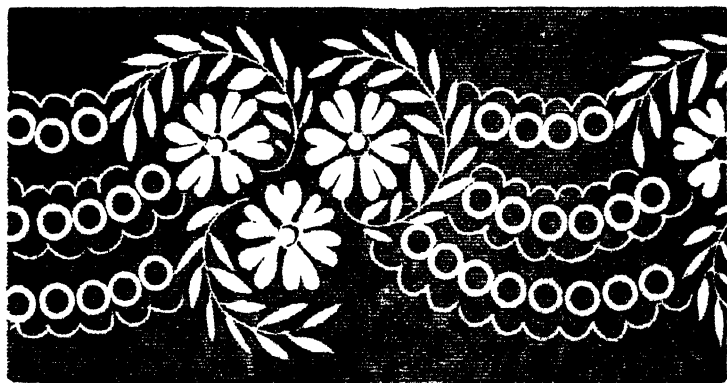
EDITED BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHER.

SCARF IN INDIAN EMBROIDERY.

Those who feel time hang heavily on their hands are always the duller of companions; there is no house so gloomy as that in which its inmates feel no interest in any social occupation. A rainy day has the same effect on some young ladies as it has on the barometer; their spirits sink, they lose their buoyancy, and, instead of cheering and brightening, they cast clouds and shadows over home. But how different is the aspect of that dwelling where the time of its occupants is spent in agreeable or useful industry, and where a diversity of pursuits interests each member of a family! The very atmosphere is different, and partakes of the light and cheerful influence. The dull days of winter are fast coming, when we hope our little corner of this journal will be found especially useful, and supply agreeable occupation to many of its subscribers during those hours which the season obliges them to spend in the enjoyment of in-door happiness.

We have selected an article this month for our Work-Table illustration which has the recommendation of usefulness as well as that of ornament. It is a neck-tie scarf in imitation of Indian embroidery. The material on which the work is

executed is a coloured French merino, the design being embroidered in silk. In order to produce the real Oriental effect, a great variety of colours should be introduced into the pattern, as the artistic taste of the shawl-workers of India is generally displayed in the greatest possible number of colours and tints, sometimes regardless of the laws of both contrast and harmony. The brightness of these colours is also a striking characteristic of Indian taste, reds and yellows generally taking precedence of all other hues. These peculiarities need not be necessarily followed, as a very pretty effect is produced by a much more simple arrangement of colour. When the whole of the design is worked in one colour, which contrasts well with the merino, the effect is extremely good—a dark green ground with the pattern in deep maize, or a rich French blue, or black, worked with crimson, as these colours always look well together. The manner of working this design allows the exercise of individual taste, as it may be made very ornamental in a variety of ways. The diamond cross lines round the pine are to be worked in what is generally called herring-bone stitch; the rest of the pattern is in the usual work of silk embroidery, that is, in slanting stitches as much as possible. The waving pattern which fills in the ground on which the design rests may either be in very fine chain stitch or the dotted work; the small border, which is carried entirely round the scarf, is worked in the same manner. When this little article is completed it will be found a very ornamental production of the work-table.



EMBROIDERY INSERTION.

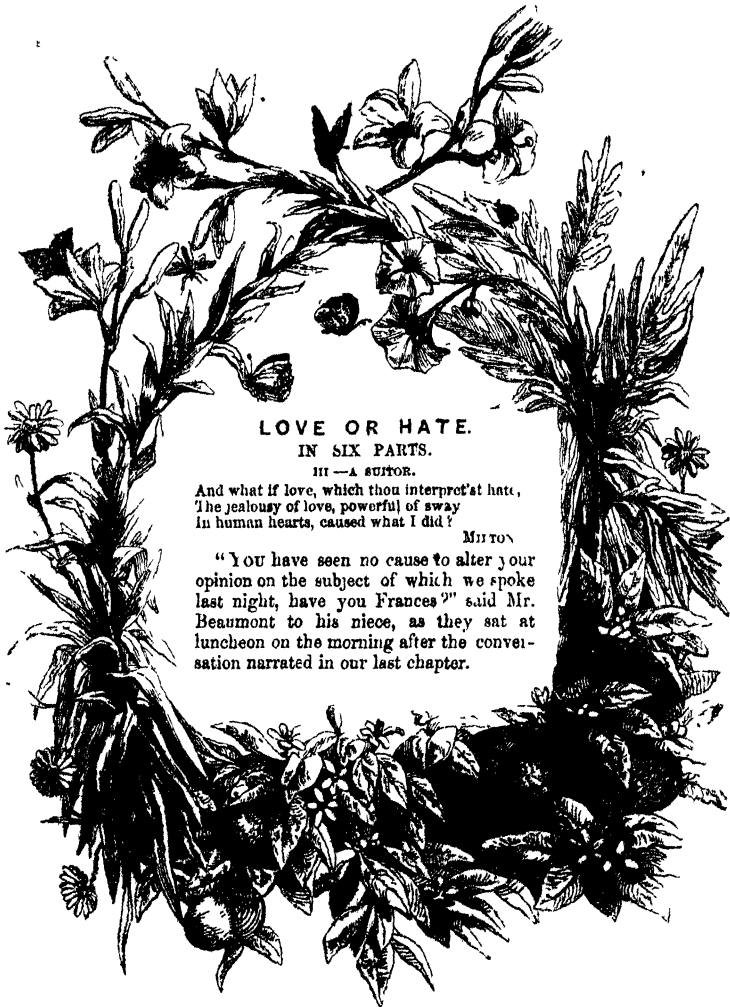
There are so many uses to which embroidery is at present applied, and it is, likewise, such a favourite branch of ornamental needlework, that designs for different purposes are constantly in demand. These designs should always be arranged so as to produce either a rich, or a light and graceful effect, when worked. It is not sufficient for them to look well on paper, as many do fail to produce the desired effect

clear muslin, and is very pretty either as an insertion or a border for trimming sleeves, pelerines, or jackets. The sprigs are worked in satin stitch, with the waves of holes in button-hole stitch; the outer lines being also done in the same manner. This pattern is not tedious to execute, which is an advantage where a considerable length is required. No. 36 of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Perfectionist cotton, which is manufactured expressly for embroidery, will be found the proper size.

The pattern we have given is intended for



SCARF IN INDIAN EMBROIDERY.



LOVE OR HATE.

IN SIX PARTS.

III.—A SURTOR.

And what if love, which thou interpret'at hate,
The jealousy of love, powerful of sway
In human hearts, caused what I did?

MILTON

"You have seen no cause to alter your opinion on the subject of which we spoke last night, have you Frances?" said Mr. Beaumont to his niece, as they sat at luncheon on the morning after the conversation narrated in our last chapter.

"No, uncle—none. I have but to repeat my warning."

"Well, it is a very strange, uncomfortable thing altogether; but, of course, after what you have said, I cannot, ought not to keep the young man in my office any longer. Still, I am truly sorry; I did like him exceedingly."

His listener's heart gave a bound almost of joy at the last words; it seemed to throb up into her throat, disabling her from speech. So her uncle continued—

"I wonder what Isabella will say—I am afraid she will be sadly disappointed."

"Better so, better she disappointed, than you added to the list of his victims."

How much further the conversation might have proceeded, there is no telling; but at this crisis it was interrupted by the entrance of a servant announcing—

"Sir Henry Mordaunt."

To one, at least, of the two, the interruption was most welcome, and the old banker, glad to escape further discussion upon a subject which pained him deeply, rose hastily, and, advancing, shook his friend's hand cordially, exclaiming—

"Well, Harry, my boy, glad to see you."

Like all his race for ages past, Sir Henry Mordaunt was very handsome. Tall in figure, bronzed in complexion, in the prime of life, with a bright, open face, full of frolic and daring, a generous heart, though not over steady head, our new acquaintance was a general favourite. Mr. Beaumont had known him from boyhood, and, notwithstanding the dissimilarity of their characters, a strong esteem and friendship had arisen between them, and into his affectionate regard Sir Henry had taken Frances in a greater degree than she thought at all necessary, or quite approved of. So, being thoroughly out of humour to-day with herself, the world, and everybody in it, she determined upon giving the frank, kind-hearted visitor a rebuff, and, instead of returning his greeting, stood quietly by the table, without noticing him.

Sir Henry, however, genuine and unsuspecting as a child, never imagined there was any reason or motive for her conduct, but went up to her at once, and, taking the unwilling hand, said—

"They told me you were not well when I called yesterday; I trust you are better to-day."

A shade of annoyance crossed the girl's face as she replied—

"I was perfectly well yesterday. Those stupid servants, I suppose, made some blunder in my direction; I merely said I was engaged."

It was now the gentleman's turn to look disconcerted.

"I am sorry," he began proudly—for Frances's intention to affront him was too visible even for him to ignore—but, ere he could proceed, Mr. Beaumont interrupted him, saying—

"Come, come, what are you two sparring about? You never meet but to quarrel. I can't have it. Frances, I know Harry is come to take you for a ride, so run upstairs and put on your habit, and do learn to be peaceable."

"Indeed, Miss Beaumont, I shall be most grateful if you will permit me to escort you."

"Of course, of course; she knows that, though I suppose it is the right thing for you to say; so now, unless you prefer destroying my poor little mat to enjoying yourself and being civil, get on your habit at once, while I order your horse."

But Frances, pulling out piece after piece of the wool, did not stir.

"I promised to call upon Miss Erskine this morning," she said perversely, "and she will be disappointed if I do not go."

"Hang Miss Erskine!—I beg your pardon, my dear, but, though I admire your friend with all my heart, I can't endure to have her always set up in this way against Harry's entreaties (he had walked to the window) and my wishes."

No thunder-cloud could be darker than Frances Beaumont's brow, as she said—

"Miss Erskine is my friend."

"I know it, my dear, and Harry is mine, one of the oldest, best loved I have. Come, Frances, give up this cross-grained fit, and, to please me, go with him. A ride will do you good—and see how vexed and mortified he looks! You ought to be like brother and sister (Oh! the artful old man), and you are like magpies."

There was no resisting the old man's tone, so Frances, although reluctantly, yielded compliance, and retired to equip herself, while her uncle, turning to his guest, continued—

"Come, Harry, don't be down-hearted.

Women are all capricious at times; but have patience, and she'll come straight, and all will go right."

"I begin to doubt it, and fear that she will never like, never care a rap for me."

"Nonsense! that she will, and love you dearly, too, or I'm much mistaken. I never saw the girl yet, who could resist a handsome young fellow who was desperately in love with her. They are all naturally soft-hearted, and nothing wins love like love."

"Well, sir, you have had more experience in the world and such matters than I have, and so have a better right to know. But I must say, that what I have seen of the tender passion leads me to a conclusion the very reverse of your own—that is to say, that love always goes by contraries. A man loves a woman who does not care a straw for him, but adores another who does not think of her, but prefers some one else, who is indifferent to him, and so on, *ad infinitum*."

"There's a good deal of truth in your remark, certainly, and a good deal of misanthropy, too. Time, however, will prove which is right, and in the meantime, here comes the lady."

As we have already said, Frances Beaumont was far from beautiful, yet, when she entered the room in her blue habit, sombrero and feathers, her clear olive complexion heightened by the glow of mingled anger and excitement, others besides Sir Henry Mordaunt might have been pardoned for thinking her a most charming object.

"That's right, my dear," said her uncle approvingly; "now you two be off out of my way, and take care not to quarrel. Mind you bring her back safely, and give a good account of yourself at dinner, Harry."

"Yes, thank you; I shall be delighted to come. Are you ready, Miss Beaumont?"

Frances bowed affirmatively—she was still too much annoyed to talk—and they went down-stairs together.

"Ah! well, that will do, with time and patience," murmured the banker to himself, as he walked to the window to see his favourites mount and ride past.

It is a singular circumstance, but none the less true, that most old maids and old bachelors have very strong matrimonial manias. No one takes so much interest in any incipient love affair as that dear old maiden aunt of ours, who, to the best of

our belief, never was in love in her life, or in the slightest degree bordering upon it.

And this peculiarity was strongly developed in Mr. William Beaumont, who, in his own mind, had long since fixed upon his niece Frances, and old friend Harry Mordaunt, as fit hero and heroine for his present romance.

With the gentleman's feelings on the subject he was perfectly contented, although the lady's coldness was by no means equally satisfactory; still, the old banker was of a hopeful temperament, and comforted himself with believing that time and patience would bring all things round to the desired issue.

And Frances, what were her feelings?

She would have been blinder than most women had she remained ignorant of the direction in which Sir Harry's assiduities, and her uncle's open encouragement, tended; and, seeing that so plainly, and knowing how impossible it was for her to respond as they wished, she avoided the former upon all occasions—although the baronet's attentions were far more tolerable than those of any other of her admirers. He was honest-hearted, true, and frank, with something in his free, gay spirit that found an echo in hers; and not the least point in his favour was, that he presented so great a contrast to her beloved and hated Edgar.

Yes, the ends of the earth did not seem wider apart, or more unlike, than those two rivals for Frances Beaumont's love.

Could they, however, have met but once on equal terms, all contest must have been at an end, for the might and force of Edgar's character would speedily have borne down all opposition. But this could never be. All the seas in the world could not divide Edgar and Frances more than his own will and her desire for revenge had already done; and this she knew and felt, and, strangely enough, the knowledge brought with it a singular kind of comfort.

"He will never have the power to despise and torture me again," she repeated to herself with bitter emphasis, "for I will never give him or any one the opportunity. No man shall ever feel that my heart is in his hands, to wring and break. No. I shall marry, some day, I suppose, and then I shall respect and like my husband, but love him—never!"

With such feelings as these, it is no marvel that the girl's dislike and opposition to Sir Henry Mordaunt gradually subsided. His presence was not desired, or looked forward to with delight, but it ceased to be unpleasant or repugnant.

One day, about this time, Sir Henry, according to what was now his usual custom, came to dine at Mr. Beaumont's, and, in the conversation which arose after dinner, mentioned that his brother wanted a secretary, saying—

"And, by-the-bye, that reminds me to ask what has become of a young man, a clerk, whom you had some time since? He would exactly suit, I think."

"Whom do you mean—Mr. Staunton?"

Frances's heart leaped wildly at the words. Strange to say, this was the first time she had heard Edgar's name since that memorable conversation already related; and, although she had pined to hear and ask about him, she had never dared to do so. How, then, she prepared to listen, as Sir Henry replied—

"Yes; I think that was the name."

"He was a slight, handsome man, rather pale."

"Yes, yes; we must mean the same person—what has become of him?"

"I don't know. He left me some days back, and has returned to Hertfordshire, probably."

"Was there anything wrong about him? Why did you part?"

"I can scarcely tell you, Harry, and that's the fact—not from any fault of my own seeing or finding, certainly—but I heard some very unpleasant things about him from a trustworthy source; and, as I cannot endure having those round me on whom I cannot thoroughly depend, I gave him his congé."

"Oh, well, in that case he would not suit my brother, so it is useless thinking of him."

"Quite so. I could not recommend him; for, although, as I said, I had no cause whatever for dissatisfaction myself, yet, in the event of my being applied to, I should feel it to be my duty to repeat the information upon which I acted."

Why, at these words, did Frances clasp her hands so tightly over her heart? Was it for pleasure that her vengeance was still pursuing the man that had slighted her?

If this were so, surely, never before did joy look so like sorrow. She gave herself no time, however, to analyze her emotion, but, looking resolutely up said—

"So Mr. Staunton is gone at last, is he?"

"Did you know him?" cried Sir Henry, his quick jealousy alarmed by the question.

"A little. I have seen him. Why do you ask?" she said quietly.

"Oh, for no particular reason—idle curiosity, nothing more. But see how beautifully that glorious harvest-moon is shining—will you not come out upon the balcony and enjoy it?"

"No, thank you—I feel too idle."

"But you promised to show me the effect of moonlight on those old trees below the lawn. There could not be a better opportunity; do come."

So she yielded, and went forth.

It was a lovely night; of that clear, transparent beauty only seen in early autumn. The sky was blue, deep, and pure as a sapphire, and the rich scents of roses and other late flowers were borne upon the air from the garden below, on the parterres and fountains of which, the moonbeams lay sleeping.

"Oh! how beautiful, how quiet!" sighed Frances, advancing to the extremity of the long balcony, and gazing dreamily into the peaceful night; "it must be upon such evenings as this that happy spirits revisit earth."

Again she sighed, but not sadly, for a soft, pleasing languor, the effect of surrounding influences, stole over her senses and calmed them.

For the first time for months she forgot Edgar—all thoughts of sorrow, vengeance, and suffering—and felt an absolute pleasure in her own existence; and, feeling thus, she stood entranced upon the balcony, Sir Henry beside her.

Now, that Sir Henry Mordaunt loved Frances, is beyond a doubt; but it was her outer self only—her grace, her beauty—that he loved. Of the higher, nobler part—her mind and heart, with all its yearnings and failings, its aspirations and struggles—he knew nothing; and, even if it had been laid open before him, he would have been none the wiser, for he could not have understood them.

This was the reason why he looked on Frances with such surprise, as she leaned against the balustrade, her eyes fixed on vacancy—her thoughts far, far away from earth and her companion—and this, too, was why he touched her arm, broke her dream, and, at such an ill-timed moment, whispered her name.

Frances started, as if pierced by an arrow; but, in an instant, she remembered that her late vision of peace was but a dream—that the past was blotted out—that she had nothing but the present—and therefore she answered sadly—

"Yes—I hear."

"Are you not well?"

"Quite—quite." And she roused herself to answer, "Why do you think otherwise?"

"Because—because—" he stammered awkwardly; then, with a desperate effort, went on—"Miss Beaumont, I have long sought this opportunity—long pined to say all that has filled my heart since the first day I saw you. May I speak—will you listen to me now?"

"Yes," she murmured almost inaudibly.

"Do not think me presumptuous," he continued; "I have your uncle's sanction for what I say—may I not hope for yours also?" Then, as she answered nothing, he proceeded—"You must, for some time past, have seen the state of my affections—that all were centred on yourself—that I honoured, respected, loved you."

"You have known me so short a time," objected Frances, knowing not what else to say, and feeling that she must gain time for thought.

"So short a time!" and the young man, encouraged by her gentle tones, took her hand. "So short a time! Oh! Frances, what has time to do with love? Are there not people whom we adore from the first day of meeting—others, whom we hate for ever?"

Frances shuddered at the last words, and drew back her hand.

Sir Henry continued—

"For many weeks I have seen and listened to you, day after day; surely, that is time enough even to learn to love?"

"Perhaps—. But no—it is not sufficient to have taught you anything of me, or of my character—anything beyond the mere surface, to which no man ought to trust."

"You argue—you speak coldly. Oh, Frances, you do not feel with me, or you could not speak thus. We do not reason with our hearts."

"It might be better if we did; better if we listened more to reason, less to passion."

"Those to whom such a course is possible, are incapable of love. You are cruel, Frances."

"Indeed, indeed, I am not. But this is so sudden. I wish you to pause—to think."

"I have—how to make myself worthy of you—until my brain has seemed on fire. Listen, Frances. I am not a clever, eloquent man, in whose mouth the right words are ever ready, but I am a true one. I love you with all my heart—better, perhaps, than those who talk more—and I implore you to receive and return it. I know you do not love as I do; but I do not expect it. I can wait. Only say that some day you will be my wife."

"I cannot."

"Why—oh, why? What could living man do for you that I will not do? What love—devotion—could any offer that I will not exceed?"

"Nothing—nothing. You are most kind."

"Kind!" he echoed fiercely. "Kind! That is not the word I want to hear. I love you—adore you—and you must be mine."

"Must! You forget yourself, Sir Henry."

"I do, I do! Ah! forgive me. I am mad, I think; but it is you who have made me so. Have you no pity, no sympathy, no mercy?"

"Yes; but in asking for more, you ask for what I do not possess. I esteem, value, respect, but I do not love you."

"I do not deserve it, but I will. Only consent to be my wife—yield to your father's and uncle's wishes and my prayers, and the love I will give my life to win will surely follow."

"Never."

"Then you love another!" And the speaker's eyes flashed redly.

"No, no!" she cried wildly, terror and surprise at the sudden and terrible accusation, for a moment, overcoming prudence

"It is false—I deny it—I do not love him—I do not—I never did—I hate him!"

"Him! Him? Whom do you mean, Frances? Speak out; be candid, be honest, for both our sakes. Who is he? What are you talking of?"

"I do not know—my head—ah!" And, passing one hand over her brow, she sank to the ground, while Sir Henry, in the wildest alarm, fearing he knew not what, rushed back to the room they had so lately quitted, for some means of restoring her.

Change of position and contact with the cold marble, however, almost instantly revived her, and, ere the baronet had been a minute absent, Frances recovered her senses sufficiently to see and understand what she had done, and the necessity of taking some immediate and decisive step.

With bitter sorrow, she saw that she had betrayed her secret, and that, if she now persisted in her refusal, Sir Henry would have power to point her out to the world's pity or derision, as a deceived and jilted girl. In the first paroxysm of jealous rage, she doubted not that he would discover the name of her lover, and she should find herself the sport of every tongue, as the scorned and rejected lover of a man who, in station, was scarcely above her footman.

The idea was maddening, but, happily, the picture had another side.

Let her accept Sir Henry, become in due time his bride, and all idle tongues would be silenced; then would be an end of the inward strife and torture of the last few months; for when she was married she would, of course, think only of her husband.

Long as this has taken to write, the thoughts and their results flashed and followed each other like lightning through the girl's excited brain.

How falsely she reasoned, time will prove, but, ere her suitor returned, Miss Beaumont's decision was taken.

As we have said, Sir Henry believed that she had fainted, and was therefore no little surprised to find that she had risen, and was standing again beside the balustrade; he advanced, however, with the restoratives he had procured, and offered them.

Rather less eagerly, rather less tenderly

than before, perhaps, and she, instantly observing the change, and penetrated with alarm, said timidly, raising, then lowering her eyes, with a sudden blush—

"I have given you a great deal of trouble, but I am not well to-night. You will forgive me, Henry?"

The words were low, indistinct—he could scarcely hear them—but one was his own name. Yes, surely she called him by that; she must then care a little for him. So, yielding to hope, as lately to despair—forgetting the unexplained sentences which had so alarmed him—Sir Henry cast the essences aside, and threw his arm around Frances, exclaiming—

"Thank you for that word, dearest. May I, dare I, believe it sanctions my bold hope, and that you will concede this dear hand to my prayers, that you will consent to bless me?"

"If you still, and really wish it."

Sir Henry drew her closer to him, whispering—

"My darling, my own, own Fanny."

She turned cold as ice—she sprang from his embrace—only Edgar had ever called her by that name before. Edgar, Edgar! Seas of passion, falsehood, and sin rolled between them now; they should never meet again; yet she could not bear that name from any other lips.

She trembled—she grew colder. What was the matter with her—was she about to die? Oh! that it were so! Sounds, voices, rang in her ears, her eyes grew dark, she wavered and tottered, and, if her companion had not caught her, would have fallen heavily to the ground. This time she had really fainted. When consciousness returned, Frances found herself lying upon a couch in the drawing-room, Sir Henry kneeling beside her, her uncle at her feet.

It was the first time sense had ever thoroughly deserted her, and the feeling was so like what she imagined death to be, that she had hoped, when losing sensation on the balcony, that her earthly troubles were closing.

It was with a heavy heart, therefore, that she was summoned back to life, and looked upon the kneeling form of the man whose wife she had that night promised to become.

The sight chilled her, and, closing her

eyes, she turned her head aside and sighed.

"Ah, that is right; you are better now, dearest," said the lover tenderly, hailing the sigh as an indication of recovery. "Can I get you anything—are you comfortable?"

And, feigning to arrange the cushions, the baronet bent down and kissed the marble brow, which lay so white and death-like on them.

That kiss, solemn seal of betrothal, ran through the girl's veins with a thrill of joy, driving back the newly-awakened and she closed her eyes once more.

Stand away, Harry—let the air reach her. She is worse—ring for Gabrielle."

Sir Henry obeyed, and waited impatiently for the maid's appearance; but, ere she came, the sufferer had again rallied, although she gladly seized the opportunity thus offered to retire, saying, as she did so—

"I am better now, uncle, but still very faint and ill. I think I had better go. Good night; good night, Sir Henry."

"Sir Henry," repeated he with tender reproach, as he took her hand.

"I beg your pardon; I am tired, stupid—I had forgotten. Good night, Henry."

"Good night; God bless and watch over you, my darling. I trust I may find you better in the morning." And he gazed at her so wistfully, so affectionately, that tears started to her weary eyes as she turned away.

Very slowly she mounted the staircase, and sadly entered her beautiful, luxurious chamber; then, undressing as quickly as weakness permitted, dismissed Gabrielle, and, flinging herself on the bed, sobbed forth—

"Oh, Edgar, Edgar, why did you deceive—why did you ever love me, to leave me thus? Edgar, Edgar! oh, would that I were dead!"

And thus she sobbed, and wept herself to sleep, like a worn-out, weary child, to wake again and call on Edgar.

It was a strange betrothal.

Well might Sir Henry say, as he shook hands at parting with his host, "This is an ill omen for our future happiness."

It was an ill omen, worse than even he knew of.

Ah! where would it all end?

THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN LONDON.

MOTHERS' MEETINGS.

DON'T you well remember, gentle reader, when you were young (ah! woful when), sitting on your mother's knee and learning to sew? or, if not placed so high, at least can recal your post on the little stool at her feet, and how the long strip of muslin, or Harry's new pocket handkerchief, folded over your wee finger, was continually held up for inspection, as stitch succeeded stitch? Aye, and do you not also remember how, day after day, week after week, and year after year, this same task was repeated, and how many tears were shed, from time to time, when that cruel, cruel order was given for the big, black, crooked stitches to be all unpicked at once, and never repeated in that style again as long as you lived!

Perhaps, too, you can recal the first stocking you ever darned, or torn dress that you learned to mend, and haven't altogether forgotten the patch put on your petticoat—who knows how long ago!—which cost you so much trouble and time because some provoking little corner would peep out, in spite of all your coaxings and contrivings. Well, after all, we suppose, if you recal these trials and ruminate over these difficulties now, you are thankful for the discipline they afforded, and the habits of thriftiness they induced, and have learned by this time that, however the men may talk, women don't take intuitively to their needle and patching, but that a great many of us look with a very uncivil eye on the very necessary, if ignoble, arts of stitching, sewing, and darning; and that it takes time—aye, and tears, too—to conquer even the right use of the needle.

Some of our readers will say, "But what are mothers' meetings, and what has all this to do with mothers' meetings?" to which we reply, "Much;" for these social gatherings are, after all, only a repetition on a larger scale of our juvenile attempts to understand and master the mysteries of needlework. The working women of the metropolis have, as a body, been trained to each and every description of labour, except that most important of all works, the art of—triving and managing for their families and homes. Their mothers before them were too busy with their washing and charring,

their hawking or dust-sifting, to spend an hour or so, a day, showing Mary Jane and Matilda Ann how to hem and to sew, or even to darn father's stockings; and as at school the inspector thought infinitely more about grammar, geography, and the "*ologies*," the mistress, of course, took the hint, and devoted morning, noon, and night to cram the young ladies with science, to the utter neglect of household instruction. And the consequence? Of course, hundreds and hundreds of women, mothers of families (and pretty large families they are, too), know no more, in this our metropolitan city, how to make the most of half-a-dozen yards of calico, than the squaws of Timbuctoo, or the ladies of Lapland. As, unfortunately, her Majesty's inspectors cannot be prohibited from ruling over our girls' schools, the only way to remedy the evil is to establish meetings all over the kingdom, on the plan of those already springing up in every part of London, and which we have no hesitation in declaring at once the most efficient and the most popular method now in use for the benefit and elevation of the working-classes.

We suppose there are few, even amongst our country readers, who will need informing that there are many scenes in London which the eye of the stranger never discovers, and which no bribe, were it even the gold of Ophir, could reveal. There are scores of secret meetings held nightly in London—very few persons know where or why; for the great town has more interesting matters in hand, and bigger people to look after in more fashionable localities. However, as we are ardent believers in these mothers' meetings, we will describe one which is very dear to us, and which is a very fair type of its class, so that this new-old work may be registered in the annals of our day, and in the hope, too, which we trust will not prove a vain one, that some sister-spirit, who may never have heard of them before, may be induced to follow on and do likewise.

We are thinking of a large, elegant room; the gas is lighted, and the fire burns brightly; the curtains are drawn, and chairs wheeled round the hearth; a few new books and papers lie on the table close to hand, and three or four educated persons are engaged in earnest conversation. All at once the half hour strikes, and the two

younger ladies rise simultaneously and leave the room. It is night—dark, wintry, cold, perhaps foggy or wet—but, ah, well! they soon reappear, equipped suitably for the season and for the hour. We are thinking, too, of a large old room standing at the end of a dirty court, which bears some high-sounding and ill-chosen name, and see there the gas, the long table, and the living audience. We stand, Asmodeus-like, watching the stragglers as they enter, and notice their mien. Truly they are pale and haggard, and, for the most part, not too clean nor too tidy; but surely there can be no doubt about the pleasure expressed in those faces, or the happiness they feel in coming here. Our friends from the square now enter, and a buzz of welcome follows, which is succeeded by many inquiries after babies and grandmothers, sick husbands and absent children.

When order has been established—and a very few words effect that—some simple hymn is sung, and one of the ladies, standing in the centre of the group, reads slowly and distinctly a few words, probably not more than fourteen verses, out of that blessed and ever-to-be-blessed Book, which speaks of peace to the weary, and consolation to the distressed. After these verses are read, they are explained and commented on by the same reader, who concludes with a short but earnest prayer, that what has been spoken in so much weakness, may be carried home in power by the One who alone is mighty to help, and that grace may be given to all to profit by the word spoken. After this simple exhortation, a large trunk, or box, is unpacked, and out of its capacious sides, bags of all colours, but all of a uniform size, are brought to light. Upon each bag we notice a small piece of white paper tacked in the centre, upon which is written, in a neat, plain hand, the name of the worker who owns the contents of the bag. As fast as eye can read, and voice pronounce the names, the bags are called out and passed on, until at last the whole forty or sixty women, as the case may be, are in possession of their work. But stay, not quite all, for some bags are empty; and see now the women who are in such a plight, wending their way to that younger lady, who sits, without stirring from her post, at the lower end of the table. If you look carefully, you will

see that she has a note-book before her, and holds a pencil in her hand, and has, besides, several slips of paper close by.

That tall woman, Mrs. Smith, to whom she is now speaking, is a chimney-sweep's wife, and is asking for three yards of flannel "for him," i. e., for her husband, to make him a flannel shirt. The order is written at once on a slip of paper, and, at the same time, entered, with the date of the month on which it was bought, on that page of the book devoted to Mrs. Smith, and her several payments and purchases. Mrs. Smith now carries the slip of paper to the lady who stands in the middle of the room, with a great heap of flannel, and yards and yards of calico and "print" before her. As soon as the measurer receives the ticket, the required amount is torn off, and the work carried to a third lady, who cuts it out, and contrives it for the buyer. When all the purchases are effected, all the ladies take seats, one here and one there, and commence putting in a gusset for one, and cutting out a gown for another, while a third takes up some pleasant story, or useful biography, and reads for the edification of the workers. Ever and anon the book is laid down, and the conversation becomes general on its contents, or on matters connected with it. Strange, weak, or erroneous ideas are met and refuted; new facts advanced in support of the original proposition, and, if necessary, the whole question explained in familiar terms.

It will surely require very little reflection to prove the mutual and great benefits arising to both workers and teachers from these weekly gatherings. Visitors among the poor in London have been long impressed with the almost utter hopelessness of house to house visitation in the metropolis, with, of course, the exception of visits to the sick. How, indeed, can a question of any real importance possibly be considered, while the "gude wife" at home is wringing out Jemmy's old blouse, or washing his shirt, and the visitor is sickening at the nauseous smells engendered by the same, or shivering lest the vapour-bath that envelops her will produce, not many days hence, an attack of *rheumatic*? We don't say a word about the chorus executed, out of tune and time, by the twins in the corner, or of the little bairns who are all toddling in to see what the lady

wants, and hear all she has to say; yet all these points have to be considered, and hence the plan, now growing so general, has been adopted of gathering the women together in a large, clean, well-lighted room, for the purpose of instruction in needlework and other domestic matters.

Now, it must not be forgotten that, if no more good was effected than the drawing together of two different classes of society, some benefit would have been effected by these meetings; but when we remember that very many of these poor women have actually no knowledge of needlework whatever—that they are untidy and slatternly, simply because no one has taken the time and the pains to teach them how to become tidy and neat—that too many, alas! never hear, at home, one word of kindness and sympathy, to say nothing of encouragement to higher aims—when we remember that for them there are neither dinner parties, nor tea parties, nor supper parties—all matters, good reader, whereby you and I become refined, and forbearing, and intelligent—we say, when thus is remembered the utter blank in the lives of such women, no wonder that these meetings, humble though they be, are so highly prized.

Now, there is one other feature in them which greatly increases their popularity. We allude to the fact that, in all cases, weekly payment is taken for the goods supplied to them, and this in such sums as may be most convenient for the purchaser; the committee protecting themselves against loss by a counter-rule, which prevents anything being taken away till it is paid for; and, in one case that came under our notice, a poor woman was actually six months making and paying for a new dress!

The benefits of such a club may be shown in the two following cases, which we know to be true. One instance was that of a poor woman who had a new cotton gown, which she assured us was the first new gown she had had for eight years! for she had never been able to spare all at once the, to our readers, small sum which would purchase such an article; she also, of course, saved the price for making it, as one of the ladies cut it out and "fixed" it for her. The other case was that of a woman who bought, made, and paid for two flannel shirts for her husband, and, after they were finished, in-

formed us that thy—*that is, she and her husband—considered the school a very fine thing; "for you see," she added, "all along I've been a-trying to get him a warm shirt, but I never could spare the money all at once—half-a-crown is a heavy sum to the like o' us. I hope you'll prosper, that I do; that school is a fine thing."*

It is not unusual, in many of these clubs, to allow a percentage of 4d. in the shilling on every article bought—the difference being made up amongst the members of the committee—so that *good flannel is sold at 8d. a yard, prints at 3½d., and stout calico at 3d., which brings these things within the reach of the poorest members.*

Sometimes a sick club is joined to the working club—but, in our opinion, that had better be managed by another set of ladies, on quite another night—and is a far more difficult affair, and one requiring great prudence to manage properly.

As some of our readers may like to see the rules used for the guidance of such meetings, we subjoin them, hoping that they may prove useful:—

1. This meeting consists of women living in the district of—.

2. That a meeting of the members be held at Paradise-court, John-street, every Tuesday evening, at seven o'clock.

3. That each meeting shall commence and close with singing and prayer; and, in the course of the evening, a portion of Scripture be read, and so explained that the Gospel of Christ shall have the first place.

4. Flannel shall be retailed to the mothers at 8d. per yard; calico for shirt-ing, at 3d.; prints for aprons, &c., at 3½d.

5. That payment for the work will be received in such sums as are most convenient to the mothers.

6. When a garment is made and paid for, it may be taken home, but no garment is to be taken away, until it is completed and paid for.

In conclusion, we can only add that every parish—nay, every district—ought to have at least one such meeting attached to its schools, and that, before long, we expect very confidently to see every high-minded and active woman the centre of such a group as the one we have just now been attempting to describe. M. S. R.

THE "WILL" AND THE DEED.

A TALE IN TWO CHAPTERS.

I.

WHEN old Mr. Sampson, the timber-merchant, was on his last legs—or, rather, when he was clear off his last legs, and had taken to his death-bed, where he lay wheezing, and panting, and propped up with pillows—he sent for his lawyer to come and make a record of how he desired the riches that he had no further use for, to be bestowed. Said he—

"It's all over, Mr. Cheazle; I shall be gone before the evening. Mind ye, I don't mind going—I am glad to get away. Nobody likes me—nobody ever did like me, except my little granddaughter here. Poor Maggie! Don't cry, chick; feel for some more chestnuts in the pocket of granddad's coat, that hangs behind the door."

"My dear sir," began the lawyer, "I am sure the universal esteem in which you are held—"

"The universal humbug!" growled old Mr. Sampson. "Where is there a neighbour of mine but would as lief crack a joke or whistle a jig over my bit of a mole-hill in the churchyard as elsewhere?"

"Really, my dear Mr. Sampson," again ventured the conciliatory Mr. Cheazle, "I have no doubt that, should the worst happen, you will be sincerely regretted—"

"By all who knew me," interrupted the old man bitterly; "which means, by my tailor, my bootmaker, and that sort of fry. Well, no doubt they will regret me; but they wouldn't, if they could still go on measuring me for boots and breeches. No, sir; I have but one friend left—he's behind the door now, waiting for you to go out, that he may come in."

"Shall I call in your friend who is behind the door?" suggested the lawyer. "Perhaps, Mr. Sampson, you had better see him before I begin my little business?"

"No, no; don't call him in," chuckled the grim old timber-merchant. "You and he wouldn't agree for a moment; you would faint with fright at sight of his very shadow; you would be screaming for the apothecary to come and do his best to drive this friend of mine off! It's different with me. I've been expecting him a long time. He'll take me by the hand, sir,

when nurses, and doctors, and lawyers have all turned their backs on me. He, he! My friend is a staunch one—he'll be the last to give me the cold shoulder! Death is the name of my friend, Mr. Cheazle!"

"We had better proceed to business at once, sir," remarked the lawyer, looking anything but at his ease as he spread his writing materials before him. "I await your pleasure, Mr. Sampson. How do you propose to distribute your estate?"

"I don't intend to distribute it at all," replied the timber-merchant feebly. "I mean to leave all I possess to the poor little wench in the corner there. Do you hear, Maggie? Do you know I have made you the richest lady in the county? No, thank you, pet; I mustn't eat chestnuts."

"Am I to understand that you bequeath to this infant, Margaret Fleming, the whole of your estate, without reservation or condition?" inquired Mr. Cheazle in amazement.

"Every log, every brick, every penny."

"No trifling sum, by way of legacy, to any one—relative or otherwise—for whom you may have a regard?" insinuated Mr. Cheazle, looking amiable.

"Not a brass farthing," replied Mr. Sampson decidedly. "Stay a bit, though. There is a condition I must impose on my heiress. She must be married before she is twenty-one years old. Look here, lawyer. I had three sisters; only one of them married; the other two went just as miserably as I am going now. We have had enough of spinsters and bachelors, and Maggie will have to find a husband."

"And in the event of her not finding a husband?" suggested the lawyer.

"Eh! not find a husband? Well, if she is goose enough to forego a fortune for the indulgence of a foolish whim, why, let the money go to the d——."

"My dear sir!" remonstrated Mr. Cheazle pleasantly, "that would be—he! he!—sending coals to Newcastle," as folks say."

"Well, let the young lady's guardian have it, then."

"Whom do you appoint guardian?" inquired the lawyer.

"Well, I have been thinking about that," said the old gentleman. "You know

the little woman who used to be my house-keeper. She is very fond of little Maggie, and I think the child likes her."

"I presume you mean the young woman who married young Mr. Crusoe, the surgeon?"

"Right," said the timber-merchant. "Well, I mean to make Crusoe, Maggie's guardian."

"But, my dear sir," said Mr. Cheazle, "you surely have heard the rumour that Mr. Crusoe is not the kindest of husbands—indeed, that he actually ill-uses his wife?"

"I have heard it," replied Mr. Sampson, "and that is the reason why I mean to leave my grandchild in his charge. Look at it from this point of view. Next to this little one here, I have most respect for the young woman who, in the most ungrateful way, left me to marry this surgeon. Well, I appoint him guardian, and, at the same time, will that, in the event of Margaret Fleming arriving at the age of twenty-one, and remaining unmarried, the whole of the property left by me shall revert to George Crusoe; with the proviso that, at the time, his wife is alive and in good health."

"Provided that his wife is alive and in good health at the time, eh?" mused Mr. Cheazle aloud.

"Yes," replied Mr. Sampson testily; "that is plain enough. You see your way through the business now, don't you?"

"Oh, certainly, my dear sir," replied the lawyer, with a peculiar expression of countenance. "I do see my way quite clear—clear as possible. A most humane and Christian determination, sir. You see, at one stroke, you secure to your grandchild an affectionate guardian, and secure for your late servant—a very worthy young woman—at least a few years' civil treatment from her husband!"

Was it admiration, or something else, that caused the tremor in Mr. Cheazle's voice as he uttered this speech? From the comportsment of such facial muscles as he had control over, it was admiration—almost awe. However, there is no masking the eyes; and those belonging to Mr. Cheazle wore, at the same time, an expression that reminded you of the picture of the desert and the dying camel, and the vulture swooping down.

"But suppose, my dear sir," said the

smooth-voiced Cheazle, addressing the kind-hearted old bear who sat propped up amongst the pillows—"suppose that Margaret Fleming should die, or should feel disinclined to marry; and, this being the case, further suppose that Mrs. Crusoe should not be alive at the time Margaret Fleming comes of age, how—"

"How! why, let my money be spent in building a mad-house," roared the irate old gentleman. "And now be off, if you please, Mr. Cheazle, and so transform and embellish my plain directions that no honest man shall be able to understand them, and no lawyer to gainsay them; then bring the precious document to me, and I will sign it."

II.

I almost regret that I have pledged myself to confine this novel to two chapters—it is like heating a vatful of water to boil an egg. Besides, I flatter myself that, on the foundation already laid, rather a pretty structure might have been raised. I could have given you a description of the lonely old bachelor's funeral, with the speculations of the forlorn little Margaret, and the jolly undertakers' tea that was prepared by the dead timber-merchant's nurse, whose husband was a "bearer" in the employ of Mr. Burrows, the gentleman who undertook to bury Mr. Sampson. Then I could have introduced you to the Crusoes. I could have shown you what resulted from a marriage between a handsome fellow, whose brains had all run to curly hair and whiskers, and a quiet little mouse of a woman, full of tenderness, but not pretty. A chapter or so might have been made out of the daily life of the child Margaret with the ill-assorted pair.

Then we might have had the plotting and scheming between the wicked Cheazle and Crusoe the surgeon; for, of course, the wily lawyer at once "saw his way" as to how the object of the timber-merchant's will might be defeated. Says the will, "In the event of Margaret Fleming coming of age, and remaining unmarried, then do I bequeath the whole of my property to her guardian, George Crusoe, provided his wife shall, at the time, be alive." Then, of course, the *present* Mrs. Crusoe may die as soon as she likes, for so long as there is a Mrs. Crusoe produceable, that will be enough

for the law. This fact revealed by the lawyer to the surgeon, the latter is so prodigal of his barbarity, that the little mouse of a woman escapes to the churchyard with all speed, and regretting nothing but that she must part from little Margaret.

The clever reader may, if she pleases, fill in the crude skeleton above presented. Let her not despair of success. Let her bear in mind the case of the indefatigable Professor Owen, who, on being shown the upper portion of the skull of a gorilla, returned a life-size drawing of the (then) unknown animal, perfect to the minutest hair in its tail. Let the indulgent reader, I say, take little Margaret and her surroundings, and make her his own until she has arrived at the age of eighteen. Then I come in and relieve him of his task.

All the way to the quaint, quiet, antiquated little village of Sheeprace, in Kent! How is this? A very snug practice had Mr. Crusoe at Brompton; why did he leave it to come to a place where the hedge-carpenter was the only undertaker? Seldom is the door of the tiny shop opened more than twice a day—once to take down the shutters, and once to put them up again; unless, indeed, the customer be a shy maiden who seeks "dragon's blood," wherewith to work a love spell, or some old woman for a pen'orth of "bold almanack" for Johnny's sore heel.

All day long does Mr. Crusoe sit, and read, and smoke in the dingy little shop-parlour. Serene and placid is he, except when he hears the pleasant sounds of laughter and singing in the pretty room above. Then he fumes and frets, and, going to the foot of the stairs, calls—

"Margaret, unless you wish to induce extravasation of blood to the brain, you will cease that noise immediately!"

And over the head of the stairs Margaret peeps down. Good heavens! Was ever such a fright seen before? Her hair is cropped short enough to delight the heart of a parochial schoolmaster, her throat is swathed in flannel, and eaving over her eyes is the most monstrous green shade that ever was seen! And yet—mystery on mystery!—the eyes beneath the green shade are big brown eyes, and merry and brilliant as ever adorned a pretty face; the chestnut hair, short as it is, will indulge in rebellious little curls; the swathed throat,

through which but now issued that lark-like music, is graceful as a swan's!

A dozen words will explain the whole business. The removal from London to this out-of-the-way and thinly-populated region, the disfigurement of pretty Margaret Fleming, and the stifling of her very voice, are the work of Mr. Cheazle and George Crusoe, that the one great end may be attained. Margaret Fleming *must not* be a married woman on her twenty-first birthday. Mr. Crusoe's great card is to persuade the damsel herself, and every one else who made inquiries concerning her, that her health was so delicate as to need all his skill and care to keep her alive.

"How might your niece be this morning?" George's neighbours would ask.

"Very sadly," he would reply. "You see, ma'am, it is the pulmonary organs that are affected. Twenty-one coming on, too! Ah! critical time, twenty-one, I assure you, ma'am!"

So it was popularly believed and asserted at Sheeprace that Miss Crusoe's "pullarmy organ" was out of tune, and that, in all probability, it would cease playing altogether on her twenty-first birthday, which was rapidly approaching.

Nevertheless, her pulmonary and every other organ continued as sound as an acorn, and, day by day, she grew more beautiful, and, despite the injunction of her guardian, sang as blithely as the linnet in her window.

As for Mr. Crusoe, he behaved pretty much the same as ever, only that, instead of sitting still and smoking, he spent half the day in pacing up and down the little back parlour, and re-kindling his much-neglected pipe. As say children who play "hot boiled beans," he was "g'-ting warm."

Now it happened that Mr. Cheazle possessed a confidential clerk, and it sometimes happened that he was trusted with missions and messages from the rogue lawyer to the rogue apothecary. Single was the confidential clerk, good looking, and not more than seven and twenty; so you will not be surprised that his first interview with pretty Margaret Fleming was not also his last; indeed, so evident was the impression that the lady was making on Mr. Cheazle's emissary, that Mr. Crusoe became alarmed, and refused to let the young man see her, on the plea

that she was confined to her chamber through nervous fever. The confidential clerk seemed dreadfully annoyed at the time, but was seen on the London coach the next morning, looking particularly cheerful and happy. I wonder if a certain little note, that was drawn up to a certain little lady's chamber window, the previous evening, had anything to do with this!"

Three days to THE day! Mr. Cheazle is in a delirium of hope and fear. The young man from Mr. Cheazle's has returned from London (he saw him on the coach), and Margaret has suddenly grown so tractable that she does not even remonstrate when he informs her that, from certain dangerous symptoms she is exhibiting, she must not leave her room for a week. Now is the time. At all hazards he must be married in three days. Already he had resolved who should be his bride. True, she was a widow, not young, not pretty; still, she had inherited a little money from her deceased husband (a maltster), and, apart from every other consideration, he was getting too old to be fastidious. As far away as Yorkshire did the lady live, so that there was not an hour to be lost, as, with a light heart, he packed a carpet-bag and set off.

(Clang—clang—a-clang! Bang—clang—clang! Have the Sheeprace bells gone mad, or have the inhabitants observed the departure of the apothecary, and are rejoicing thereat? Neither. It is a wedding! Ah! that artful confidential clerk! True, he *did* go to London, but it was only to procure a special license, and to hurry back to Sheeprace. Oh, the handsome, blushing bride! Oh, the happy bridegroom! Oh, the hurrahing, and cap-throwing, and cask broaching there was at Sheeprace that day!

And, oh! the dismay of the ancient and gallant bridegroom, Mr. Crusoe, when, the next day, he arrived with his newly-made wife, late the maltster's widow! Nothing could exceed his rage—except it was the fury of his strapping bride. She raved and stormed—called the poor apothecary a "fortune hunter" (she was possessed of about forty pounds)—and threatened to give him over to the police. No doubt the hundred pounds a-year, settled by Margaret on her late guardian, helped to gild the bitter pill, but, to his intimate friends,

Mr. Crusoe was often heard to say that he would willingly give up the annuity—and, indeed, all the rest of his worldly goods—if, by so doing, he could bring the dead maltster back to life, and restore to his arms the lady who was now Mrs. Crusoe.

POETS:

THEIR LIVES, SONGS, AND HOMES.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

A RETROGRADE movement carries these sketches back to our friend of the times when ladies ornamented (?) their faces with patches, and gentlemen their heads with powder—to the genial companion who has introduced us to Neighbour Flamborough and his daughters, with their red top-knots; to Mrs. Primrose, Lady Blarney, and Miss Caroline Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs; to Tony Lambkin, Mrs. Hardcastle, and Kate. At the first recollection of Oliver Goldsmith, we see Moses setting out for the fair, in his waistcoat of gosling green, and his hat cocked with pins; or Mr. Burchell looking on at the primeval pastime of hunt-the-slipper; or Dr. Primrose arguing on the Whistonian controversy. We see also the man who

— was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year;

the village master in his little school, the parlour splendours of the village ale-house, and the seats beneath the hawthorn bush.

Has ever book so charmed its readers in scene and character, and so defied the unities in plot and construction, as the “*Vicar of Wakefield*?” Was ever poem more beautiful than the “*Deserted Village*,” or more untrue? We fall in love with the rustics, who are like no rustics that ever country village produced, and—tell it not to the temperance societies!—long to make one in the ale-house group, and fancy it is because it is all so delightfully real. And so it is; the descriptions are perfect of things as they might be, but as, alas! they never, or at least, very seldom, are. Other Utopian dreamers have described scenes and characters which could not exist; Goldsmith has given us those which could, but don’t. Not in his prose writings, though; there the personages are as true to nature as the best student of human nature ever

drew, and the family circle at Wakefield has furnished models for all the novel writers from that time to the present.

Oliver Goldsmith was, according to some biographers, born at Farnes, in Leinster, in the year 1731; according to others, in Elphin, in 1729. The former names and date are those on his monument in Westminster Abbey. He was the youngest son of a clergyman, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, and one of his brothers, of whom he had three, was also in the church, and is supposed to have been the original of the picture in the “*Deserted Village*.”

His poetical genius does not appear to have been developed at a very early age; but his love of studying men and women was, from his youth, a ruling passion. To say that he did not distinguish himself particularly in his scholastic career, is not to say that he did not then give any proof of his future abilities; as it is probable, while his fellow-students were studying books, he was studying them; and we owe his faithful delineations to his early and assiduous observation of character. His education was received at first at a private academy, and afterwards in Trinity College, Dublin; being intended for the medical profession. He subsequently visited Edinburgh, and studied the different branches of that science there, having previously given some attention to it in Dublin, and, indeed, attended a course of anatomical lectures in that place.

Careless and dissipated was poor Goldsmith’s youth; but it is now easy to perceive that much of this arose from the mistakes of either himself or others, which converted the student of nature—the voluntary wanderer in her highways and by-paths—into a dweller in cities, a slave of the desk and the class-room. Slow to advance in his academic career also—as he was quick in attaining fame when in the sphere, and engaged in the work, to which his genius was suited—he took no higher degree in the Dublin University than Bachelor of Arts, while he left Edinburgh without having completed his medical course, not taking any degree in physic, in fact, until some years after, when he only obtained the inferior one of M.B. at Louvain. The cause of his leaving Edinburgh, and, indeed, Britain, was the necessity of escaping the consequences of having

made himself liable for the debt of an acquaintance.

Assisted by the kindness of two friends, Mr. Maclane and Dr. Sleigh, and by the generosity of a relative, he left England, without business, profession, or any certain plan for future life—being only, as has been said, a medical student—and, by means of various shifts and chances, continued to spend his youth in travelling over Europe, not returning to England until his 27th year.

The liberality of his relative enabled him for some time to pursue his medical studies while abroad; but when death deprived him of this resource, and left him a penniless stranger in foreign lands, nothing daunted, he resolved to gratify his love for travel and proceed through Europe, subsisting upon any means which chance might offer. Accordingly he succeeded in obtaining, at the first, a travelling tutorship, and he has himself humorously described the duties of his situation, and the character of his pupil, in the fictitious narrative of the Vicar's son, George Primrose.

Having parted from his companion after a short period, by mutual consent, he proceeded alone, living among the peasantry of the different countries through which he travelled, obtaining the means of subsistence chiefly by his skill in music, which procured him the scanty pay, or rather alms, usually dealt out to a wandering minstrel.

In contemplating this proceeding of a man who has been always rather pitied for his thoughtlessness than admired for his resolution, people generally forget to consider, or give due weight to, the motive which impelled him to a vagrant life. Had he started with the ostensible purpose of seeking fortune, and been even moderately successful, we should hear less of "poor Goldie;" but success should be measured by the amount attained in that for which a man has striven, not in that which he has neglected or disregarded; and, perhaps, wisdom may often be computed in the same manner. "Poor Goldie" was probably contented to remain "poor Goldie," so that he did but satisfy his insatiable wish for inquiry into the state of society, and obtain scope and opportunity for studying the human character.

That pecuniary distress in after life—which might have been avoided by a more industrious and frugal youth, preyed on his mind, and helped to shorten his days—although it may be held up as an example to direct the choice of others, in no way alters this view of the case. Goldsmith was not a fool, who did not know how to acquire riches and independence, but a man who valued other things before them. His prudence in selecting an object in life may be questioned, but not his judgment as to the right mode of pursuing it.

We confess to a jealousy as to the opinion of the world in general on the character of this favourite poet. Indiscriminating in his generosity he was, no doubt, as well as profuse and uncalculating in his own expenditure; but he might probably have purchased the means of gratifying both his liberality and profusion by a more sedulous attention to *money-getting*, had he so chosen, without incurring contempt or pity. The mistaken idea, too, founded on his and similar cases, that genius is incompatible with steady prudence, economy, and so-called "common sense," cannot be too much or too seriously combated.

Goldsmith might have possessed all the weaker parts of his character—his rockless benevolence and his careless extravagance, which, by the way, were exhibited during his years of industry, not during what has been considered his *idle* early life—without a spark of his genius, or a single impulse of his unceasing passion for knowledge. And he might have been prudent, frugal, and worldly wise, without a trace of that untiring perseverance, that courageous resolution, which carried him through all difficulties of danger, poverty, and self-denial, straight to his aim, to the end proposed by his desires. As has been already said, the worth of the object may be differently estimated, but diligence in the pursuit cannot be denied. To associate folly, then, with this or that particular ambition, forgetful of the place the individual is fitted to hold, or the work he is suited to perform, is the extreme of prejudice; and to charge on genius, faults not necessarily connected with it, argues no particular degree of wisdom or discernment in so doing. One might as well say, all stupid men are prudent, or all illiterate

men frugal, as that genius is improvident, talent unavoidably coupled with carelessness, or that taste is deficient in those who prefer forest to mountain scenery, or love the ocean better than the land, as that wisdom can be shown in no other way than provident forethought for worldly advantage. Thus far a defence of the man who said of poetry—

Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
Who found'st me poor at first and keep'st me so,
and who was happier with the poetry and without the riches, than he could have been with the riches and without the poetry.

Poor he returned to England, arriving in London in 1758, with only a few pence in his pocket. His flute could avail him little here, so he applied for employment at the establishments of various medical practitioners, and, at length, obtained a situation. This he shortly exchanged for one as assistant in a school at Peckham, kept by Dr. Milner, and which was probably procured for him by the kindness and interest of his steady friend, Dr. Sleight, with whom he resided, by invitation, for some time. It seems probable that he had no intention of pursuing either the medical or scholastic profession, and these pursuits were merely adopted as a temporary resource; for, nearly from the time of his arriving in England, he had been engaged in literature; and, indeed, the "Traveller," his first published poem, had been begun while he was yet abroad.

Like most young authors, he commenced by contributions to the periodicals of that day, and, being successful in this essay, having formed a permanent engagement with the proprietors of the "Monthly Review," he relinquished teaching, and devoted himself thenceforth to the pen. His best known works are the "Traveller," the "Deserted Village," Histories of England, Greece, and Rome, "Animated Nature," and the "Citizen of the World;" together with his novel, the "Vicar of Wakefield," and the two comedies, "She Stoops to Conquer, or, the Mistakes of a Night," and the "Good-Natured Man." The "Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe" is, of course, now obsolete, as is his "Geography," although his histories, incorrect, imperfect, and prejudiced as they must be acknow-

ledged to be, still maintain their place as school-books. Of his two comedies, the "Good-Natured Man" was not so successful as the "Mistakes of a Night," which must ever be considered as one of the best on the English stage, where it will always keep its place.

Of his poems it will be unnecessary to say anything—at least, anything commendatory of them as efforts of poetical genius. Concerning the peculiar ideas embodied therein, on moral and social good or evil, every reader must judge for himself. That his own feelings were earnest for what he considered the right in both is evident; they bear the very stamp of sincerity. His minor poetical pieces, especially the "Haunch of Venison" and "Double Transformation," are very happy, and it is to be regretted that he produced so few trifles of this nature, being a style for which his genius seemed particularly suited; but, as periodical literature engrossed a great deal of his time from the period of his commencing author, he had, doubtless, little leisure for such writing.

On first commencing his literary career, he lodged in Green Arbour-court, Old Bailey, but afterwards, on his circumstances improving, removed to the Temple, and lived for some time in a respectable manner; indeed, the emoluments derived merely from his periodical writings were by no means contemptible; nor does he appear to have been badly paid—according to the then value of literature in the money market—for his other productions.

His friend Dr. Johnson tells an anecdote of the difficulty he found in procuring a purchaser, at the low price of forty pounds, for the "Vicar of Wakefield," when the author was, by his own extravagance, reduced to abject distress; but, besides that forty pounds was considered, at that time, a fairer remuneration for such a work than ten times the sum would be now, we must allow for the fact, that the style of the novel itself was so different from that then in vogue—was so peculiar, so original, in fact—that it perhaps required the genius of Dr. Johnson to discover its merits.

Of his comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," which is now considered a very masterpiece for the exhibition of histrionic genius, and has formed a study for dramatic

debutantes, he was himself so doubtful, that only the pressure of pecuniary circumstances induced him to offer it for representation; and he declined being at the theatre to witness the first performance, fearing lest it should have been, in play-house language, "damned." Nor did the manager, Mr. Colman, entertain any very high opinion of the piece, or anticipate the favourable reception it met with; as it is related that, when Goldsmith came,

with much anxiety, to learn the result of the experiment after the performance, he replied to his eager inquiries, "My dear sir, don't be afraid of squibs, when we have been sitting on a barrel of gunpowder these two hours."

One of Goldsmith's steadiest friends was Dr. Johnson, who has been frequently censured for indulging in a tone of contempt when speaking of the man to whom he was, however, uniformly kind and gene-



GOLDSMITH'S BIRTHPLACE

rous. It is, perhaps, characteristic of the learned Doctor, that he would allow no one to abuse Goldsmith but himself, and once sternly rebuked a party of acquaintances who, not content with animadverting on his weaknesses of character, attacked his merits as a writer, by saying that, "If nobody was suffered to abuse poor Goldie but those who could write as well, he would have but few censors."

Doctor Johnson, frugal, laborious, and self-denying, sternly independent and unweariedly industrious, yet kind and generous when his friends required, may be pardoned for the contempt he, perhaps, rather feigned than felt, or, it may be,

rather than either, thought himself bound, in his character of moralist, to express; while his host of imitators scarcely deserve the pity they consider it a proof of their wisdom to bestow.

Oliver Goldsmith died at the early age of forty-five; thus, at most, the space of time devoted to his numerous works comprised but fifteen years. During this period he compiled three histories; he wrote his "Animated Nature," also chiefly a compilation, two poems, a novel, three comedies, besides regularly contributing to two periodicals: all this is not the work of an idle man.

He was buried in the Temple burying-

ground, and his monument, with Doctor Johnson's rather eulogistic inscription, is in Westminster Abbey.

Of the many anecdotes told of Oliver Goldsmith, some are too hackneyed for further recital, and others, perhaps, rest on no better foundation than the general simplicity and good-nature of his character, which rendered him an excellent subject on which to fix a good story of credulity or thoughtless liberality; as jesters preface their good sayings with the name of some celebrated wit, attributing to the known humorist a joke they fear to pass as their own.

It is related, in corroboration of the love of admiration which he was accused of possessing, that, stopping one evening on his way to dinner at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, to observe a crowd staring and shouting at some ladies in a window, he was remarked by his friend, Mr. Burke, who, meeting him a short time after, at dinner, inquired how he could have been guilty of such a piece of monstrous indiscretion?

"What was it?" said Goldsmith.

"My dear friend," replied the other, "do you not recollect saying aloud, while standing in the square, that you wondered how people could waste their time gazing at a pair of painted Jerebels, while they suffered a man of your talent to pass by unnoticed?"

"Dear me! Indeed, I am very sorry," said Goldsmith. "I do recollect thinking something of the sort, but I was quite unconscious I had said it aloud."

Yet such a story is but a slender thread on which to hang a charge of overweening vanity, and there are few persons of any acknowledged ability to whom such an idea might not have occurred; his simplicity in believing that he had said what he had actually only thought, and his shame at having said it, are much more characteristic of the gentle poet.

Besides Johnson, Goldsmith enjoyed the society and friendship of Sir Joshua Reynolds, David Garrick, Edmund Burke, Mr. Townshend (afterwards Viscount Sydney), and a number of other men of note in his day. An occurrence at one of these social meetings produced his little poem of "Retaliation." Being absent from the dinner-table where he had been expected, several of the party agreed to consider him as

dead, and write epitaphs on him, in which, of course, they satirized his peculiarities. These effusions being sent to him, he produced, at the next sitting, the poem above-mentioned, which contains humorous allusions to each individual.

Oliver Goldsmith was a fair classical scholar; without having made any great figure at college, he had been sufficiently studious to acquire a considerable amount of that learning, and his poetry bears evident marks of his having made the literature of his own country a study, not merely for the gratification of his taste, but also for the forming of his judgment. Even the verse of Pope is scarcely more polished than his; and we do not find many of his contemporaries or predecessors equally so. His prose writings, too, are irreproachable in style—his language being at once simple and elegant, forcible and chaste. In fiction his characters are never overdrawn, and their peculiarities are developed in a series of minute touches: a distinctive trait in his genius rivalled by no writer but Miss Austen. No one else brings us so intimately acquainted with imaginary personages, with so little apparent effort in the introduction, or so little striving for individuality. The person who could fail to grieve at the knavery practised on the worthy Dr. Primrose by the benevolent Mr. Jenkinson, or to sympathize with his wife's disappointment in the unlucky bargain of the green spectacles, or think it at all improbable that a whole family should neglect the consideration of where their great family picture was to be bestowed, is unworthy of having a novel written for his amusement.

MIGNON; OR, THE STEP-DAUGHTER. THE PARDON.

MAURICE DE TERRENOIRE, too conscientious to allow the feelings which possessed his heart to make him forget duty, ardently gave himself up to his labours. He communicated to the Minister the result of his studies in Tuscany and in Lombardy, and received such tokens of approval as might have flattered his self-love, could that sentiment occupy a place in a heart wholly possessed by others. His progress to success only gave birth to a

faint hope that his future might be the more closely allied with that of the being who occupied all his thoughts. He pictured to himself the happy day when, his labours ended, he should return to France, and devote himself to those whom it was his mission to protect.

Meanwhile, he lived only in the news received from France. He only desired that the letters of M. Rénard might contain still greater details. The worthy and officious notary found the greatest delight in this little romance, which he imagined he should conduct to a happy termination. His country residence being at Fourqueux, within easy reach of St. Germain, he could easily know everything, and confirm everything by frequent visits; and, in his correspondence, he neglected no details, for it was to him a delightful recreation, after the vulgar and prosaic cares of his legal duties.

Thérèse, in his letters, was now only called Mignon; he had adopted, with every one else, the new name of the orphan. This pretty name, so sweet to pronounce, caused the grave Maurice to smile. The name would recur beneath his pen, during his dry and solitary studies, and perhaps in his dreams it would linger again upon his lips. The beautiful form of Mignon was his ideal: that was the shadowy goal, of which he could catch scarce a glimpse, which inspired him with so much courage.

Above all, there was one circumstance which, to him, appeared providential, and which responded so well to his most cherished desires—which moved and charmed him. He became aware, by M. Rénard's letters—a veritable diary of the convent—that Mignon had become the young mother of Graziella, and that, under the happy influence of a friendship so tender, the little dumb girl's taste for sculpture had developed itself. What rapturous dreams sometimes passed through his brain during his long hours of solitude! How he congratulated himself on having preserved intact Marx's studio! He pictured the sweet Mignon, one day, conducting by the hand the poor little child into her father's studio, and assuring to her an existence doubly protected; for, perhaps, he himself would be there! His imagination lost itself in these seductive vistas of the unknown!

He could maintain his silence no longer. He wished to prepare Mignon for his return, but he feared saying either too little or too much. He tore up letter after letter, in which his sentiments displayed themselves too plainly. Would it be proper to speak of Mignon? Would speaking of himself interest Mignon? Graziella appeared to furnish him with an excellent pretext for his correspondence; and Mignon, through the agency of M. Rénard, received, one day, in the presence of the superior, a letter dated from Florence.

The sight of that letter was, to Mignon, the most important event in her conventual life. The superior saw her blush; then Mignon became pale as death, and was obliged to sink into a chair. She was not mistress of that first emotion, but she quickly recovered her self-possession.

"What can be more natural?" she muttered, endeavouring to reason with herself. "The friend, introduced to me by my father, writes to me, after more than a year, to ask me for news, or, perhaps, to communicate with me on business. There cannot be between us any other relations—his silence has proved to me sufficiently his indifference, and this estranges us completely. Why, then, should I be more moved by this letter than by any other?" And, recovering her serenity, she opened the epistle, and read these lines:—

"My dear cousin Thérèse,—You must attribute to indifference, and to forgetfulness, the silence which I have maintained. If a feeling of respect has imposed that reserve upon me, I pray you to, at least, believe that your good father, in confiding you to my cares, reposed his confidence in a sincere heart.

"I have mourned with you over him whom we have lost. I have promised myself to consecrate my life to replace him; and, detained here by duty, I have never ceased—I hope that your friendship will permit me to say so—I have never ceased to occupy myself with you. A sincere friend has informed me of all that you have suffered in the paternal house. Far away, still I have watched over you. It is for you to withdraw yourself from that martyr who, by indirect means, has induced your step-mother to conduct you to a convent, where I hoped you might be happy. Can

you forgive me for having thus disposed of you?

"With what happiness have I learnt that you are cherished in that refuge! Nothing of what occupies you is unknown to me. Mignon—allow me to call you by that sweet name, which those who love you have bestowed on you—that name which will cause you to forget those days when you suffered so much! Permit me to be your adviser, your brother, and your support. Will you repose in me your confidence, Mignon? We shall, perhaps, have a recollection of less bitter days; and, moreover, have we not already another bond besides memory? Are not our hearts united to mitigate a heavy sorrow?

"Yes, it was with a very pure joy that I was animated when, far from you, I learnt that your tenderness had sought out, as if by an instinct dictated by our friendship, a poor little forlorn, and unhappy being, near you. Graziella's father was my intimate friend; he yielded before gathering the fruits of his talents and his labours. Since I have known the misfortunes of that family, I desired to protect and save the poor child. It is by my intercession that she has become an inmate of the Convent of the Augustines.

"Can you understand my joy, Mignon, when I learnt that your tender friendship had triumphed over her seeming indifference and apathy, and that her vocation as an artist was awakened and developed by your attention? You are, henceforth, my companion in that good work, to which you have contributed more than myself. Shall we not find some happiness in together occupying ourselves with our little dumb child? I reserve, till my return, a surprise that, I am sure, will please you greatly.

"What a happy inspiration was it that led me to conduct to the same refuge the two beings whose protection is the fondest desire of my heart! I could not ask for Graziella your friendship; but see you not, Mignon, something providential in the affection which attaches us both to the same little creature?

"I am now, Mignon, certain of appealing to your heart; I need only speak to you of the dear child you have adopted; I am sure, thus, of reaching your affection. I hope to return very soon, and then I shall

inform you of all my projects. We shall rejoice together upon the happiness we may yet create.

"How great a kindness I should esteem it were you to reply to me by a few lines! It will thus not be said by myself alone that you still cherish a recollection of our friendship, and that our little *protégée* is under the guardianship of both!

"Faithfully believe in the unalterable attachment of your devoted friend,

"MAURICE DE TERRENOIRE."

Mignon read the epistle twice or thrice ere she could perfectly comprehend it. It seemed to her that she had omitted something by a too rapid perusal. She assured herself that Maurice, in this long letter, said not a word about his marriage. His silence with regard to so important a change in his life surprised her. This was a grave subject of meditation to her. Then she desired to banish the idea, and all the others which her imagination created in its train. She only desired to discover in that epistle precisely what it contained—the proofs of a sincere attachment, and the tokens of a generous heart.

She experienced the keenest emotions of delight on learning that Graziella was the adopted child of Maurice. She blessed the happy chance which had directed her heart towards that poor forlorn creature. This led Graziella to become still dearer to her, and the child could not understand why she was embraced with more than ordinary tenderness.

She was greatly moved, also, at learning that Maurice was informed, almost day by day, of her occupations. She loved to feel herself under his influence, and almost in his power. But she could not divine how Maurice could, so far away, have directed her step-mother in the selection of a convent; for she well knew, in the depths of her heart, what it was that had caused her to seek a refuge there.

Her thoughts then reverted to that printed document, which one day fell under her eyes, and of which she had not forgotten a single line. She began sometimes to doubt what she had seen, and fancied herself under the influence of some illusion. But she did not wish to abandon herself to these uncertainties, and, by the force of her will, she directed her thoughts

away from them, to dwell solely on the projects of Maurice with regard to Graziella—upon that surprise which he intended to give her, and in which she (Mignon) must take a part. This offered her an aim for her life.

(To be continued.)

LABOUR AND LEISURE.

THE important subject of "female labour" is evidently, at last, attracting the attention to which it is undoubtedly entitled. It has already passed from the first phase of a public question—namely, when it has too few friends—and is now rapidly approaching the second phase, which all political and social questions are certain to assume—namely, when it may have too many. For the last eight years, the *ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE* has been a constant exponent of those truths which must eventually be acknowledged in connexion with "employments for women;" and it has contributed, in some degree, to the present condition which the subject has reached. We intend, in future papers, to continue our remarks on this and its sister topics, and will now proceed to discuss the different positions of those who have leisure to labour, and those who must labour, leisure or no.

Of work in general there are three sorts—work of necessity, work of duty, and work of fancy—or, rather, perhaps, there are in society three classes of workers—those who are obliged to work, those who work from principle, and those who work from whim—and in this classification there is less distinction of age, sex, or position than might be, on a casual observation, supposed. It may be, indeed, argued that none are strictly workers of necessity except those who have literally "daily bread" to earn; but, when we consider that a place in society, a position in public life, the well-being of an independent estate, all demand, very frequently, no inconsiderable amount of work to maintain them, we must allow that, if such labour be not necessary labour, at least, as the things themselves are considered necessary, the labourers are workers, of necessity.

What share our female readers take, or are obliged to take, in any or all of the

three, must, we should hope, be an interesting inquiry.

Work of necessity being (as we have shown) more equally divided among the different classes than is generally imagined, it would be easy to prove that it is, therefore, also much more equally divided between the sexes. Besides that the old assertion of men being the "bread earners" has been by late statistics proved a fallacy—there being a greater number of independent women than were at all imagined—there can be no question that, of the "dependent" women, those nominally supported, or even actually maintained, by father, husband, brother, or other male relative, we can scarcely say there are any whose services are not, in some way or other, required in lieu of such maintenance.

Nor is this even inapplicable to the higher classes; general superintendence of family affairs, periodical revision of family expenditure, &c., taking the place, in such cases, of actual personal work. However, as nearly all the papers of this series have been hitherto addressed, generally, at least, to this class, and have had reference indirectly to this sort of "necessary work," it will be well, perhaps, to confine the remarks, at present, on this portion of the subject, to those who are literally self-supporting.

For every one active, industrious, and independent-spirited woman, who fails to attain a comfortable position in life, through want of ability, means, or opportunity, there is at least a corresponding one who is disappointed by *mistaken ability*, *misdirected energies*, or *unimproved means* and opportunities.

If mistakes in the selection of trade or profession, in the choice, in fact, of necessary work (where the choice is possible), are common among men, they are twenty times more common among women. "Shoals" of governesses, who have no one qualification for their task—the important task of training the young mind for time and eternity—beyond a few accomplishments (sometimes not even these) attest this fact. Just imagine women undertaking to cultivate the talents, to inform the understandings, and direct the moral faculties of others, who have themselves never learned to reason correctly, to think

justly, or to judge rightly! Among this section of "workers" alone, the mistakes are almost appalling in number. Young creatures, amiable, accomplished, and well-informed, but wholly undisciplined, without firmness, without wisdom, without experience; and women, old or middle-aged, sagacious, prudent, and firm, but lacking the kindly sympathy which can recommend them to their young pupils, and trained, probably, themselves, within a circle of narrow-minded prejudice; both alike undertake this work, and both fail—fail to achieve success in their own case, and to benefit the future generation.

Do we want other examples, we can take them from the hospital-wards, from our nurseries, and kitchens, and store-rooms; from the emporiums of fashion. We shall find nurses without intelligence, patience, or habits of observation; nursemaids without cheerfulness, animation, or affectionate manners; and milliners without taste, fancy, or invention.

Has not many an individual, the very plague of a nursery and its tiny inhabitants, when compelled to take another sphere of action, proved herself a "treasure?" Has not many a poor girl, almost at her wit's end (it did not, perhaps, take much time to get there) trying to keep order in the school-room, or puzzled by the precocious intellects so far beyond her own, become a most invaluable nurse, when sudden illness called forth her hidden stores of kindness, patience, self-denial? How many another, in a different rank, half starving upon half wages, because "really her work is not worth more," while Miss B— and Miss D— may ask what they please, because they have so much taste that "whatever they put out of hands is sure to sell immediately"—how many such a one has made the most tidy, industrious, and economical wife to a poor man? Poor Miss Smith or Miss Thompson had not courage or self-possession to quell the school-room rebellion, or tact to reply to missy's inquiries, who refused to be satisfied by the old adage, "little girls should not ask questions;" but she has endurance enough to watch all night by a sick bed, and gentleness enough to bear the unmerited reproachings or complainings of the fretful patient. Sally Stokes and Besy Grubbs never had taste enough to pin a ribbon or

place a flower; but they scour the floors capitably, and scrub their saucepans to perfection.

It may be asked—Can people in general, and women particularly, always choose? Do not surrounding circumstances, rather than any selection of their own, mark out for them their path in life? We must certainly reply that surrounding circumstances usually do. But then, we must add, that it is because they are permitted. They are permitted by pride, by prejudice, by timidity, by want of due reflection, by neglect of self-examination—that self-examination which shows us not only our faults and short-comings, but from what mental or moral want our faults and short-comings proceed—they are permitted by all these to have a much greater influence than they should; and even where they do not determine the selection, they limit it. If they do not point arbitrarily to one only path, they at least close up innumerable avenues. This is a lessening evil, however. Every day is extending the sphere of women's work, opening up to them new sources of profitable employment; and every day, also, is removing the prejudices and objections which lie in the way of those who choose to be independent; the choice is every day, therefore, more and more in their own hands, and the chances of their success dependent on the wisdom they display in making it.

Of the workers from principle, incomparably the fewest in number are to be found among females. In charitable and philanthropic works, women have, no doubt, assisted, and nobly. They have done more; they have originated, planned, and executed; they have set on foot, and completed. But still, of the whole number of labourers for the public good, women, as yet, are certainly in the minority; and when we consider that, of the labourers from principle, only a portion (be it more or less) are avowedly workers for the public good—the term including those who labour merely to refute error, to establish a truth, to advance science, to improve art, to develop their own talents, to increase their own knowledge—the minority becomes very small indeed; these abstract considerations being, with a few brilliant exceptions, left almost completely out of the calculations

of women, when entering on a field of labour.

Comparatively few men care to be without some pursuit in life. The learned professions number many in their ranks who have no actual need to study or practise—divinity, law, or physic. *All* the best soldiers are not soldiers of fortune; every statesman is not in need of a place or a pension. No. The love of employment, “work for work’s sake,” or, better still, for the sake of spending time aright, does certainly seem to enter more largely into the economy of man’s nature than woman’s.

This want of a particular, and sufficiently engrossing, pursuit in life, to women not necessitated to labour, has been much dwelt upon, and particularly of late, as an evil of their position; and it cannot be too frequently or earnestly dwelt upon. But it is a mistake to suppose that it is an unavoidable or imposed evil. If women—especially young women, in the upper or middle ranks of life—do fritter away their time on worsted-work, wax-flowers, and potichomanie, while their brothers are pursuing art, learning, and science—fighting their country’s battles, or assisting her councils—we are not aware that any one demands it of them.

We do not believe that they are required or expected to be merely well-dressed dolls. If the dolls grow tired, and cry “I am a-weary, weary,” in this “dreary” do-nothingness, then we deny that they have been compelled to such a state, and we bid them up and change it. If they cannot be soldiers or senators, they may be artists, historians, philosophers, or something else, as their talents direct them.

There are few people who have not ability enough for the pursuit of some natural science—botany, geology, entomology—and none, perhaps, who could not, by well-directed study, obtain a sufficient amount of information in history, biography, &c., to fill up their otherwise vacant hours, and to constitute those studies a real, actual business of life.

The talent for painting is possessed by a greater number of women than men; yet with very few is it ever cultivated to perfection—to anything, indeed, beyond the capability of copying a head in crayons, or a bouquet in water-colours. Yet who prevents all or any of these pursuits? Who

forbids these resources to women, any more than a participation in schemes of benevolence and charity? No. We greatly fear that the plea so often urged by women, who even have many household duties to attend to, of “really no time to practise,” “not a moment for reading,” is not strictly correct.

That it may require very excellent management to be able to arrange a sufficient portion of time for study and accomplishments, must be admitted; and that even this will not prevent occasional interruptions of the best system, is too true; but, in general, we fear the inclination is the thing most wanted; and, with almost all young unmarried women, in good health and tolerably easy circumstances, it must be the *only* thing.

And here, in speaking of “inclination,” another word on unsuitable work. Why must all women be accomplished? All men must not be linguists, artists, and musicians. Many very well-informed men know nothing of music. Many others—though a smaller number—are not proficient in the modern languages; and there are also not a few who are no artists. Yet these men, unless they are mere club-loungers, find some resource against *ennui*. May not women do the same? When you, dear young friend, grow tired of trying to sing “Annie Laurie,” and find that you have little voice and less ear, we seriously advise you to go into your father’s or brother’s library, and select therefrom—not a last year’s magazine, in order to look for a “pretty story”—but a set of those uninviting, stern-looking books, which have engaged the best energies of the best men—history, biography, logic, law, theology, metaphysics—and you cannot go amiss. Lock yourself in your chamber, and read nothing else until you have thoroughly mastered your subject. You cannot imagine, till you have tried, how refreshing this proceeding will be, or how interested you will become in your subject.

Or, suppose you have not sufficient brains for this—as, without offence, we may suppose—in just as much seriousness we say, take saw, and plane, and hammer, and manufacture a chair, or a table, or a box even. Never mind its being clumsy; recollect how long a time Robinson Crusoe took to make his earthenware, but he suc-

ceeded at last. If you find yourself unsuited either to be a student or a mechanic, look around, and you will not fail to discover some "work" which will suit you. Once get hold of the principle that "work" is an absolutely necessary part of the condition of human nature, not to be dispensed with without moral and physical injury, and you will work for work's sake, though you do not need to do so for bread and meat.

We dwell upon this part of the subject as being by far the most important to females. Almost all women will work for an object, be that object their own or their families' maintenance, the promotion of a scheme of charity, or the comfort and happiness of a friend; but they will not, in general, do it as a matter of duty to themselves. Their terribly self-sacrificing nature stands in their way here. This "terribly" is written advisedly.

It is proved that the inferior animals are deficient in that faculty which produces self-love—that they are incapable, beyond the mere instinct of self-preservation, of understanding their own interest and acting accordingly. Must it be allowed that, of the human race, woman belongs more, in this instance, to the inferior than man does? How else shall the fact be accounted for, that delicate and gentle women will work themselves to death for an unworthy relative—a husband depraved and brutal, a child vicious and ungrateful—who, if this, or some other "necessity" had not existed, would have failed to be saved, by their good feeling and good principle, from becoming mere dawdles, frittering away their time in fifty useless employments, falsely called "work?"

Women want a little more self-love—they want to come forward and assert themselves a little; not their "rights" or their "wrongs," or anything of that sort, but simply "themselves." They want to learn to be active, thoughtful, learned, clever, strong-minded; not to show that they are superior to men, or equal to them; not to exhibit to an admiring world that they are capable of doing this or that; not even for the sake of others' good, of the general benefit of society; but for their own sakes alone.

If women are in the minority among the "workers from principle," to what portion

do they belong among the "workers for whom?" Let us do them justice. It seems probable that here the sexes are pretty equally divided. All work beyond the daily earning of daily bread becomes mere work of whim, if not undertaken on a right principle and steadily followed; so that, although there may be a greater number of women content to remain without any positive employment useful to themselves or others, yet of those who do constantly employ themselves in works useful or useless, without an object, aim, or end, women do not seem to bear a greater proportion than men. Nay, on the contrary, many of the useless, purposeless employments of women are not in one sense works of whim, being pursued most constantly and steadily; witness our great-grandmothers' tapestry. Here, therefore, the caution must be to all alike—beware of working for whim. The most useful work is one merely of whim, if you are not engaged in it for a right purpose, or from a right motive; the most useless is not, if your purpose and motive be good. The most important in itself is a whim, and nothing but a whim to you, if it enters into your calculations to throw it aside when you can find something more pleasing; the least important in itself is not, if you are steadily pursuing it for some good end.

Charitable works are very frequently engaged in from "whims." A whole town, or a whole village, or a whole neighbourhood, goes wild about getting up a bazaar, or a fancy fair, or a concert, or something else, for a very good purpose—the founding of a hospital, or the establishing of a school—work, work, work! From morning till night, for some weeks or months, gentlemen solicit patronage, and canvass assistance, and propose plans and arrangements; and ladies sew, and paint, and snip, and gum, and embroider, and write notes, or else run about disposing of tickets. The concert goes off; the fancy fair is opened; the bazaar takes place. The accounts are duly audited; the money duly laid out; and how many of the hundreds engaged in commencing the work ever bestow another thought on the business? How many visit the hospital, or superintend the school; or even make an occasional inquiry

to satisfy themselves that the proceeds of their "work" are appropriated rightly and doing the purposed good?

For the most part, "working whims" are very general. One or two people set forward a "horticultural mania" or a "poultry mania," and forthwith all their neighbours work like galley-slaves to equal or out-do them. Mornings are spent feeding, cleaning, housing, in the one case; digging, raking, pruning, in the other; evenings and afternoons, in both, riding, driving, walking after rare birds and uncommon plants; until two or three other people start some other "mania," and then off go horticulturists and poultry-keepers after the new "whim."

Sometimes an entire locality becomes astronomical, or geological, or botanical, or chemical; and there is much hard study; and many colds are caught gazing at the stars on frosty nights; and there are sprained ankles, or dislocated collar-bones, procured by searching after specimens, vegetable or mineral; and sometimes worse results, perhaps, in the laboratory. Then, when a few months have elapsed, the astronomers, or geologists, or botanists, or chemists, begin to discover that perhaps two or three only out of their number have any taste or talent for such study, and that the remainder might just as well have been engaged in fattening pigs or mending stockings.

When we said "beware of working for whim," we would be understood to mean more particularly, beware of the habit of doing so. All employment, in the abstract, provided it be not in itself a wrong employment, must be, to a certain extent, beneficial. And employments taken up without even any definite purpose beyond the mere principle of doing, or learning to do, something, are useful in preventing a morbid state of feeling, or a habit of mere trifling; but whatever is undertaken should be done well. The mind is in an unhealthy state when it can be satisfied even with mediocrity. Perfection should always be aimed at, that it may sometimes be reached. Strive for originality also. If you are but embroidering a collar, ladies, or making a baby's dress, don't go quite according to pattern. Invent something; design some ornament; plan some improvement, to keep your faculties awake, and you will

gain, if nothing else, at least interest in the work.

One word more. All work, not actually, by incessant labour, but their daily bread, should allow some portion of time, daily, to perfect leisure. Even the bread earners should endeavour to do so. This is a point in which women lamentably fail. There are among them, as among the other sex, of course, many complete idlers; and there are also among them, more than among the other, many whose very business is a species of idleness; but there are also those whose activity is of such a restless nature, that they never fold their hands and close their eyes to think. May we venture to say, that this is one, if not the chief, cause why women are in general superficial? The cultivation of the perceptive, to the neglect of the reflective faculties, produces a state of mind which takes but a surface view of the concerns of life.

Women are apt, no doubt, to spend many hours in vague fancies, memories, anticipations, surmises, &c., all of which go by the name of thoughts; but the time so spent is not employed in *thinking*. No subject is actually taken up, to be really weighed, considered, reasoned on, balanced in the mind's judgment, apart from prejudice, feeling, and self-interest; no opinions are formed, no principles examined, no theory inquired into; and so the mind becomes indifferent, careless, trifling; or narrow, dogmatic, and illiberal. Work, even good work, is ill done; talents are neglected or misapplied; and the habit acquired of mere bodily employment, apart from the engagement of the mental faculties, which produces, more than anything else, that "weariness" of which women complain.

In conversing with any person whose good faith and sincerity we have just cause to doubt, we have always the unpleasant feeling on our minds that he has us at a disadvantage; as we cannot help reflecting that he has received all our plain statements of facts, all our candid opinions, all our real ideas, all our unexaggerated relations, all our actual impressions, and has the power (which he will not fail to use) of misstating, misrepresenting, perverting, suppressing, or aggravating what we have said to his own purposes; while we have got nothing in return from him but lies—or, at best, truth mixed with falsehood—and the first, being a commodity we do not deal in, is utterly useless, while, to decompose the principles of the latter—to separate the purer from the baser metal—we may neither have the time nor the opportunity.

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

RICH BRIDE OR CHRISTENING CAKE.—Take five pounds of the finest flour, dried and sifted, three pounds of fresh butter, five pounds of pickled and washed currants, dried before the fire, two pounds of loaf sugar, two nutmegs, a quarter of an ounce of mace, half a quarter of an ounce of cloves, all finely beaten and sifted; sixteen eggs, whites and yolks kept separate; one pound of blanched almonds, pounded with orange-flower water, one pound each of candied citron, orange, and lemon peel, cut in neat slices. Mix these ingredients in the following manner:—Begin working the butter with the hand till it becomes of a cream-like consistency, then beating in the sugar; for at least ten minutes whisk the whites of the eggs to a complete froth, and mix it with the butter and sugar. Next, well beat up the yolks for full ten minutes, and, adding them to the flour, nutmegs, mace, and cloves, continue beating the whole together for half an hour or longer, till wanted for the oven. Then mix in lightly the currants, almonds, and candied peels, with the addition of a gill each of mountain wine and brandy; and, having lined a hoop with paper, rub it well with butter, fill in the mixture, and bake it in a tolerably quick oven, taking care, however, not by any means to burn the cake, the top of which may be covered with paper. It is generally iced over like a Twelfth-cake on coming out of the oven, but without having any ornament on the top, so as to appear of a delicate plain white.

LEMON CHEESECAKES.—The rind of a large lemon. Squeeze half of the juice, three eggs, half a pound of lump sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter—to be melted.

GINGER-BREAD.—One ounce and a half of ginger well bruised, one ounce of cream of tartar, one pound of loaf sugar, and one lemon, to every gallon of water. Put these ingredients into an earthen pan, and pour upon them the water boiling. When cold, add a teaspoonful of yeast to each gallon. Let it stand twenty-four hours, then skim it. Bottle it, and keep it in a cool place before you drink it.

RICE CAKE.—Half a pound of fine crushed lump sugar, half a pound of ground rice, a little lemon-peel chopped very fine, and six eggs beat for half an hour. When all mixed, to be beat another half hour. Bake twenty minutes.

TO PICKLE ONIONS.—Gather your onions, when quite dry and ripe, all about the same size, not too small. Wash the dirt off them (do not pare them); make a strong solution of salt and cold water, into which put a gallon or two of onions, or as many as you wish to pickle. Change the water and salt twice a day, morning and night, for three days, saving the last water they were in; then take the outside skin off. Have a tin saucpan, large enough, or nearly so, to hold them, as they are always best all done together, into which put the last water the onions were in, and take as much milk and add to the water, so as to make it half milk and half water; to this add a double handful of salt; put your onions in it; have a skimmer with holes. Put on cold, and stand by and watch them. Keep constantly—from the time you put your saucpan on the fire till

the milk and water begins to boil—turning the onions, those at the bottom to the top, and the top ones to the bottom, and so on, with your skimmer; the milk and water will run through the holes. The onions will become transparent. Let the milk and water, after it boils, boil for about ten minutes, keeping the onions stirred, but in stirring them be particular not to break one of them. Then have ready a large pail, or pan, with a large colander, into which turn them to drain, covering them with a cloth to keep in the steam. Place on a table an old cloth of some kind, two or three times doubled; place the onions in it while quite hot; have an old piece of blanket or flannel, and cover it also close over them, keeping in the steam. Let them remain thus till the next day, when they will be quite cold, and look yellow and shrivelled; take off the shrivelled skins, when they will look as white as snow. Have a pan ready, and put your onions in it; then make a strong pickle of vinegar, the best you can get, to which add a quarter of a pound of the best white whole ginger, bruised, a good teaspoonful of Cayenne, half an ounce of allspice, a quarter of an ounce of cloves, half an ounce of whole nutmeg, bruised, a small quantity of cinnamon, a quarter of an ounce of the like quantity of whole mustard seeds. Boil all these up, and pour boiling hot in your pan, over your onions; cover very closely, so as to keep in all the steam, and let them stand till quite cold, which will be the next day; but they will not hurt if left till the following day, when you must have some wide-mouthed bottles ready (and your bungs and corks), into which put your onions: or you may put them into jars, but be sure they are well bunged or corked, with a piece of bladder tied over each jar; before doing which put a good tablespoonful of the best olive oil over each bottle or jar. Let them stand in a cool place at least a month or six weeks, when you may try their goodness; they will be beautifully white, and eat crisp, without the least softness, and will keep good many months. They are some little trouble to do, but if you are fond of good pickled onions, the trouble will be well repaid.

SUGAR DROPS.—One pound of flour, one pound of raw sugar, five ounces of butter, melted, five eggs, well beat, and then mixed. Drop them with a teaspoon on the cake-tin, and bake in a moderate oven. A few seeds can be added, if preferred.

A GOOD CHEAP CAKE.—A pound and a half of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, three quarters of a pound of sultana raisins, a quarter of a pound of sugar, one egg, a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and half a pint of milk. The milk to be made warm and the soda dissolved in it. Mix all well together, and bake in a slow oven.

ORANGE WINE.—To twenty-four gallons of water put seventy-four pounds of loaf sugar and the whites of twelve eggs. Boil them together for an hour, keeping the liquor well skimmed all the time; then have ready in a large tub the peels of two hundred and twenty Seville oranges (which is half a chest), which must be pared very thin; pour the liquor boiling hot over them. When it is nearly cold, take three or four table-spoonfuls of yeast, spread on a piece of toast, and put it in the liquor to make it ferment. After it has stood three or four days, pour it from the

peels into your cask (endeavour to proportion the size of your cask to the quantity of wine made), with the three gallons of orange juice, which the two hundred and twenty oranges will or ought to produce. Let it remain in your cask till the fermentation has ceased (it must be kept filled, so as to work out of the bung-hole); then draw off as much of the wine as will admit of one quart of the best brandy to every five gallons of wine. It will be fit to bottle or to drink from the cask in six months. This wine, if carefully made from these plain directions, will be found very delicious, and, if kept for four or five years, would far surpass most of the best foreign wines as they are usually sold in England. You must put isinglass and cochineal into your cask to clear it, which must be boiled up with the wine you draw off to admit the brandy, and let it get cold before returning it into your cask.

RICH SWEETMEAT GINGERBREAD NOTE.—Put a pound of good treacle into a basin, and pour over it a quarter of a pound of clarified butter, or fresh butter, melted so as not to oil, and one pound of coarse brown sugar. Stir the whole well. While mering, add an ounce each of candied orange peel and candied angelica, and a quarter of an ounce of candied lemon peel, cut into very minute pieces, but not bruised or pounded, with half an ounce of pounded coriander seeds, and half an ounce of caraway seeds. Having mixed them thoroughly together, break in an egg, and work the whole up with as much flour as may be necessary to form a fine paste, which is to be made into nuts of any size. Put on the bare tin plate and set in a rather brisk oven.

A SHEPHERD'S PIE.—Cut up your cold meat as for a hash. Season with a nice gravy with the bones (it wants no gravy beef); flour your meat well; put a small quantity of water on your bones; season with salt, pepper, and a little Cayenne, a little catsup, a pickled onion or two, or gherkin. Take out the bones, put your meat into this gravy, give it a boil up, just to warm it through; put your meat and gravy into a small deep pie-dish (do not make more than can be consumed at dinner, as it will not be nice the next day, and will not warm up well), then mash as many potatoes as will cover your hash and fill up your dish. Put a knob or two of butter over your potatoes. Place it before a clear fire to brown well. Serve it up quite hot. This is a good and economical dish for a family, and generally liked by these who have tasted it.

QUEEN'S GINGERBREAD.—Put twelve pounds of loaf sugar and eight ounces of the best white ginger, well pounded, to ten gallons of water. Boil together for half an hour, then put into a tub or large pan. When cool, add three or four spoonfuls of good yeast, and let it work all night; on the following morning put it into a cask. When it has done working, which will be in three or four days, add one ounce of isinglass, one ounce and a half of hops, and stop it up. It will be fit for use in a month, and may be drunk from the cask.

DEVONSHIRE JUNKET.—Make one pint of milk blood warm, put it into your dish with two dessertspoonfuls of brandy, one of sugar, and one and a half of prepared rennet. Stir it altogether, and cover it over until it is set. Spread clotted cream over the top, grate some nutmeg and sugar over it, then eat it.

PLUM PUDDING.—One pound of suet, one pound of currants, twelve ounces of flour, three wine-glasses of brandy, half a pound of sugar, one nutmeg, three eggs, leaving out one white. Boil five hours.

LEMON TARTLETS.—The juice of two lemons and the rinds grated. Clean the grater with bread only, using sufficient crumbs to take off all the lemon-peel. Beat all together with two eggs, half a pound of loaf-sugar, and a quarter of a pound of butter. This is sufficient for twelve tartlets, and will be found very excellent.

RISE CHEESECAKES, EQUAL TO LEMON.—A quarter of a pound of butter, oiled and beaten, two ounces of ground rice. Mix well with sifted sugar to taste. When quite cool, add the rind and juice of a lemon, and two eggs well beaten. This will keep a month in a cool place.

ALBERT PUDDING.—Five eggs, well beaten, half a pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of raisins chopped, and half a pound of sugar. Boil three hours in a mould.

FISH VINEGAR.—One ounce and a half of Cayenne pepper, two tablespoonfuls of walnut catsup, and two tablespoonfuls of soy; put into a quart bottle of vinegar, with a few shreds of garlic and shallots. Shake it well every day for a fortnight. Then fill up the bottle with vinegar, and it will be fit for use in a few days.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Grate off a little of the outside of the oranges, then cut them in quarters, take out the pulp into a basin, and remove the skin and seeds. Let the outsides soak in water with a little salt all night; then boil them in a good quantity of spring water until tender. Drain and cut them into very thin slices. Add the pulp, and to every pound of fruit add one pound and a half of loaf sugar. Boil twenty minutes. Be careful not to break the slices. It must be stirred all the time very gently. When cold, put into glasses.

Things Worth Knowing.

FOR THE TOOTHACHE.—Tincture of myrrh, the simple, camphor, spirit of wine, and tincture of bark, of each an equal quantity. Much depends upon the articles being good.

A CURE FOR JAUNDICE.—Take two Seville oranges and pare them very thin; then chop the peel as fine as suet, to which put two quarts of cold water, and simmer them till reduced to a pint and a half. Strain and bottle it. Of this mixture take, for three successive mornings, one half pint, which will perfectly cure the patient.

DR. BAILLIE'S REMEDY FOR HEMORRHOIDS.—One ounce of sulphur, one ounce of cream of tartar, one ounce of salt prunella, and one ounce of stick or common liquorice. Mix the whole in half a pound of honey. A piece the size of a nutmeg to be taken night and morning. Drink no kind of spirits, beer, or port wine while taking it.

RECIPE FOR EAU DE COLOGNE.—Spirit, 60 over proof (from grape), six gallons; otto of neroli (best), three ounces; ditto, second quality, one ounce; otto of rosemary, two ounces; otto of orange-peel, five ounces; otto of citron-peel, five ounces; otto of bergamot-peel, two ounces.

CURE FOR NETTLE RASH.—A mixture of oil, vinegar, and spirits of wine, applied to the skin, affords a temporary relief with regard to the

itching; but the following simple medicine will, with almost invariable certainty, complete the cure. Procure half a drachm of calcined magnesia, and take of it, three times a day, five grains in a glass of lime-water. The lime-water is thus made:—Take one pound of unslaked lime, put it into a large brown flat earthen dish, over which pour one gallon of boiling water. It will crack and hiss and make a terrible noise, but it will soon subside. Let it stand, covered with a cloth, till the next day. Draw off all the clear water and bottle it for use. Take nearly a wineglassful of the lime-water, into which gently shake the five grains of magnesia, and, after it has stood a few minutes, stir it all together and take it. It will be quite smooth, and not at all unpleasant to taste.

A DECOCTION of the fruit of the wild cucumber, sprinkled where mice come, will drive them away.

MEDICINE FOR BOILS.—Carbonate of ammonia, six grains; distilled water, ten drachms; syrup of orange-peel, one drachm.

TO CURE TIC-DOLoureux.—Take one penny-worth of carbonate of iron mixed with half a pound of common syrup treacle. A teaspoonful will cure, if taken in time.

A GOOD GARGLE FOR SORE THROAT.—Tincture of myrrh, two drachms; common water, four ounces; vinegar, half an ounce. Mix.

CURE FOR RINGWORM.—Burn the bark of ash. Mix it with water and soft-soap, and wash the head every morning.

PAINS IN THE FACE.—One tablespoonful of laudanum, two tablespoonfuls of olive oil. Mix together, and rub the face with it.

THE FASHIONS

AND

PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

We are now approaching very closely to that festive season of the year in which all Christendom rejoices—in which hospitality decks the board, and friendship and affection invite the guests—in which charity opens the heart to the poor, and love and good-will spread out in wider circles. A happy Christmas, then, to all the subscribers to this Journal; and may that happiness increase as each successive anniversary comes to greet them with its own sacred salutations!

The subject of dress demands a little extra consideration at a time when hospitality and festivity are thus universally considered appropriate to the season. Not only should the dwelling be renovated and garnished with its winter bouquets of the variegated holly, and its coral berries, and the rich evergreens that adorn mid-winter, but the dwellers in those happy homes should also beautify to the best advantage the mortal part in which the immortal spirit dwells, that all may be in grateful keeping with the Christian's sacred holiday.

To discharge our own duty of usefulness in this particular respect, let us first describe the dress which we have selected for illustration. The material is a chestnut brown silk—a colour which is now taking the lead in fashion. It is made with a single skirt, trimmed with black velvet round the bottom, with a second trimming of the same turning in the centre of the front, and

ascending to the waist, leaving a space sufficiently wide for a row of black velvet macaroon buttons, which are surrounded with rows of black lace. The body is made with the waistcoat front, and the point behind; the upper part being ornamented in a new style—namely, with pieces of pointed velvet, narrowing upwards towards the throat, having fullings between each, of the silk of the dress. The sleeves are of the bell-shape, having similar pieces of pointed velvet, at the top of which is placed a small epaulette of the silk, bordered with fringe. This epaulette is not placed at the shoulder, but a little way down the arm, which it does not encircle, being merely on the outer part of the sleeves, the bottoms of which are trimmed to match the skirt.

As the winter season naturally brings with it a necessity for more heavy fabrics, the ladies in Paris are now adopting the plain skirt to a very great extent. Those bound with velvet are so much in favour as to threaten the banishment of both double and founced dresses, at least for the winter months. The French ladies are now especially favouring two fashions for their morning and evening costume. One of the skirts of which we have been speaking, simply bound with black velvet, is worn with a Basquine, in cloth, in the morning, and a silk skirt, with a full body, in either sprigged white net or muslin, for the evening. This last has a sort of open body, made of crossings of black velvet, consisting of a stomacher, front and back to match, with bars of the same over the shoulders, which shows itself and the white body underneath to the greatest advantage. In fact, few things can be in better taste than both these dresses.

As the Basquine, of which we have just spoken, has some peculiarity in its form of cutting, we have thought we could not select anything more acceptable than a working pattern which we have just received from Paris. This should be made in cloth, be bound with black velvet, and have a row of black velvet macaroon buttons up the front. Almost any skirt may be worn with this Basquine, whether founced or double, but a simple one of any solid winter material, bound with black velvet, is the one most in favour with the French ladies.

Ladies who are purchasing winter dresses will find that the greatest novelty is a silk having a plain ground, sprigged over with bouquets of coloured flowers. These are the most elegant when the pattern is small and the ground black, although the colour of the fabric is varied, as well as the size of the designs. For a promenade or home dress, the Brussels cord is extremely suitable.

Corded linseys have also been introduced, which form a pleasing variety in that most useful material, as they have not the same tendency to clinging in their folds. There is also now a pretty fashion of trimming the plain linsey, which helps to give it a firmer consistency. Another of a darker shade is taken, and cut in broad waving lines, or some other variety of form; and these, being laid on to the skirt, are edged with black velvet, some of them having the macaroon of black velvet added in each wave. These dresses have a good style, are both durable and comfortable, besides being especially suitable for the winter months.

The fashion in bonnets shows signs of material



alteration. In Paris the ladies are wearing them high, and projecting in the front and receding at the sides. The shape is very peculiar. In London very few of these have yet appeared, and it remains to be seen whether they will find general favour, or only be adopted by those who wish to be the first in the fashion. In this shape the rather large cavity which appears over the forehead is filled up with a flower of proportionate size, placed in the centre, having sprays which taper to a point at each side. With this exception, the bonnets are now only modifications of

the summer shapes, projecting a little more but not to the extent we have been indicating. They are made of velvet, or of a mixture of silk and velvet, but the most modern and those which are now prevailing in Paris, are made either of quilted silk or of silk piqué. These are bound with velvet, and slightly trimmed with the same; the inside trimming consisting of a half-wreath of chrysanthemums, or of some flower calculated to fill up the vacant space, with a blonde quilting at each side, reaching down to the strings, which are double.

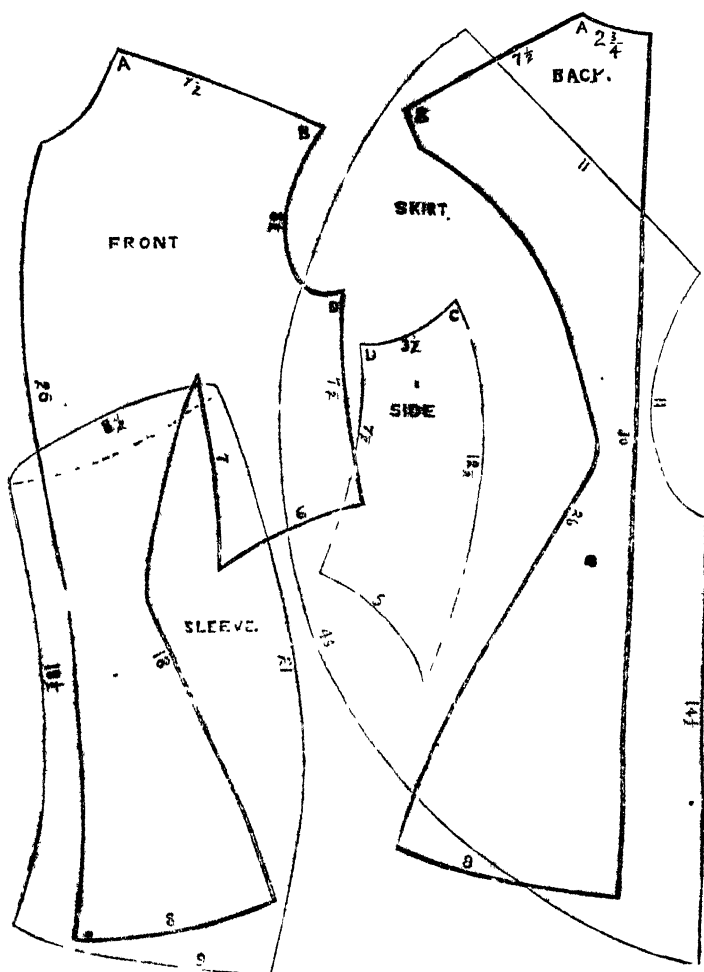


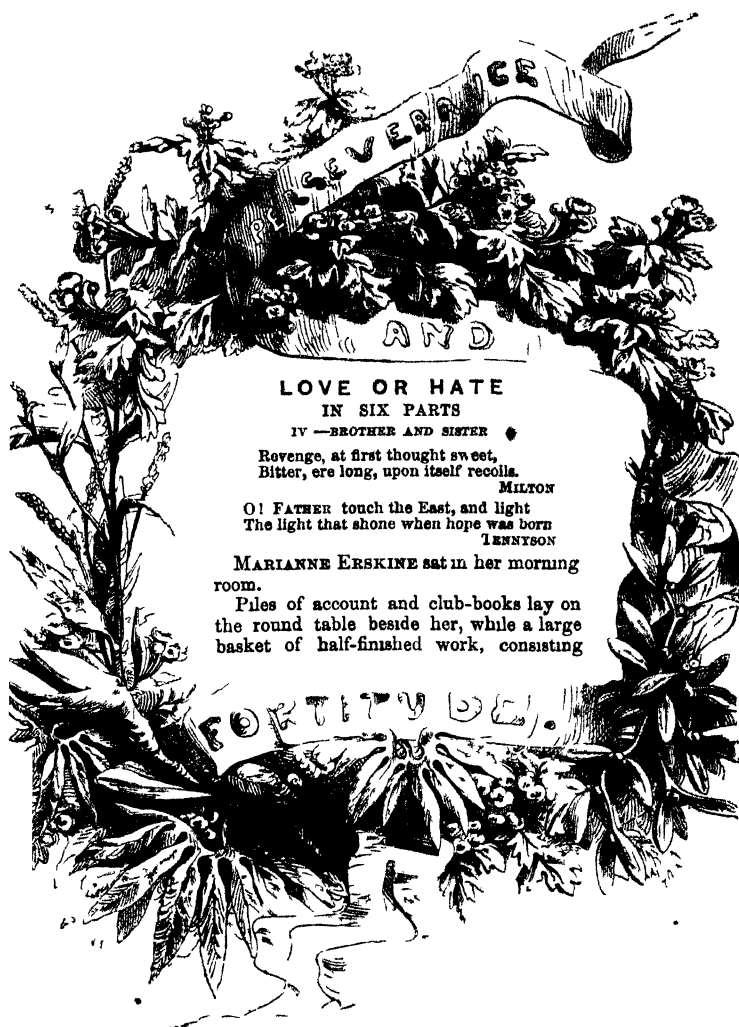
DIAGRAM OF DRESS.

THE WORK-TABLE.

EDITED BY MADMOISELLE ROCHER.

ENGLISH home life is adorned with so many graces of comfort and happiness, that the severities of winter only seem to increase its attractions. Its inward aspect appears to gain additional brightness in proportion as outward

nature becomes gloomy and chilling. The united family circle, the social friendships, the glowing fire, continue to make an English drawing-room the perfection of comfort. The work-table lays claim to its share of influence in promoting this general appearance of refinement and happiness. It proves that loving hearts have inspired active minds with taste,



principally of print frocks and coarse flannel garments, occupied the stool at her feet.

Yet Miss Erskine was not, as some may imagine from the above description, an old maiden lady with a strongly-developed organ of benevolence, a love of school-room committees and little patronages.

No, no, dear reader; amiable and invaluable as such persons may be, Marianne did not belong to the number.

She had been left an orphan at twenty-two, with a comfortable fortune; but the blow, which had at the same moment deprived her of both parents, appeared completely to have altered and changed her character. She withdrew from the world, and her former place therein, knew her no more.

She chose a small house on the outskirts of Cheltenham, and there she began her new life. What that new life was, few, save her most intimate friends, understood.

For the rest of the world, she thought little about them, and cared less, and was quite content to let them go on in their own way, if they would extend the like immunity to herself; but this, of course, was not permitted. The world, as full of gossip as usual, was a long time before it could be taught to leave Marianne Erskine alone.

So people shook their heads, and shrugged their shoulders, when her name was mentioned, and said, "Well, it was a strange thing! for their parts they could not make it out; but they thought it was highly improper for a young girl like that, to live alone by herself, and go out, at all hours, Heaven only knew where!" But when they spoke this, and other such speeches, they singularly enough forgot Marianne's *dame de compagnie*, and her two honest, old-fashioned servant-maids, one or other of whom always accompanied her in all charitable visits to questionable localities. What, then, could be the impropriety of Miss Erskine's residing with three such staid, elderly females in a bustling, populous suburb? No one but the fault-finders themselves could have told.

Marianne, however, caring nothing for what was said or thought, went steadily on in her own way, paying no more heed to the meddling remarks of her neighbours than she would have done to the buzzing

of so many flies. And when her indignant friends, tired of denying the tales they heard, repeated them to her, she only smiled and said—

"Patience, patience! we shall outlive all this."

She was right. Four years after her new mode of life began, and about the time of which our story treats, Marianne Erskine, then twenty-six, had outlived the sneers, wonderings, and taunts of the world.

And this was how it came to pass that she sat quietly working in her morning room, on the day of which we write, when all the gay folks in Cheltenham were flirting in the Pump-room or sauntering about Pitville.

But there is one more thing about Marianne which we must not forget to mention, though she herself so utterly ignored the fact that even her friends had ceased to think of it; and this was her exceeding beauty, not only of face and figure—and they were almost faultless—but also of expression.

Her hair was of the softest, brightest brown, worn in most becoming braids; her eyes of a deep, clear grey; and her mouth like a half-opened rose-bud; while over all was a look of marvellous purity and goodness.

Such was Marianne Erskine; and, as her heart equalled her face, who will wonder that her few privileged intimates almost adored her, while the poor looked upon her more as an angel come down from Heaven, *in propria persona*, to their aid and assistance, than as a living, breathing woman, subject to like infirmities as themselves!

But we have digressed too long from our immediate business, and ought to beg our reader's pardon, (which we humbly do) and return at once to our tale.

Marianne Erskine, then, had not long settled to her usual morning occupation, when some one tapped at the door, and, without waiting for an answer, Frances Beaumont threw it open, and, bounding forward, flung her arms round her friend's neck and kissed her heartily.

"You silly child!" and Marianne smiled as the girl lifted the basket from the stool, and took its place. "Where have you been all this time? Balls—fêtes—pic-nics?"

"Don't ask of such things now, dear. I don't want to talk of myself or my follies. I come to you for a little peace."

"Peace! one would think, to listen to you, that you had all the cares and anxieties of the world upon your shoulders."

"So I have, or, at least, my full share of them. Oh, Marianne, surely you are not one of those who think that, because a person has no great trouble apparent to every prying eye, she must necessarily be happy?"

"No, no, dearest; I do not imagine anything half so foolish; for I am perfectly aware that those secret griefs which are known but to God and our own hearts are often the bitterest and hardest to bear of any."

"You have felt this, too, Marianne?" And the speaker drew nearer her friend.

"Yes, dear; I suppose we all have, more or less. But it is good for us; it teaches us to look higher than to earthly friends, for peace, happiness, and sympathy."

"It ought to do so," murmured Frances; "but I don't think it always does." Then, with a forced laugh, she went on, "See, Marianne, we have got back to the old subject—my worries and trials—but I won't have that; I come to you to forget them. I have run away from my uncle for an hour or two, and here's my thimble; so now set me to work."

"Thank you; but mine is such homely work. You don't know anything about this." And Miss Erskine held up the child's frock she was making.

"Oh, but indeed I do; I assure you, if there is anything for which I have a genius—which I very much doubt—it is dressmaking. You laugh; you don't believe me; but I declare to you it is a fact. Now you shall see."

Frances took up a roll of patterns and a piece of print, and, in an incredibly short space of time, cut out and tacked a very pretty child's bodice.

"There!" she cried triumphantly. "Are you satisfied now that I am not quite helpless?"

"I don't know; you have quite astonished me. I had no idea that this was one of your accomplishments."

"I dare say not. I believe nobody has a conception of what a shining light I am,

hidden under the bushel of adverse circumstances."

And Frances, taking out the necessary implements, sat gaily down again upon the stool, and began to stitch as if her very life depended upon her expedition.

"What a variable creature you are, Fan!" said her companion, smiling—"one moment, in the very lowest depths of misery and woe, and, in the next, talking the greatest nonsense under the sun."

"My dear Marianne, when I can forget my worries for an instant, pray don't send me back to them, or I must paraphrase that celebrated epistle, the first we read of in our English history, and write, 'My troubles drive me upon Marianne Erskine, and Marianne Erskine drives me back upon my troubles.'"

Miss Erskine laughed merrily.

"You silly child! When will you learn to talk sense?" she said.

"Never, I fear; it is not in me, and, of course, under those circumstances, no one can call it forth. But, really, to please you, I will try and be more sedate; so now begin, and tell me what you have been doing the past week—all about your poor pensioners, and everything."

"It is not easy to talk to people on a subject, upon which we know they are not interested."

"Oh, Marianne, you are too hard upon me. You must not think that, because I speak lightly, I do not feel. I am very much interested in your friends, and should like extremely to hear about them, particularly the lame man and the poor blind girl."

"I cannot tell you about them to-day, Frances, but, if you really like to hear of such things, I have another case of more importance for you, and in which I think you can do more than I—at least, if you will."

"I shall be very glad indeed to do anything useful; only tell me what you wish."

"Have you ever noticed, on the road to Sechampton, five or six very small cottages, with not more than two, or at most three, rooms in each?"

"Yes, I think I have; or, at any rate, I could find them out."

"Well, in the second of those houses lives a widow in reduced circumstances, with her two daughters. I have not had

time to see them, but I believe they are very respectable people, and greatly in want of assistance, which must be administered delicately, or it will hurt their feelings. You understand?"

"Perfectly. You wish me to go there, see them, and do what I can."

"Yes. Will you be able to manage it, do you think?"

"I will try."

"And you will go to-morrow?"

"Yes, if my uncle can spare me."

"And Sir Henry Mordaunt. He must be consulted, too, I suppose?"

It was with a sigh, instead of the conscious blush of happy love expected by her friend, that Frances answered—

"Sir Henry is very kind; he will not oppose my wishes. But see, Marianne, my time has expired; I must wish you good-bye."

"Good-bye, dear. You will come and tell me how you get on?"

"Oh yes, very soon; to-morrow, perhaps, or the next day."

And Frances kissed her friend and hurried home.

The ensuing morning found her on her way to the cottages on the Sechampton-road.

She had no difficulty in finding them, and she paused for a moment to reconnoitre before she went in.

The houses were wretchedly small—so small, indeed, that it was wonderful how any one could have been found to lay out money and materials upon such miserable places. They were, however, tolerably clean, considering all the disadvantages under which they laboured, and No. 2 was decidedly the best of the row.

Here then Frances prepared to knock, when suddenly a new difficulty presented itself. Marianne had not told her the name of the person she was to call upon, and she had forgotten to ask it. What should she do? Not go back, certainly, when she had come so far; so she complied with the only alternative—walked up to the door and struck it gently with her parasol.

A low voice bade her "Come in." And she entered at once.

The room was as diminutive as she had expected from its exterior, though for its faultless purity and neatness she was entirely unprepared. The bright brick floor,

the window and grate were spotless; but whose was the hand that made them so? Only two persons were visible in the room, and to neither of these could she attribute it.

One was a very old and infirm woman, who sat propped up in a wooden arm-chair near the window; she held some knitting in her hands, but the aged fingers seemed utterly incapable of moving the needles, yet the habits of a lifetime were strong upon her, and she evidently did not like to sit idle.

A round table was drawn up beside her, and seated there, apparently writing, was a young girl some two or three-and-twenty years of age. Her face was bent down, but there was something in its indistinct outline, and the brown rippled hair braided round it, which affected the visitor strangely.

For a moment (while she was making these observations) Frances stood unnoticed in the doorway. Then the old woman perceived her, and cried to her daughter, in a querulous tone—

"Bertha, here's a lady come to see us. Why don't you give her a chair?"

The girl rose with smiling alacrity and handed her visitor a stool.

Frances took the proffered seat, which was given with the left hand, and, surprised, at this circumstance, she looked up, when, to her horror, she perceived that Bertha's rounded right arm hung uselessly by her side—*handless*.

She started and changed colour, and the girl, instantly perceiving the cause, said at once—

"My hand was severely cut when a child, and, being unskillfully dressed, the wound extended dangerously, so I was obliged to have it cut off."

"I am very, very sorry," said Frances earnestly; "it must be a great misfortune."

"I never felt it so until lately; now, I must say, I feel sometimes tempted to repine. It appears sad that, when my brother and sister are doing so much, I should be nothing but a burden to them. Yet it is His will." And she looked reverently upwards.

Frances was touched and interested; there was something so winning, so lady-like in the speaker's manner, that she felt insensibly drawn towards her; it seemed as if their acquaintance dated for years, not

minutes, and Bertha, too, appeared greatly attracted by her visitor, for she continued—

"I can do little now, but, had it not been for my brother, I should have been even less useful than I am."

"He taught you to write, I suppose?" said Frances, glancing at the table.

"Oh, yes, and many other things; he taught me to read and to think."

"To think! it is not every one who does that, nor is it always a pleasant occupation."

"No, I suppose not; but Edgar taught me to encourage habits of thinking, and to analyse my own acts and motives."

Edgar! it was a common name, yet Frances felt terribly faint and ill as she listened for the answer to her next question.

"Edgar! that is your brother, I suppose?"

"Yes, my only one—our poor father's favourite." And Bertha's voice shook a little at this mention of her dead parent.

"Will you forgive me," said the visitor, gently taking her companion's hand, "and not feel offended if I speak openly. I heard that your family had been unfortunate, and I came here to-day to offer you what help I could. You are too wise, too good, to refuse me from motives of pride. Will you then permit me to assist you?"

"You are very kind, and I know not why I feel to you as a friend already," replied Bertha; "but still —"

"Nay, nay; do not qualify, do not retract your words; you must promise to treat me as one. And now, since that is settled, would you mind telling me—that is, if it is not very painful to you—a little of your former history?"

"Ours is a very common one—there are hundreds similar on every side of us, and there is no reason why I should shrink from telling it, especially to you, who have shown so much sympathy. Our father was a farmer tolerably well to do in the world; he had three children—my brother Edgar, my sister Alice, and myself. Edgar, who had no taste for farming, received a good education, and went as clerk to the bank in a neighbouring town; Alice and I lived at home. Some five years since, my father died; he left but little behind him, yet it was enough, when properly placed, to support my mother, Ally, and me. Edgar

would take nothing, for he said he was strong, and could work. Well, four months since—yes, it was in June last—the man with whom our money was deposited, and who paid us interest, suddenly absconded with it, and that of several other persons. The shock of this, at my mother's advanced age, brought on a fit of epilepsy: we thought her last hour was come, and sent off for my brother, who was staying at a little village called Ayrton —"

Here Bertha paused, and Frances said, in a low, tremulous tone—

"Go on—go on."

So she continued—

"Edgar came at once, although, as he told us afterwards, he had a most important engagement that very evening, which he was obliged to write and postpone; and when he came, my mother soon improved, and our great affliction was averted. But still the sorrow which had brought her illness remained, for we were utterly penniless; and Edgar, our dear, noble Edgar, instead of repining at the burden about to fall upon him, bade us take courage and cheer up, for that he would work for us all. So he obtained—through a Mrs. Marsh, a kind friend of his—a situation here in Cheltenham, where he was much better paid than he had been in Hertfordshire. We managed to live very comfortably until about a month since, when Mr. Beaumont, Edgar's employer, sent for him to his private room one day, and said that he had heard some unpleasant reports about him, and consequently, although sorry to part, he must dismiss him. Vainly Edgar entreated to know what he had heard, but Mr. Beaumont would not say; so my brother left. He has not been able to get another situation since, and we have sunk lower and lower, until finally you see we are here. But oh! madam, if you believe a word against Edgar you will do him wrong; he is the best, the kindest son and brother upon earth, a good man, and a good Christian; and those persons who spoke ill of him, whatever it might be they said, did him sad and fearful injustice. I know it—I am sure of it—and I pray God to forgive them; for, though I try hard, I cannot yet do so."

"Stop, stop!" cried Frances, wildly jumping from her seat, "do not curse me, or I shall die; and I will tell you all. It

was I who ruined, maligned your brother—I who disgraced him; but it was not my fault. I did it for revenge—I believed he had trifled with and scorned me; now I see that, perhaps, it was not so. But oh! Edgar, Edgar, why did you not write, why did you not come to me after that fatal night? Now it is too late—too late. I have destroyed him, and broken my own heart."

And, without another word, Frances rushed from the cottage.

Following instinct more than reason, she hastened to Marianne Erskine, and, flinging herself on her knees before her, poured forth her tale.

"You have been very, very wrong, dear child; and there is but one course open to you now," said Marianne, gently, as she ended.

"Oh! tell me, tell me. I will do anything to earn his forgiveness, to win back his love."

"Nay, dearest, you must not consider that now."

"You think he cannot love me—that I have forfeited his esteem. Oh! it is true; I feel it. He is too good. I am not worthy of him." And she cowered down at her companion's feet.

"No, I did not say so. It may be, or it may not. I cannot tell. But it is not of him alone I think now. It is of you. Do you owe no duty to Sir Henry Mordaunt—to your uncle?"

"Yes, yes. I know what you mean; but, Marianne, I cannot do it. I cannot confess how I have deceived them."

"Then you do not repent—you are not really sorry."

"I am, I am. Oh! if you could but see into my heart, you would know it, for that is breaking."

"Poor child, poor child!" said Marianne, tenderly caressing her. "I feel for you deeply, for all you have, and all you must suffer. Still, you cannot shrink; you must do your duty."

"But Sir Henry will scorn me; my uncle will hate me. I cannot—I dare not."

"Nay, Frances, this is folly; listen to me. You have done grievous wrong in this matter, and must meet and abide the consequences. You have nursed an unchristian vengeance; and, by silencing the voice of conscience, have wilfully blinded your

own eyes, and deceived those who loved and trusted you. Yet there are excuses; and if you confess now, I doubt not that those excuses will be made. But if you do not—if you suffer your uncle to retain his present ideas of this young man's character, by that means prolonging his endurance of a cruel injustice—and if, feeling as you do towards another, you dare to take upon yourself the marriage vows, and swear to love, honour, and obey Sir Henry, I tell you, Frances, that you will be committing a heinous crime both against God's laws and man's, and that sure and terrible will be your punishment."

As Marianne Erskine spoke, her voice grew stern and earnest, carrying conviction of the truth of her words to the heart of the listener, who, subdued and penitent, whispered lowly—

"You are right, and, God helping, I will do as you bid me; but it will be very bitter."

"It will. So have been his sufferings. You owe him the reparation."

"I do; and I will make it. Pray for me, Marianne, that my courage fail not."

"Pray for yourself, dearest; and He, whose eyes are ever open, will hear and answer. Fear not that the Giver of Strength will desert you at the hour of trial."

A faint, sad smile crossed Frances Beaumont's lips as she laid her head down upon the folded hands of her true, right-seeing friend, and there, like a child at her mother's knee, prayed those words which none on earth have ever used, in faith, without a blessing.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN LONDON.

IX.—CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

A winter, such as when,
Among their children, comfortable men
Gather about great fires, and yet to cold:
Alas! then, for the homeless beggar old!

SHELLEY.

At last, down it comes, with a delicious softness and stillness, the soft, some snowy covering, that has been spread over the face of Nature these thousands of odd winters. I see it hanging in old brown barns, weighing down the branches in green shrubberies, lying in high drift-heaps in out-of-the-way corners of commons, whitening the roofs of all houses, spreading, oh! so evenly, over broad acres

and pastures and waste moorlands, and sheeting, as with a second funeral pall, half-forgotten graves in country churchyards—so white, and fresh, and fair, and full of promise comes the New Year, wrapped in brave bride's clothing. Who will not prepare a welcome for such a guest?

The New Year! How variously even the words sound to various ears! To the little children it makes melody in the heart, and the bells strike up a loud peal in a merry major key, ringing out right merrily, as though sin, and shame, and sorrow had no existence upon this earth; while toys, and cake, and fun come tumbling to its music out of the hands of Santa Claus, almost too fast to be gathered, and certainly too rapid to be counted; so wee feet toddle to meet it, and bright eyes sparkle with expectation, and little ears listen from cosy cots to catch the first step of the stranger; and shrill young voices shout, Happy New Year! Happy New Year! to Papa, and Mamma, and Harry, and Johnny, and Ellen, and Katie, and Beattie, and Ann, the cat in the corner, and the beggar as he passes, and all the world; for, for once, heart and lips move in sweet concord, and, fearless of the future, on the precipice of the unknown, stand the little children—happy, happy, happy!

I see them all alone, the old folks in the ingle—the good man and the true, full of age and honour, and the wife, whose children have right often arisen and called her blessed. The fight has been fought, the faith kept, the race nigh run, and the end is at hand. Not impatient, but yet expectant, they are looking for the promise of His coming, and the New Year echoes of the “all things made new,” to their faithful and believing hearts; and the psalm of life they sing, is a fresh Amen to the experience of the saints, that for them the lot has fallen in pleasant places, and that theirs is a goodly heritage. So, the music of the New Year speaks softly of the coming rest; for, fearless of the future, stand His chosen ones, waiting for that rest and their reward.

The New Year! And mournfully, at midnight, in a minor key, the clock chimes out the hour, with a heavy, dragging sound, leaving a slow vibration on ear and brain, as though the old past was so heavily laden with sorrow and despair that

it refused to depart; and many mothers, with tear-stained cheeks, sit brooding over the fire, dreaming of the loved and lost. Alas! for the wintry blast, that howls down the city chimney, speaks too eloquently of the blustering storms that swept the desire of many eyes into his watery grave, and left her, the mourner and the mother, alone in the cold world. Ah! round too many rugged corners of our sea-girt coast, too many hearts are wandering this bleak night, too many faces are covered, and eyes blinded; for the sad New Year, indeed, misses too many of her promised guests. God comfort you—and you—and you—His comfortless children, and give you grace to say, faithfully, “His holy will be done” and we, who have been kept from this trial, and preserved from this sorrow, will bear you upon our hearts, and remember you, as the old, old year fades slowly away, and gives place to the unknown future.

The New Year in the city! And there, far away from wife, and children, and kinsfolk, sits the merchant at his ledger, balancing books, and bad debts, and overdue bills. The young clerks have departed, the warehousemen left—all left—long ago! but the main man—the man of money—the merchant—must stay behind, in the fog, and the damp, and the discomfort, checking accounts, and projecting new schemes; for profits are small, competition is sharp, the market overstocked, and the large fortune, that *must* be made, unmade yet. So home-charities must be eschewed; sentiments thrown to the wind; midnight, mid-day, aye! or any time of day, meditations are esteemed useless, or, at least, too expensive luxuries; and, if he could, he would—yes! he would stop them all—those merry, merry chimes, that disturb so grievously his calculations. The New Year! What means it to him, save new projects, and new dangers, and new work; a weary grinding in the old mill, without leisure to love, to loiter, or to linger; without time to romp with his children, to rejoice with his wife, or rest with his God? Heaven pity the miserable man who are in such a case! for the breath of indifference has stupified their souls, and the bowels of their compassion are frozen.

The New Year! Young hearts are listening for the first sound that heralds thine

advent, and quiet eyes look confidently into pleasant faces, and new homes are pictured, and new vows recorded, as the merry marriage bells chime cheerfully out to hail the blithe new comer: so full of promise, so laden with joy and importance, so great, so grand, so anxiously expected, thou comest to the tender and the true.

The New Year! Have you ever seen a country welcome to this strange Stranger, good reader? Have you seen the bonfires on the hills in the North, or heard the rustic songs in rural districts to apple-trees in the orchards? Have you watched stalwart men, in the old woods, scrambling for mistletoe, or hewing down the holly, for our city homes? Have you heard "Shepherds, awake," from the dear voices of childhood, or as village maidens only can sing it? or peeped at the waxen image of the Holy Child and His mother, carried so carefully by the young carollers? If so, that is well. But, better than that, have you also seen London at Christmas, or know you aught of the welcome given there to the New Year?

In palace, in cottage, in school, in church, in prison, in workhouse, in shop, in street, in garret, some welcome, however humble, is made, right honestly, to mark the general joy. Windows, that are never cleaned all the year round, get, for once in the way, a wash then. Windows that periodically perform ablutions, are now scrubbed, and rubbed, and polished, till they shine like burnished metal; and a sprig here, and a bough there, testify to the universality of the joy.

For once in a year, the workhouse pots hold something more savoury than thin gruel, and plates, scantily furnished on all other days in the year, are, for once at least, heaped high with food, such as the old folks like. There may be merriment in the hall—the stately dance and the classic song, faint odours and perfumes rare, youth, beauty, and wealth—it is well, it is good, it is right, and oh, young man! rejoice in them all and give thanks; but for us there is a fairer sight, and a sweeter sound, in a real romp and a hearty shout from a band of neglected, motherless, friendless, workhouse children. Yes, Christmas brings for them some relaxation from restraint, however brief—some luxuries, however few—some token that there is, after

all, a link connecting them, however mysteriously, with their fellows outside the walls of their dreary dwelling! Welcome, Christmas! welcome right heartily! if this were the one solitary good springing from thy visit.

If ever London looks fair—if ever the recording angel pauses with pleasure as he passes through our great metropolis, this is the season—this the hour. If ever the peace-makers are busy, now is the time; and if ever they hope to be successful, now is their chance; for surely the anniversary of the advent of the Prince of Peace may well be celebrated by the forgiveness of injuries and the burial of old feuds. Ah, yes! and if we could visit many a noble and many a fair, as well as many an humble home to-night, we should see faces there that had been absent too long, and hear words of penitence too long delayed, and behold tokens of forgiveness well-nigh too tardily offered; but better late than never; and we'll leave the repentant husband with his rejoicing wife, and the prodigal with his loving father, and the Magdalen at the feet of her broken-hearted mother, saying peace to all, and forgiveness to each.

Christmas in London! And the little children come flocking in from the four points of the compass—young England returning for the holidays—and spruce-trees are being dressed in secret by kind fingers, and dainty dolls lie sleeping in corners of deep drawers, and mamma's cupboard is crammed with goodies, and cakes, and toys, and all for good, only for good, children; for the bad boys and giddy girls all disappear at Christmas—thrice happy season of the year, that can work such wonders!

Ah! if you could peep, just for once, into some parlours I could name, and see the piles of Christmas prizes for Sunday scholars, and behold the Rev. Antony Scroggins scribbling Mary Rosetta Joneses and Jack Frederick Stileses into those innumerable packets of rewards; if you could but see his young wife parcelling out those flannel petticoats for the shivering widows scattered, here and there, in the parish, or behold her sister in the far corner of the room sorting the tippets and gowns for those quaint-looking lasses that will sing your Christmas anthem to-morrow; if you could hear the continual tinkle of

that-house-bell, and listen to the patter of feet coming and going for soup and pudding, pudding and soup, all that merry, bustling Christmas-eve, I think you would agree with me, that it is worth venturing out to see, even on a cold winter's night like this.

Christmas and the New Year! Have *they* all been provided for?—thy poor sisters and brothers, I mean, good reader? Have you sought him out—some lonely old man, who has outlived all his relations, who has buried wife, and children, and friends—who stands the last of his race, the remnant of by-gone days? He is to be found in every parish, sitting cowering over his lonely fire—dwellings alone, in a queer locality—very likely a bad sinner and a continual murmurer. But who has left him alone to grow desperate? Who has suffered him to sin so sadly without reproof or remonstrance? Is he to sit there this year also? or will you venture to approach and see what kind words and good cheer will effect for him? or will you spend, in selfish luxury, your time and money, and pass by the widow and the fatherless, and the stranger within thy gates? Shall this old year, too, pass by unblesed by some gentle deeds of charity done by *you*—your own self? Shall these on the right hand and those on the left be secretly sowing such seed that shall spring up—oh! so soon—into an everlasting harvest of glory? and will you now, at this heart-softening hour, sleep the sleep of indifference, and stupify yourself with the fatal dream of selfishness? Far be such a thought, good reader. Choose you out one—aye, but one only—of the many outcast, perhaps, improvident, maybe imprudent, children of want, and pour over him the oil of sympathy, and into him the wine of consolation, and then shalt thou know, and not till then, the fullness and the reality of the words—a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! M. S. R.

If there is something like a feeling of sorrow and sadness in having travelled another stage-length of the journey of life, there is also a feeling of hope and gladness in commencing a fresh one. To the young and happy it inspires joyous thoughts of anticipated pleasures, and to those, who know the realities of life's anxieties, it brings a trustful hope, that the past may have borne away with it, all the dark clouds and shadows, and that the future may bring more cheerful blessings.

MIGNON; OR, THE STEP-DAUGHTER.

THERÈSE awaited with some impatience the return of Maurice. She was perfectly aware that she could not refuse to reply to his letter, and, notwithstanding all the natural simplicity which pervaded her simplest actions, it was not without some embarrassment that she traced the following lines:—

"Your silence was painful to me, though I could not take offence at it. I was well aware that your friendship for my father would not allow you to forget Mignon. But I imagined that you would be engrossed with other cares, and I lamented not being kept informed of all that has concerned you; for you tell me nothing, Maurice, either of yourself or of your daily anxieties. I love Graziella still more since I know that you are interested in her. She makes great progress, and I shall be very happy to take a part in those surprises which you contemplate towards that dear child.

"I find myself so happy in the asylum which you have selected for me, that I hope to remain here always; but, in obedience to the last wishes of my father, it is you whom I am bound to consult in everything.

"Yes, I much desire that you should call me Mignon. I began under that name a new life. I have well reflected. I imagine that I shall love to pass my days in a convent, near Madame Thérèse, our worthy superior, who is a mother towards me. I shall assist her in educating the children, and, perhaps, I may yet be useful. Since I am separated from my sisters, nothing recalls me to a world where, as you know, I have not been happy. But I must first ask your permission for my acts, for on you I lean as an adviser, a brother, and a support.

"Pray, believe in my sincere friendship.

"P.S.—The name of Maurice was the last word which my dear father addressed to me."

Maurice, on receiving this letter, behaved like Mignon. He read it through several times in search of what was there, and, more than all, for what was not there. Emotions the most diverse were aroused

in his bosom by the perusal of this epistle. He loved the sweet reproach, "I lamented not being kept informed of all that has concerned you; for you tell me nothing, either of yourself or of your daily anxieties." He saw with joy that Mignon's friendship for Graziella had become more intense, upon his informing her how dear that child was to him.

He was affected by the confidence which Mignon reposed in him, by promising to consult him in all things. But why did Mignon speak of remaining all the rest of her life in a convent, where he only intended that she should find a temporary refuge? Could she then have wrongly interpreted his intentions? Could she imagine that, in confiding her to the care of the ladies of the Augustine convent, he had desired to inspire her with a love for a religious life? These were the thoughts that took possession of his mind. Then, quickly terminating his business in Tuscany and in Lombardy, he hastened to direct his steps towards France. The postscript, which, it is said, contains the most sincere thought, expressed or hidden, in a letter, constantly recurred to his mind, "The name of Maurice was the last word which my dear father addressed to me."

We will leave Maurice absorbed with his reflections, and take a glance at the Crèvecoeur establishment, under the direction of the widow.

Has Madame Crèvecoeur recovered tranquillity, at least, in banishing far from herself her inoffensive step-daughter, the sight of whom recalled too vividly all that she was desirous of forgetting? No, that irritability sprang from the nature of this imperious woman, and it was not the absence of a child that could restore to her, peace of mind.

In order to stifle her pangs of conscience, she plunged ardently into a life of extravagance. She heeded less than ever the remonstrances of M. Rénard. She sought to find friends in surrounding herself with a host of parasites; she thought to become a fashionable hostess by receiving a crowd of guests; she would fain forget that she sold dresses, in disporting some more rich and beautiful than those of the ladies who came to amuse themselves with her prodigality. As for her affairs, she left them to the care of her agents, with whom she

had no communication, except to demand importunately fresh advances of money.

Pressed by her need of money, she wanted to become a borrower, but could not offer sufficiently good security. She wanted to sell her house or her château, but was informed that she could not dispose of this property. This resistance to her wishes enraged her. The men of business, who, to keep together their connexion, are ordinarily patient enough in their transactions, could, however, no longer bear with her exactions. The impassible M. Renard was the only person left to listen to her fretful complaints, and to offer her some conventional consolation.

The vigorous health of Madame Crèvecoeur was shaken by these violent crises of emotion. Her skin acquired a purple tinge, and her hot blood flew to her head and induced vertigo. The physician who was summoned immediately prescribed a very vigorous treatment, which was as energetically resisted by the lady. The physician took his departure with a very polite bow, and was succeeded by another, who was headed no better. She rang for her servants without wanting them, and dismissed them in a caprice of passion. Her domestics were worn off their legs, and it was quite impossible for any to enjoy a tranquil moment near her.

What had become of those constant friends who were wont to congregate in her splendid apartments? Where were the companions of her festivities? Her family she herself had ceased to see. Honest M. Morin could not forgive her her ingratitude towards a good and feeling man, and the heartlessness with which she disposed of her step-daughter. In what condition was now that house, once so prosperous? What confusion, what bickerings between the servants, what wastefulness, what neglect of the children! Who was to conduct that household? Who give orders, or regulate the expenses? She dared not ask the assistance of her family.

One day, when her illness displayed more serious symptoms than ever, her physician felt it to be his duty to break to her, with the greatest circumspection, that it was, perhaps, time for her to attend to her peace of mind; he assured her that there was no

danger, but the consolations of religion might, doubtless, afford her some repose of spirit.

"A priest!" replied she, quite beside herself, and starting up in her bed. "A priest for me! I don't want to die! You must save me; it is easy enough to hand me over to a priest! Are you not paid to cure me! Doctor, don't bring a priest to me! I am alarmed! I am alarmed!"

She had terrified herself, and she fell back on her bed motionless. Yes, that woman ought to feel alarm, if she thought of all the ruin and all the misery which her selfishness had wrought about her. She did not wish to speak with a minister of the Lord on the state of her soul; but sickness began to master her, and, during the silence of the night, she found herself in company with that to which she was compelled to confess everything. It was the spectre of her conscience. In the forlorn condition in which she now found herself, she was making a sorrowful journey through her past life. She saw herself a young and happy girl in her father's house; then gaining by her wiles the heart of a good man, and afterwards overwhelming it with vexation and misery by her intense selfishness; then driving from her house her step-daughter, whom she had promised to protect; and finally neglecting her own offspring, and hurrying on to ruin all her household.

"My God!" she cried—for this woman, who refused to look upon the sombre costume of a minister of religion, thus invoked her creator—"I am abandoned by the whole world. Who will save me; who will interest themselves in me, and take the charge of my little children? Who will pity me, oh Lord?"

And a voice replied to her from the depths of her own heart. From that heart, not entirely turned to stone, a voice responded, "Yes, thou knowest well there is still one poor being in the world whom thou hast injured, whom thou hast overwhelmed with sorrows, whom thou hast driven from all she held dear, and whose heart, when for the last time she crossed thy threshold, thou didst lacerate; yet whom, thou knowest well, but one word, pronounced by thee, will summon to thy bedside as meek, as tender, and as devoted as ever."

The name of that angel was Mignon, for Madame Crèvecoeur knew it well, and, in the profoundest depths of her heart, she was forced to render justice to her victim. She knew well that she could not live in this anguish and, having begged her lawyer, M. Rénard, to come and see her immediately, she made a great effort to say to him—

"I feel myself overcome by sickness; you have all abandoned me. I know only one single being in the world who will take pity upon me. You are well aware who that being is; it is my step-daughter. If my pride were not humbled I should not abase myself thus; but hasten to say to her, I beg of you, hasten to say to her, that I am dying, abandoned, and that my children, her sisters, implore her help. She will come; yes, I know the poor child will come to succour me, who drove her from my door. I desire to have only her with me."

M. Rénard watched her in silence.

"Must it then be," he said to himself, "that misfortune should first overtake us ere our eyes can be opened—ere the light can fall upon us!"

And he had almost pitied that arrogant woman who now supplicated the being whom she had crushed.

"It is a very difficult mission which you impose upon me," said he to the invalid, "and you must promise me that you will treat her with respect and tenderness, that not a single harsh word shall escape your lips, and that her little sisters shall be placed under her charge. You must promise me all this, ere I can dare interfere with the repose of that poor child who has suffered so greatly."

"Go at once," she replied; "I promise everything; I only desire to see her; time presses. I am eager to confess to her what deeply concerns her."

M. Rénard, on his return home, found a note from Maurice de Terranoire. He had just arrived, and awaited him at his hotel. After the first expressions of friendship, their conversation turned upon Mignon.

"I am just about to start for St. Germain," said the lawyer. "Will you supply my place? I have to communicate to Mignon a very delicate matter, on the subject of which she would, perhaps, rather

consult yourself; for the affair is a most serious one."

He then explained to his friend the sad state into which Madame Crèveœur had fallen, and Maurice, after having deliberated awhile, went away alone for the convent of the Augustines.

How his heart beat as he entered the *parloir*! His intentions were, however, so pure and so noble that he could speak fully, without fear or embarrassment, to Madame Thérèse, the superior, who was already well informed by M. Rénard of the real state of affairs. She had so great an affection for Mignon that she already loved the man who desired all his life to be her stay, and who was anxious to supply a father's place.

"Madame," he said respectfully, "you are already aware of the attachment which I bear towards your dear pupil, your amiable Mignon. Her father, seeing his approaching end, and being about to leave her alone in the world, confided her to my guardianship. I have carefully preserved this letter, which I beg you to read, for it explains my presence here: it gives me some title to occupy myself with Mignon's future, and to consult you, madame, who have received her with a feeling so maternal."

"Monsieur Maurice," said the superior, "I am acquainted with your noble conduct; I know that Graziella owes to your generosity the happy position which, by Mignon's side, she finds here. Who would not listen to you with interest? I need not peruse this letter to confirm what you state; nevertheless, as you desire it, I will read it."

The letter contained only these words:—

"My dear Maurice, I know you; though young, you have the wisdom and experience of a mature age. Yours, my friend, is a noble heart, and it is to you, to your heart, that, feeling my end drawing near, I wish to leave my dearest treasure, my well-beloved Thérèse. To your care I leave her future. If you should be inspired with a feeling for her; if, as I sometimes hope, she should one day love you, take her for your wife. You have my consent, and my dearest desires to do so. From that resting place which is soon to be mine, I shall see united the two beings who have most responded to my affection. I seem

as though I should still live with you both.

"I, however, know your delicacy; you would not desire to make my desires a pretext for thwarting her wishes, should indifference or any other feeling estrange her from you; but should you not become her husband, you will be ever her father, her adviser, and her support. You will answer before God to me for her future. I place in your hands, with this letter, the titles which assure to her her fortune. I could not repose them in worthier hands. For myself, I feel that I have only to die. Adieu, Maurice, my saviour. May you be happy!

"AIME CREVEŒUR."

"Yes," said the superior, glancing respectfully at the letter which contained the last wishes of a dying man—"yes, you are, in truth, her father. You are everything to her. She is a very dear and charming creature. What have you proposed to yourself to do?"

"But, madame, can I converse with you on my projects? Will the austerity of your life permit me to address you respecting the interests of my heart?"

"Speak! speak!" said the superior. "Must I not follow my dear children even to their entrance into the world! I forget them not, though they are away from me, neither will she forget me. My children, when they are married, come again to see me with their children."

"Since, then, madame, you are so gracious—since you respond so truly to the idea which I had formed of your noble character—I beg to demand from you if Mignon has displayed a sincere and ardent desire for a religious life?"

"I have seen no token of it," said Madame Thérèse; "this is the first time I have heard it mentioned. She is, I know, imbued with a tender piety; but I have remarked in her neither religious enthusiasm nor asceticism, nor have I sought to encourage those feelings. To inspire us with a conviction, we ask that those sentiments should be strongly displayed. Young heads might easily deceive themselves with regard to those feelings, and this to us would prove a great unhappiness. Our duty is to regulate and moderate their zeal. But why do we not send for her? She should see you."

She sent then for Mignon. Which of

those two beings, who both experienced the same emotion—though both, from very different motives, sought to hide it the more completely from their hearts—was the more affected?

"Dear Mignon!" said the superior, "here is your protector, the devoted friend to whom your father left you, who is to be towards you a second-parent."

Mignon, trembling, took the hand of Maurice.

"I know all that I owe to him," she said. "I shall do nought against his desires. My father, in his last moments, so commanded me."

"Mademoiselle!" said Maurice, retaining her hand in his own, "or rather, dear Mignon, if you will allow me to address you by that title of friendship, I have much regretted my long absence from France, and my inability to watch over you with a greater care; I am aware that my place has been supplied by the tender mother whom you have here found; but you will doubtless not remain here for ever, and I desire to consult you—"

"Maurice!" said Mignon, interrupting him and eagerly taking the hand of the superior, "you cannot find for me a better refuge; I have often thanked you for it from the depths of my heart. I have no business in the world, I have told you. My worldly ties have all passed away; it is here that I shall find peace. Oh, madame! let me remain near you; I shall strive to make myself of service."

"My child!" said the superior, "so grave a resolution cannot be so quickly taken. You are made for the world. You must summon courage to take a part in it. We shall speak again of all this at our leisure."

"Yes, it is here that I desire to live," said Mignon, "if you will permit me, Maurice—you, whom my father has commanded me to obey as himself."

"Well, Mignon," replied Maurice, "all I ask of you is that you do not take any step rashly. You shall be quite untrammelled in your choice. I want to speak to you of Graziella. I know all that you have done for her. What are my thanks? Your reward is in your heart. But it is to your heart, however, that I am about to address myself. I am charged with a sad mission. I know all that your step-mother

has caused you to suffer. She is now, however, borne down by misery and sickness. Forsaken by her friends, she places no trust in those who surround her; but she knows your heart well, and she supplicates you. I hardly dare to tell you, Mignon, that it is you whom she implores to come to her bedside: it is from you alone that she desires to receive attention; she awaits you. Have you courage for the task?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Mignon, without hesitation, "yes, I have. No harsh word shall leave my lips. Allow me to go, I beg of you, who may both command me; from you, my adopted mother, from you, Maurice, who are now my father. Yes, I feel that my dear father will commend my act; I hear his voice; allow me to fulfil my duty. What happiness to return a slight good for evil! I am going there to see my little sisters. It is perhaps the Lord who directs me to that house."

And she grasped Maurice's hand. How affecting was Mignon with that charitable fire illuminating her eyes! How beautiful she was! And it was that beauty of the soul which eclipses and causes us to forget every other; one could see only an angel of goodness. Maurice was as one entranced by that vision; he was enraptured, and he could not speak.

"Hearken to the good instincts of your heart, dear, darling child," said the superior, after some silence, "and if Maurice agrees with me I will accompany you."

"What affection!" said Maurice, in a low voice, the while clasping Mignon's hand in his own. "Thanks, Mignon! I divined your goodness. You will be once more the good angel of your father's house; but, above all, think of yourself; do not overtax your strength."

And he took his leave, asking her permission to visit her at her step-mother's house. Towards evening the young girl and the superior entered the chamber of the invalid.

They stole in cautiously. The chamber was filled with a dim and dying light; all was in the greatest disorder. How Mignon's heart bled!

Madame Crèvecoeur was dozing, and the two visitors silently took their place at the bedside. When she opened her eyes, she was struck by the black dress of the reli-

gious lady. Her weak head caused her to imagine that a spectre was before her.

"Forgive me! Have pity!" she cried. "I am sufficiently punished."

"Madame," said the superior, "it is Mignon—it is your step-daughter whom you have sent for, and who comes with all her heart, like a submissive child, to watch over you with all her care."

Madame Crèveœur appeared relieved, and, joining her hands—

"Thérèse, thou art an angel! Oh, do not fear me; come closer to me, come. I am saved since you will not leave me. Heaven will not harm me whilst you hold my hand. I knew well that you would come—yes, I knew it. But," added she, with an effort, "you can no longer love me—I know that also. You wish no longer to be called Thérèse; they call you Mignon—doubtless, to make you forget your past life. But, Mignon, I am no longer your step-mother; I command no longer. I am a poor invalid, whose only hope is in thee. My strength is fast failing me. Whilst I can still speak, and in the presence of madame, I have a prayer, a last prayer, to make to thee. Heed my dying words."

"Speak, mother!" said Mignon, "I have come to succour you, and not to give you pain."

"Well," said the invalid, "promise me, promise me that you will forgive me, and that you will love my children."

"They are my sisters," said Mignon, "I have loved them always; and everything else I have forgotten."

The superior took her leave, after embracing her dear pupil and giving her the tenderest advice.

Mignon, commencing her duties as sick-nurse, watched the invalid with solicitude. Very quickly the house assumed a different aspect. The peaceful nature gave birth to peace; she gave her orders with sweetness, and the servants, captivated by that voice which resembled a prayer, obeyed eagerly.

Mignon tenderly embraced her little sisters, from whom she had been so long separated. They had entirely forgotten their lessons, and had somewhat relapsed into their savage state; but her mother like anxiety soon wrought a great change.

To reduce the household to order, she moreover concerted her plans with M.

Rénard and the superior, who came often to see her; and, as Madame Crèveœur was not in a state to be consulted, it was decided that the two eldest daughters should be taken to the convent of the Augustines, and that the superior should take them under her charge.

Madame Crèveœur became weaker and weaker. Her violent temperament was overcome by her malady. She obeyed like a child. When she felt somewhat better, Mignon read to her several of the beautiful pages of "The Imitation."

"It is very lovely," said the invalid, as if astonished at the grandeur of the ideas. "It is very beautiful. Read once more, my dear Mignon; your voice fortifies me. There is a God, then, who pardons the repentant? My child, for some days I have been thinking, Can I ever become reconciled with my Creator? I wish to have a priest attend upon me; but first, Mignon, I know not whether I have strength left to speak. I have yet a confession to make to you."

"Speak, mother!" said Mignon. "You know that I have forgotten everything."

"Have you also forgotten a letter? But no, I cannot go on—"

"Speak! speak quickly, mother!" said Mignon; "it will comfort you."

"Have you forgotten," continued Madame Crèveœur with difficulty—"have you forgotten a printed letter announcing a marriage—a letter which, one day, chanced to meet your eyes? Well, I have learnt since—I have learnt that that was a false report. But do you, Mignon, know it? Do you know that Maurice de Terrenoire is not married? Assuredly, you were too proud to mention it to him? Do you know, moreover—"

She ceased, exhausted by the words that had cost her so great an effort; but Mignon could not have heard more. She was herself astounded at hearing what might work so great a change in her resolutions; and she experienced enough joy at these few words to compensate for all the sufferings she had endured since her father's death.

"Knowest thou, moreover, that he loves thee?" continued Madame Crèveœur, after a long silence. "Yes, I tell thee, he loves thee, and for a long time; and thy large fortune is the cause of the silence he has maintained. I know all this, Mignon, and

many times have I longed to tell thee so, during the time thou hast watched over me like a devoted daughter. Yes, I am much altered now; I feel myself relieved by this communication. I desire to make thee happy. And this portrait, how many times have I taken it in my hands to give it to thee! for it is surely thine! I know not what false shame held me back. But soon I shall appear before Him who knows all our thoughts; if thou wilt forgive me, He will forgive me also. Thou sayest nothing, Mignon. If thou wouldst say to me but one kind word—"

But Mignon could say nothing! She silently heard her sweetest consolation flow from the lips of her who had caused her greatest sorrows; and she remembered these words, which she had that morning read in the Bible, "Honey shall drop from the lips of the lion."

"I promise you," at length said Mignon, taking from her hand the portrait of Maurice—"I promise you, mother, that your children shall be ours."

"Dear guardian angel, thou hast divined my thought," said the invalid, exhausted. "It is what I expected from two hearts like yours. Yes, I can die—"

"No," said Mignon; "you will live, to love the dear children with us; but now you must be calm."

And she arranged everything for the approaching night. She performed her duties in a gentle and quiet manner; she spoke in a whisper, walked cautiously, thought alone of the invalid, and never allowed her presence to be felt but when she was required.

Madame Crèvecoeur was worn out with the fatigue of this interview; but, at the same time, her conscience was relieved by her confession of the truth, which demanded to be spoken sooner or later. This night was the best she had spent for a long time. Mignon's assiduous cares slowly restored her to life. "We have seen the selfishness which destroys; here behold the love which saves!"

Mignon, notwithstanding her long watching, preserved, like a strong woman, a calm countenance. She wrote sometimes to her dear Graziella; she lived in the past and in the future. She had, perhaps, in the depths of her heart, a secret joy, which recompensed and banished all her fatigues.

POETS:

THEIR LIVES, SONGS, AND HOMES.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

FROM British homes to American—from "the hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade," the "swain responsive to the milk-maid's singing," the lowing herds, the "playful children just let loose from school"—to the prairie, the forest, the wide lake, the mountain, the lurking panther, the huge buffalo, and the red chief in his war-dress. No doubt these are the contrasted images which arise in turning from Oliver Goldsmith to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, called up by the recollection of the two most dissimilar poems in the English language—"The Deserted Village" and "Hiawatha."

As every eye forms a beauty for itself, so every ear and every imagination has its own perception of sweet sounds and beautiful or sublime ideas. Though we have no quarrel with those who prefer the latter to the former poem, yet we must beg leave to distrust the judgment of any who could attempt to place Mr. Longfellow, gifted though he be, in the foremost rank of poets.

In such a case it is useless to say, "his style is quite different—it is unfair to judge him by such and such standards," because this is granted, and it is, therefore, allowed to prefer his to the styles of others. But the question is, Has he done as well in his style as they have done in theirs? We do not think he has. "Hiawatha," as a description of savage life, will not bear a comparison with the many descriptions of civilized life given by our standard English poets. The "Golden Legend" cannot be placed beside the dramatic poems of Byron, for instance, without suffering by the contrast; and even "Evangeline," the best of his poems—and a beautiful poem it is, despite the hexameters, the discordant hexameters—even "Evangeline" has no passages of tenderness or power which may not be more than rivalled by hundreds which have been familiar to us from infancy.

By the way, the opening passage of "The Golden Legend"—the much-admired soliloquy of Prince Henry—bears too close a resemblance to the description of the troubled thoughts of James Fitz-James, in

"The Lady of the Lake," to allow of the admirers of Mr. Longfellow laying any great claim, on his part, to originality—though the likeness be purely accidental—as any reader may perceive by comparing both passages:—

I cannot sleep! my fervid brain
Calls up the vanished past again,

And throws its misty splendours deep
Into the pallid realms of sleep!

Come back, ye friendships long departed!
That, like o'erflowing streamlets, started,
And now are dwindled, one by one,
To stony channels in the sun!
Come back! ye friends whose lives are ended
Come back! with all that light attended,
Which seemed to darken and decay,



When ye arose and went away
They come! the shapes of joy and woe
The airy crowds of long ago,
The dreams and fancies known of yore,
That have been, and shall be no more.

But, ere my lips can bid them stay
They pass and vanish quite away!
Alas! our memories may retrace
Each circumstance of time and place;
Season and scene come back again,
And outward things unchanged remain

The rest we cannot reinstate,
Ourselves we cannot re-create,
Nor set our souls to the same key
Of the remembered harmony!

GOLDEN LEGEND, p. 1.

Then, from my couch, may heavenly night
Chase that worst phantom of the night!
Again returned the scenes of youth,
Of confident, undoubting truth;
Again his soul he interchanged
With friends whose hearts were long estranged

They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead :
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday ;
And doubt distracts him at the view,
Oh ! were his senses false or true ?
Dreamed he of death, or broken vow
Or is it all a vision now ?

LADY OF THE LAKE, Canto 1, v. 33.

It would be hypercritical to point also to Moore's beautiful lines as an instance of resemblance sufficient to be objected to. Let us repeat them—

Bright dreams ! as when the spirit of our youth
Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth

And innocence once ours ; and leads us back,
In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track
Of our young lives, and points out every ray
Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way—

These, in conjunction with Scott's, may be taken as a proof that the idea which prevails of the superior originality and force of our present poets, not only in contrast to those writers of an older date who confessedly polished away much vigour from their verses, but also to more modern authors, is unsupported, and cannot, on an impartial comparison of their writings, be maintained.

Whether the simile of the dwindled



RESIDENCE OF THE POET LONGFELLOW.

streamlets is to be considered more beautiful than Moore's—

or like the stream
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever ;
Yet, ere it reached the plain below,
Breaks into floods that part for ever—

must, of course, on the just principles of criticism, be left an open question—a matter for individual taste.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, in 1807. He commenced his career as a poet early, having not only written but published several of his minor poems before the age of eighteen.

Nor was his genius developed alone in poetry, nor his industry devoted to his favourite pursuit only, as his academical career was so successful that he had taken his degree in Bowdoin College at that early age, and was offered the professorship of modern languages in the same institution very shortly after. His first tour in Europe was undertaken as a preparation for accepting this, and, having occupied four years in study and travel in the "Old World," he was installed in the chair on his return to America in 1829.

While at Bowdoin, he published "Outre-

Men" and some translations from the Spanish; but he seems, at this period, to have been more engaged in cultivating than using his poetical talent, and it must be acknowledged with success.

In 1835 he again visited Europe, this time extending his travels to Sweden and Denmark; and this, too, was also a preparation for the work of instruction, being undertaken previous to his being appointed professor of modern languages and literature in Harvard University. It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Longfellow's chief characteristic is that of untiring energy and industry, and that the author of "Excelsior," in familiar language, practises what he preaches. To be an accomplished linguist, and an exponent of the literature of more than half-a-dozen nations, at the age of twenty-nine, exhibits not only an amazing capability of perseverance, but a resolute determination, a noble ambition, an indomitable will—an aspiration which could not but command success.

The remainder of Mr. Longfellow's life is, of course, but the uneventful history of a man devoted to literature and the duties of his office, with the exception of two occurrences—his refusal by a lady with whom he was deeply in love, when he was about thirty, and his subsequent marriage, after the lapse of a considerable period, to the object of his constant affection.

The first of these, with the deep impression made on his character and feelings by the disappointment, he has chronicled in his romance of "Hyperion," which is almost avowedly an autobiography; and, in the last, his friends must hope he has found sufficient happiness to compensate for the former misery.

During this period he has written, besides his minor productions, the romance above-named, and another tale called "Kavanagh," "Evangeline," "The Golden Legend," and, lastly, "Hiawatha," a poem purporting to be a North American legend, told in the style of the people—the inhabitants of the solitary prairie and the mighty forest, before civilization had begun to exterminate the red chiefs of the western world. How far he has succeeded in preserving the distinctive features of the poetry of the North American Indians, if such actually exists, cannot be judged by any but those conversant, to a certain extent,

at least, with the lives and histories, the feelings and characters, of the people of those savage tribes; while it must always remain a question, whether the interest of the civilized world, in all such legends, would not be more effectually excited by a closer assimilation with the more customary forms of expression, and whether a little poetic truth might not, therefore, be sacrificed with advantage.

The poem in question is, however, certainly a great attempt. If there be, as we have said, really a national poetry belonging to those grim warriors of whom so much has been written and said, and yet of whom so little is known, the attempt to preserve it is worthy of all honour; and it is a pity that the undertaking should not be continued and extended. Though "Hiawatha," it may be safely prophesied, will not become a "household word" to the majority of English readers, yet few of those even who have criticized it most unsparingly, but would be glad to know that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, or some kindred genius, was engaged in collecting the romances and legends, the songs of war, of triumph, of mourning or revel, of the singular people, of most of whom nothing will soon remain but a dim traditional remembrance to those whose necessity or enterprise has placed them on the site of the deserted camps and wigwags.

Mr. Longfellow now resides at Cambridge, near Boston, in a house which formerly belonged to George Washington.

As his age is but a little above fifty, his admirers may safely calculate that his literary career is far from closed. Besides poetry and romance, he has occasionally employed his pen in criticism, and his abilities in that line have been considered of a high order. Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine how it could be otherwise with a man who has devoted so large a portion of his time to the study and the comparison of the literature of almost every age and country—to the respective literary merit of every style and every writer! He is represented, by those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance, as graceful in his address and manner, animated and lively in conversation, with a general courtesy and aptitude to please, and, in personal appearance, agreeable and prepossessing.

The world will, no doubt, have future

opportunities of judging of this poet's genius; and, therefore, it would be premature to decide, with any degree of positiveness, on the actual amount of his abilities. It seems possible that a desire to be "quaint" and "original" in style has, to some extent, trammelled a natural facility and a really pure taste—a native ease and an acquired elegance—and that the author of "Evangeline" is capable of even better things. Still, with deference be it spoken, it is as a lyrical poet that we like Mr. Longfellow best as yet; his minor pieces are, beyond comparison, superior to his more ambitious effusions, and he must produce very much "better things" before he can take his place in that part of the temple of fame in which some critics have placed him. This peculiarity of style is more apparent in the "Golden Legend" than in any other, perhaps, of his poems; and it resembles, in fact, those paintings of the present day, from which beauty and grace are banished as incompatible with truth—a proceeding which would be perfectly comprehensible, did loveliness alone belong to the ideal, and imagination never revel in ugliness and deformity. The many really charming and sublime passages in this poem, make it all the more provoking that it should be marred by such numberless commonplaces, not to say vulgarities; and it would be well for poets and painters of the present day to learn that homeliness need not be coarseness; that rugged strength need not be uncouth clumsiness; nor plain, natural effect a mere huddling together of the disagreeable or the hideous—a lesson which the latter might be taught by Wilkie, Gainsborough, or our inimitable Hemsley; and the former by Burns, Cunningham, or Crabbe, "Nature's sternest painter, yet the best." As for versification, the simple fact is, that there is no such thing as English hexameter. The language does not admit of it. Any given number of sentences, composed of any given number of words, may be broken into lines with a capital letter to the beginning of each; and, where necessary to the formation of some sort of jangle, the words may be transposed into the least harmonious, as well as the least natural, form of expression. This, however, does not constitute verse, either blank or metrical; nor can it be well understood why the attempt to

make it be considered so, should have been allowed, probably at a great expense of trouble, to obscure the loveliness of "Evangeline," any more than the trochaic measure, the least melodious really belonging to our English tongue, should have been chosen as the exponent of a Red-Indian chant. It is unpleasant to find fault, however, and those who desire the more grateful employment of admiring, will have little difficulty in discovering sufficient to produce enjoyment, and excite approbation, in the works of a poet who, with the happy taste which belongs peculiarly to our own time, has written nothing that can be disapproved of, on more serious grounds—nothing which religion can lament over or modesty blush at.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

A JUSTLY popular fiction, the author of which, with that extreme modesty characteristic of great minds, has not transmitted his name to admiring posterity, relates the experiences of a lady who, having taken up her abode in a shoe, was rather inconvenienced by the limited accommodation it afforded for her increasing family. A writer of more pretension has, in a romance rather less interesting, portrayed a home which, besides being, in itself, so uncomfortably large that most of the residents were, at different times, lost to their anxious relatives, and only recovered after infinite trouble, contained decorations of such magnificent proportions that the overturning of one, instead of upsetting the temper of the mistress of the establishment, actually caused the death, and became the tomb, of the hopeful heir. Perhaps these tales, like the opposing proverbs, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," "Penny wise and pound foolish," were actually written with a view of preventing the extremes, into which persons might run, from endeavouring to frame their conduct on the moral contained in one alone; the authors, by mutual arrangement, each taking different sides of the question; or the contrariety may have been purely accidental. At all events, the lessons remain, and it would be well, perhaps, if they were more frequently brought to memory.

One will be, perhaps, sufficient for pre-

sent reflection—the last-mentioned; the mistake of the lady in the shoe being not so common an error, and, when it does occur, more obvious, as well as more easily remedied. Indeed, as anything overstrained in fiction is apt to present so ludicrous an aspect as to render serious reflection impossible, the contemplation of the over-thrifty housewife's difficulties had better be avoided; for to squeeze a lady of *modern* proportions into her own "Balmoral," not to speak of also crushing in her youthful family, is a picture which would convert our arguments into the *reductio ad absurdum*.

There are persons, no doubt, who can read even the "Castle of Otranto" as a mere romance, affected only by the sorrows of the poor lady and her daughters, and the injustice which they suffered from her amiable lord; and there are, also, other persons who, though perceiving the design of the tale, will point to Strawberry

as an example that Walpole did not frame his practice according to his precept. These last should be reminded that great geniuses (like ourselves, for instance) are only called upon to "point a moral or adorn a tale," and that it would be better not always to inquire too minutely into our own conduct, which might not be found to suit such cavillers. For the former worthy individuals, who only require a little enlightening, like some of our friends, to whom it is necessary to explain the point of a joke, they may be assured that much is to be learnt even from wilder fancies than an old prophecy, a fallen helmet, and a subterraneous passage.

It is not at all difficult to believe that the sorrows of the gentle Hippolyte may be, in a great part, referred to those same subterraneous passages, and that frequent skirmishes with slatternly housemaids, on the subject of unremoved cobwebs or torn tapestries, may have had quite as much to do with her habitual dejection as the temper of her husband. The good man himself may also as easily have been rendered morose by these causes, as by any more direct promptings of the spirit of tyranny; and, perhaps, a snuggerly in a neat cottage, with a comfortable though not expensive arm-chair at either side of the register-grate, with its bright fire,

would have restored the cheerfulness of both, lost in gloomy passages, or frozen on stone floors under vaulted galleries.

Without the possibility, now, of being rendered fretful or cruel by dark wainscots and frowning battlements, sliding panels and slippery dungeons, we may, even at the present time, create discontent and the "blue devils," not only by insisting on the castle or the mansion, when we should be content with the cottage, but by vulgar, and generally vain, endeavours to make the cottage, whatever its capabilities, appear, at least, one of gentility.

Leaving all romance, and tales, and speaking to the common sense, and in the common language of ordinary readers, we note that there is a daily-increasing feeling against the overcrowding of the dwellings of even the poorest classes, and a daily-increasing conviction that it need not be done, but that, generally, even the most limited means will allow *decent* accommodation. There is, or ought to be, a daily-increasing feeling, also, against the all-prevailing and all-pervading disposition in the middle classes of not being satisfied with decent and comfortable accommodation, but demanding elegance and splendour where neatness should suffice, and accustoming themselves to luxuries where convenience and healthful arrangement only should be required. It would be too curious a speculation to inquire here whether the inordinate demands of one class may not have limited the means of accommodating the other, as—

The seat where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant, spurns the cottage from the green.

Again, it being reasonable to suppose that every individual on the earth has, in the provisions of Nature, a corresponding portion of her surface allotted to his use—whether the enlarging of the bounds of one habitation must not necessarily curtail a neighbouring one; besides which, it is with the inconveniences the encroaching parties bring on themselves, not on their neighbours, that we have at present to do.

If persons who have to earn the means of preserving a home at all, will make it a necessary proviso, in choosing, that it should be showy, grand, fashionable, or anything more than a home suited to their wants and income, it is no wonder that it should, in some sad cases, come to be exchanged for

a debtor's prison, or a workhouse, or, at least, in almost all, prove anything rather than a home of content and cheerfulness.

If most roofs cover some lighter or greater discomfort, which forms the skeleton of actual life, what must be the situation of the inmates where the roof itself is the mausoleum, covering not the dry bones, but crushing the living spirits? The costly monument over a heap of worthless clay, which, living, was neither lovely nor beloved, is scarcely more contemptible, and certainly not so pitiable an instance of human vanity, as the "whited sepulchres" we raise, while yet living, to attract the admiration or compel the respect of our neighbours.

This is, of course, the point upon which the objection is built—the consideration where lies the fault—for the sufficient space which shall insure ventilation and cleanliness is such a desideratum that no one can be justly censured for seeking the largest amount to be had within the means of paying for it. Let every one live in a mansion if he can, provided living be the object—there is no gainsaying so laudable a desire—but very different is the situation of those who choose the mansion merely that they may be *supposed* able to live in it.

Out of, say, a hundred young couples who have begun life with favourable prospects, and got themselves enmeshed in difficulties, we may safely say that more than half the number have done so by this means. There may be no other extravagance whatsoever; nay, there may be, in other departments of the domestic machinery, the most exact, if not pinching, economy; this one will be found enough. Indeed, what can compare with this? Too much money expended on a pleasure tour, on an entertainment, on a costly garment, or an expensive piece of furniture, we may have cause to regret certainly; but we may resolve not to be so silly again. Next year we may forego a trip to Baden, or even to Margate; we may wear a plainer dress, and change our annual ball or dinner into a "round game" and a "sandwich supper." But just commence housekeeping, with an annual rent above your means, with taxes above your means, with a retinue of servants necessary to attend to your house, not yourself, above your means, with the obligation of renewing or replacing the

decorations, appointments, and garniture, all above your means—just do this, dear young friends, and get out of the scrape into which your folly has led you, if you can. If you can! No doubt you can, if you resolve to do so. A good vigorous effort here will do as well as in other cases; but it is an effort which will cost much labour, much vexation; much, perhaps, immediate pecuniary loss and expenditure; much, certainly, of humiliation and shame. Habits will have to be broken through; sacrifices will have to be made, not of mere pleasures or enjoyments, but of things which have come to be considered indispensable; that will have to be forfeited for which you have entangled yourself—the world's respect; and you are happy, it may almost be said, beyond what you deserve, certainly beyond what you ought to expect, even if you preserve your own.

The picture is a ridiculous one, and has been often justly caricatured, of a vulgar family keeping a tawdry drawing-room and stately dining-room for show, while they habitually occupy a back parlour. But more contempt may truly attach to those who accustom themselves to the ornaments and luxuries of the drawing-room and dining room, without being really entitled, either by fortune or rank, to anything beyond the parlour. Mrs. Firmcountes, caught in her little dingy sitting-room, dining off shoulder of mutton, is infinitely more respectable than the many ladies who have never yet been discovered in the act, but are living in the daily expectation of having no mutton to eat, because they have, for five or ten years, or it may be but one year, been refreshing Nature with venison and poultry, off gilded plate, beneath a stuccoed ceiling. Perhaps the extreme absurdity of the thing, however, as well as the wrong, is not fully perceived without looking a little to the antecedents, as well as to the future, of those who so act.

Suppose a young man, who, instead of having commenced his education at Eton or Harrow, and thence proceeded to Oxford or Cambridge—who, instead of having entered life as the heir of titles, honours, or wealth, has made his *début* as a subordinate at the desk or the counter; suppose this gentleman's income has in-

creased to the amount at which he has settled that he may prudently, or, at least, not very imprudently, commence house-keeping. He now emerges from the bedroom and use of a sitting-room—which have constituted the accommodation considered requisite for his comfort heretofore—to the “double drawing-room, spacious dining-room, several best bed-rooms, bath-rooms, dressing-rooms, servants’ apartments,” which constitute the “desirable residences” advertised by auctioneers and house-agents as suitable to a “genteel family.” Suppose, also, his future partner, who has probably shared the sleeping apartment of a couple of sisters; who has helped to keep the best parlour tidy; who has worn her mother’s or elder sister’s altered garments, or assisted to alter her own for a younger olive branch; who has considered it a luxury to have a wardrobe all to her own use, instead of sharing the nursery presses, and to be allowed a fire in her chamber once a week. Suppose her, too, transferred to the residence aforesaid, and both thus “located,” as our friends on the other side of the Atlantic say, not because they have acquired wealth, attained permanent independence, but because they have just begun that struggle for fortune, for competency, which their parents have gone through before them, and which their children are to go through after them.

A good many young people do all this because they are, or persuade themselves they are, obliged to do so in deference to the opinions of the world; because their friends and acquaintances expect it of them; because it is necessary to their future advancement, in business or society, to “start well,” and a hundred other equally invalid reasons; but a great many also do it either from not duly considering the matter at all, or from a motive which they honestly think a prudential one. Of the first, the fact probably is, that, being inexperienced, and not very far-seeing, they just set about the work of establishing themselves as they had been accustomed to set about buying a new coat or gown.

A five or ten pound note remained in the purse over and above the necessary daily expenses, so the prettiest or most stylish garment that can be procured for

that sum is to be got at once. A few hundred pounds saved, or advanced by friends, are to be appropriated to “house-furnishing;” therefore the lady chooses the most elegant carpets, the handsomest chairs and tables, the prettiest china; and the gentleman selects the most convenient, respectable, or fashionable house on the agent’s list. They both forget, or, rather, do not consider, that all this is to constitute a permanent, not an occasional expense, as in the case of the gown or coat; and that even the pleasure which they feel in being surrounded with neat and appropriate appointments will quickly dissipate, or be converted to vexation and disappointment, when, after a few years, they find, if they find nothing worse, that they and their domestics are just as unsuited to the house and its belongings, as it is to them.

The class alluded to are persons accustomed to calculate and reflect, but whose calculations and reflections, unfortunately, do not always lead them to right conclusions. They probably consider that people, in the outset of life, are likely to be better able to furnish a house fully and comfortably than they may be in a few years after; that a little money expended in lease or purchase, to secure a convenient and commodious residence, may be spared now, but cannot when a family has increased; that “settling” thus at once, prevents the necessity of future outlay, incurred by the obligation of change of residence, and, consequently, enables people the better to manage and economize their income—perhaps save a portion during the first years for after expenses. Now, all this, in the abstract, is very true; that is, it is quite applicable to many cases; but possibly theirs may not be of the number. They have, probably, reasoned quite correctly, but the conclusion is wrong.

Young people who are about to start in life with a known and permanent income, even though a very moderate one, if they have present command of a sum of ready money, cannot apply it better than in securing a comfortable home for a probable future family. In thus insuring themselves against the chance of being obliged to burden their resources with an increased rent, additional purchases of furniture, &c., at a future period, when children’s clothing, schooling, and setting forward in life have

to be provided for, they act wisely. For such a young couple to settle themselves in a house just sufficient for their own present accommodation, with appointments merely suitable, would be to involve the necessity of, perhaps, repeated removals, with all their consequent outlay, but without the expectation of an increased capital to defray them.

Under other circumstances—those, for instance, where persons have, perhaps, no income at all, but what is to be acquired by industry or ability; where a moderate capital and a fair field for labour or talent constitute the sole prospect—it must be obvious, or it ought to be, were the reasoning properly applied, that the capital should be otherwise used, and that many of the very comforts and conveniences, not to say elegancies and ornaments, of the home, should be waited for, until energy and enterprise had reaped their fruits, and that the home itself should be, like their present position, only a stepping-stone to a better.

One class of persons sit down to live simply and frugally on a limited income—to enjoy just what they can procure for their moderate means, contented and thankful by their humble fireside, safe from the storms of life. Their fireside ought to possess every comfort with which they can at first surround it. The others set forth as adventurers on the ocean of life, which may bear them to the gold-fields of fortune, or cast them on a desert rock; and, in anticipation of either event, they had better have as little encumbrance at starting as possible.

You see, dear sister readers, that, on this same ocean of life, the intention is, not that you are to sit still on deck, and watch the trim vessel bounding over the smiling waves, but that you are to help to set the sails, and keep the craft, be she stately ship or humble wherry, before the wind. In feminine language, when the good man has, as we have said before, only to spend a certain number of hours in a certain routine of duty, and draw per month or quarter a certain amount of salary—or, perchance, may spend his hours as he pleases, receiving the interest of the thousands saved already by thrifty parents—the good wife may walk from drawing-room to kitchen, from larder to linen-closet, satis-

fied that she has done her duty, when she has advantageously laid out that portion of the family funds at her disposal.

But the part to be acted by the wife of the young trader, or the young doctor, or the young lawyer, is quite different. Business may be brisk and profits good one year, and the next the reverse. Fees may come in quickly for a time, and then may arrive a period of blank days and empty pockets; and these chances must be all watched and calculated on, and, if possible, anticipated and prepared for. And it may safely be asserted that, taking all the risks of ill-health, depression in trade, competition, and loss of clients, no young business or professional man's *expending* income should be more, for the first years of his life, than half his average profits. Death, too, is to be taken into account. Death before the young mother and her children have had any provision laid by for the sad state of the widow and orphan! And think, among other solemn and serious thoughts, how incongruously the scanty mourning and pinched meal may assort with the silken curtains and gilded mirrors, with the costly ornaments and elegant decorations, awaiting, perhaps, the decree of clamorous creditors to be sold for half their value.

Ladies are so proverbially fond of expatiating on the troubles of housekeeping, that downright matter-of-fact sort of people may be pardoned for wondering why they do not try to have as little of it as possible, and inquiring why, when they find it difficult to keep in order the number of apartments actually needed and occupied by the family, they voluntarily encumber themselves with half a dozen not needed, unless to give employment and wages to an additional housemaid, and augment the number of the "plagues of life?" What would any rational person say, if one were to hire a set of furnished apartments, never occupying or intending to occupy them, in one street, while one lived, to all intents and purposes, in another? Yet such a proceeding would not be much more absurd, than having a house just twice as large as is at all necessary for the inmates, the expense of paying for which is to be earned, and hardly earned.

Young friends, it is not at all advisable or advised that you emulate the "little woman" with the "many children." It is

PRIZE QUOTATIONS.

vulgar, niggardly, and slovenly, too, in the extreme, that you should, if you can possibly avoid it, have so poor a habitation as not to have a spare room for a friend, and therefore be obliged to "accommodate the gentleman by the fireside with three chairs and a bolster." The decency, propriety, and healthfulness of at least two sitting-rooms, no one can question. It is difficult to ventilate sufficiently one apartment constantly occupied; and difficult, too, to keep it in the state of perfect cleanliness in which it ought to be. But these comforts can be had cheaply enough, for the most part, provided they be wanted for actual use, not for show; and if you really cannot afford them, perhaps you had better not begin housekeeping at all. If you honestly can, just eschew fashion, style, and so forth. Let your health, and your purse, and your real wants guide you to a residence. Bear with the ugly and obsolete if necessary, and you will learn not to dread quarter-day.

And, here, may we be permitted to whisper one word, never so gently and deferentially, to the Mothers of England. Do not, as you value your daughters' future comfort and happiness, lead them to expect, upon first entering the home of their husbands and themselves, that they will find it so furnished with comfortable and luxurious appliances as that they have just quitted. Remember, your own home has not been the work of a day. Indicate, rather, in your general conversation, that a wife, if she would be the real helpmate, and if she would win the esteem (that must be possessed, as well as the love) of her companion, must "with him work, and with him labour, until the end be reached." Depend upon it, two rooms, easily paid for, bring more delight to a young husband and his wife, than twenty, with a difficulty in paying the rent of them.

Of all the social mistakes of the present day, the one treated of is the most general and the most ruinous. The rage for the stupendous and magnificent, developed in public works, has invaded domestic life, until we are in danger of seeing every middle-class Englishman's house actually his castle, and every middle-class Englishwoman turned into a mere keeper of a set of upholstery show-rooms, to gratify neither health, comfort, nor taste, but an absurd

vanity, as foolish as it is wrong—as inimical, perhaps, to real domestic enjoyment as it is destructive to peace of mind, and fatal to future prosperity.

PRIZE QUOTATIONS.

PRIDE.

[PRIDE seems, in some situations, to be so nearly allied to Ambition, that it requires a slight analytical mental process to assign to each its distinctive form. They are both highly stimulating passions, and, when directed to the accomplishment of honourable designs or the achievement of noble deeds, are always taken in a good sense. In so far as regards Pride, however, the readers of poetry will recall many instances in which its operations are witnessed under very different aspects. In the ancient ballad literature, its modes of action generally take a very direct form, and are usually represented with that unadorned vividness of expression which is all the stronger and, of course, the more effective, from its entire freedom from the elaboration of art. Let us give two specimens of the operation of this passion in two situations perfectly distinct from each other. The first is from the ancient ballad of "Chevy Chase," supposed to have been written by Richard Sheale, a minstrel in the service of the Earl of Derby, who died in 1574. We have modernized the spelling, that the sense may the more readily be understood—

The Percy out of Northumberland,
And a vow to God made he,
That he would hunt in the mountains,
Of Cheviot within some days three,
In spite of doughty Douglas,
And all that with him be.

Here, then, is the pride of power and territorial possession prompting Percy to the commission of an act that must provoke resentment on the part of the "doughty Douglas," whose rank, right, and authority alike were about to be set at defiance. The result is well known, and suggested the ballad which so spiritedly sings of the combat between the Douglas and Percy—

Who leaned upon his brand,
And saw the Douglas die.

The second specimen is from that beautiful ballad of "The Childe of Elle." Emmeline, the heroine of the song, has fled from her father's home, with the "Childe of Elle"—

A young and comely knight,
To escape the prospective misery of a repulsive marriage with

A curlish knight,
Sir John, of the North cuntry,
whom her father is about to force her to
wed, sore against her will. She and the
"Childe" have been pursued and overtaken,
both by her father and Sir John, whom the
"Childe" has slain before the other comes up
with him, when Emmeline exclaims—

"Pardon, my lord and father dear,
This fair young knight and me;
Trust me, but for the curlish knight,
I never had fled from thee."

The Baron, he stroked his dark brown cheek,
And turned his head aside,
To wipe away the starting tear,
He proudly strove to hide.

Here is the *pride* of the would-be stern man
struggling to conceal the weakness of the
father. But the conflict is not long; for he
raised fair Emmeline from the ground, with
many a fond embrace, and says—

"Here, take her, take her, Childe of Elle,"
And gave her lily-white hand;
"Here, take my dear and only child,
And with her half my land."

Thy father once mine honour wronged,
In days of youthful pride;
Do thou the injury repay,
In fondness for the bride."

We will not dwell upon the exquisite
melody and beauty of these verses; but we
cannot help directing the reader's attention
to the parental moral conveyed in the senti-
ment, which forgets the wrongs which, "in
his youthful pride," the father of Emmeline
had suffered from the sire of the "Childe of
Elle," provided he is affectionate to his
daughter.—We announce *Pride* as the sub-
ject for our next Quotations.]

POESY OF THE PASSIONS.

ENVY.

Thy pencil, tho' divinely bright,
Is envious of the eyes' delight.

DANTE, born 1285, died 1321.—
[*Ode* 24.]

Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy.

SHAKESPEARE, born 1564, died 1616.—
[*Merchant of Venice*, Act 4, Scene 1.]

This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone, set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands.

King Richard II., Act 2, Scene 1.
See, see! King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing, discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the East
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent

To dim his glory and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

King Richard II., Act 3, Scene 3.
Stay yet; look back with me unto the tower.
Pity yon ancient stones, those tender babes
Whom Envy hath immured within your walls!

King Richard III., Act 4, Scene 1.
Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy.
How eagerly ye followed my disgrace,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for them, and no doubt
In time will find their fit rewards.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues.

King Henry VIII., Act 3, Scene 2.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose,
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear, when day did close.

BEN JONSON, born 1574, died 1637.—
[*Cynthia's Revels*.]

His morn now riseth, and invites
To sports, to dances, and delights:
All envious and prophane away,
This is the shepherd's holiday.

The Shepherd's Holiday.

Envy not greatness, for thou mak'st thereby
Myself the worse, and so the distance greatness.

GEORGE HERBERT, born 1593, died 1632.

But living Virtue, all achievements past,
Meets Envy still to grapple with at last.

WALLER, born 1605, died 1687.—
[*To My Lord Protector*.]

Envy, they say, excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my misery and woe.

MILTON, born 1608, died 1674.—
[*Paradise Lost*, Book 1]

They harden'd more by what might most reclaim;
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
Took envy: and aspiring to his height
Stood re-embattled, fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper and at length prevail
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last.

Paradise Lost, Book 6.

I reckon not, so it light well aim'd,
Since harden'd I fall short, on him who next
Provokes my envy, this new favourite
Of Heaven, this man of clay, son of despite,
Whom, as the more to spite, his Maker rais'd
From dust; spite then with spite is best repaid.

Paradise Lost, Book 9.

What can your knowledge hurt him or this tree
Impart against his will, if all be his?
Or is it envy? And can envy dwell
In heavenly breasts?

Ibid.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

COWLEY, born 1618, died 1667.—
[*Of Myself*.]

E'en Envy must consent to Helon's worth,
Whose soul, though Egypt glories in its birth,

Could for our captive ark its zeal retain,
And Pharaoh's altars in their pomp disdain.

DERRICK, born 1631, died 1700.—
[*Abraham and Achitophel*.]

So just, so like tautology, they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton foreswore
The lute and sword, which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villiers more.

Macflecknoe.

Far from her sight flew Faction, Strife, and Pride,
And Envy did but look on her and dy'd.

Epistle to the Duchess of York.

O envied ignominy, sweet disgrace,
When every god that saw thee wished thy place.

Palamon and Arcite.

Let envious jealousy and canker'd spite
Produce my actions to severest light,
And tax my open day or secret night.

PAISON, born 1664, died 1721.—
[*Henry and Emma*.]

The Dean did by his pen defeat
An infamous destructive cheat:
Taught fools their interest how to know
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy hath own'd it was his doing
To save that hapless land from ruin;
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.

SWIFT, born 1667, died 1744 —
[*On the Death of Dr. Swift*.]

Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud them most.

ADDISON, born 1672, died 1719.—
[*The Campaign*.]

With haste, parental haste,
I flew; I snatched her from the rigid North,
Her native bed, on which black Boreas blew,
And bore her nearer to the sun; the sun
(As if the sun could envy) check'd his beam,
Dany'd his wonted succour.

YOUNG, born 1684, died 1765.—
[*The Complaint, Night 3*.]

Could angels envy, they had envied here;
And some did envy; and the rest, though gods,
Yet still gods unredeem'd (there triumphs man,
Tempted to weigh the dust against the skies),
They less would feel though more adorn my theme.

Night 4.

Were but one immortal, how
Would others envy! How would thrones adore!
Because 'tis common is the blessing lost.

Night 6.

Again the sprite
Besets him, morning, noon, and night;
Talks of Ambition's tottering seat,
How Envy persecutes the great;
Of rival hate, of treacherous friends,
And what disgrace his fall attends.

GAY, born 1686, died 1732.—
[*A Fable*.]

Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening Envy drops her snakes.

POPE, born 1688, died 1744.—
[*Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*.]

For fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy than excess of pride.

Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave.

Temple of Fame.

Old age laments

His vigour spent; the tall, plump, brawny youth
Curses his cumbersome bulk; and envies, now,
The short, pygmean race, he wailom kenn'd
With proud, insulting leer.

SOMERVILLE, born 1682, died 1742.—
[*The Chase*.]

Base Envy withers at another's joy,
And hates the excellence it cannot reach.

THOMSON, born 1700, died 1748.—
[*The Seasons—Spring*.]

These each exalting each, the statesman light
Into the patriot; these the public hope,
And eye to thee converting, bid the muse
Record what Envy dares not flattery call.

The Seasons—Winter.

O sacred Solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid.

Satire the 5th—On Woman.

We smile at florists, we despise their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy:
But are those wiser whom we most admire,
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?

What's he who sighs for wealth, for fame, or
Another Florio, doting on a flower.

Love of Fame.

Though Envy frowns not on your humble shades,
Nor Calumny your innocence invades;
Yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breast,
Too often violates your boasted rest.

LITTLETON, born 1708, died 1773.—
[*Progress of Love*.]

That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd,
Of rare felicity,
On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gaz'd.

Monody.

There mark what ill the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

JOHNSON, born 1709, died 1785.—
[*The Vanity of Human Wishes*.]

Oh! happy he! whom, when his years decline
(His fortune and his fame by worthy means
Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind;
His life approv'd by all the wise and good,
Even envied by the vain), the peaceful groves
Of Epileurus, from this stormy world
Receive to rest. Of all ungrateful cares
Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd.

ARMSTRONG, born 1709, died 1779.—
[*Art of Preserving Health, Book 3*.]

The lover's paleness, and the sallow hue
Of Envy, Jealousy; the meagre stare
Of sore Revenge; the canker'd body hence
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

Who pines in love, or wastes with silent cares,
Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief,
Slowly descends, and lingering, to the shades.

Art of Preserving Health, Book 4.

Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
Dare the Muse's walk to stain.

GRAY, born 1716, died 1771.—
[*Ode for Music*.]

ENVY.

And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.
Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.

Unmindful of the happy dress, that stole
The wishes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd.

AKENSIDE, born 1721, died 1770.—
[*Pleasures of Imagination, Book 1.*]

Oh! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes,
With Virtue's kindest looks, his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.

Pleasures of Imagination, Book 2.

When honour'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust
And storied arch, to glut the coward-age
Of regal envy, strew the public way
With hallow'd ruins.

Ibid.

But chief the glance
Of wishful Envy draws their joy-bright eyes,
And lifts, with self-applause, each lordly brow.

Pleasures of Imagination, Book 3.

Off at noon,
Or hour of sunset, by some lonely stream,
In field or shady grove, they taught me words
Of power, from Death and Envy to preserve
The good man's name.

Hymn to the Naiads.

He fancies every vice she shows,
Or thins her lip, or points her nose:
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!

GOLDSMITH, born 1729, died 1774.—
[*Double Transformation.*]

How bright so'er the prospect seems,
All thoughts of friendship are but dreams,
If Envy chance to creep in;
An envious man, if you succeed,
May prove a dang'rous foe indeed,
But not a friend worth keeping.

COWPER, born 1731, died 1800.—
[*Friendship.*]

So farewell, envy of the Peasant's nest!
If solitude make scant the means of life,
Society for me!

The Task, Book 1.

War followed for revenge, or to supplant
The envied tenants of some happier spot.

Ibid.

Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale, remote, has pin'd alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown.

BRATTLE, born 1735, died 1803.—
[*The Minstrel, Book 1.*]

Ah! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,
The lay Heaven-prompted, and harmonious string,
The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece—
All that art, fortune, enterprise can bring—
If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride, the bosom wring?

The Minstrel, Book 2.

Ah! not for me the harvest yields its store,
The bough-crown'd shock in vain attracts mine eye;

To labour doom'd, and destin'd to be poor,
I pass the field, I hope not envious, by.
FERROSE, born 1743, died 1779.—
[*The Curate.*]

A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distress'd.

CRABBE, born 1754, died 1832.—
[*A Good Villager.*]

In pleasure proud
I sat, when these curs'd tidings came;
Their guilt, their flight, was told aloud,
And Envy smiled to hear my shame!

Sir Eustace Gray.

Proud and yet envious she disgusted aces
All who are happy and who look at aces.
Jesse and Colin.

She, with such feeling, then described her woes,
That Envy's self might on the view repose.

The Confidante.

Although he has left me for greed o' the ailer,
I dinna envy him the gains he can win;
I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow,
Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.

BURNS, born 1759, died 1796.—
[*As I was a Wandering.*]

She, gentle heart, thinks it no pain to please,
Nor, like the moody songsters of this world,
Just shows her talent, pleases, takes affront,
And locks it up in envy.

HURDIS, born 1763, died 1801.—
[*The Evening Walk.*]

And hence disease that withers manhood's arm,
The dagger'd Envy, spirit-queeching want,
Warriors, and lords, and priests—all the love-ills
That vex and desolate our mortal life.

COLERIDGE, born 1772, died 1834.—
[*Religious Musings.*]

Oh, foolish ones! why I shall sleep so sweetly,
Laid in my darksome grave, that they themselves
Might envy me my rest.

KIRKE WHITE, born 1785, died 1806.—
[*Fragment of an Eccentric Drama.*]

Surely some envious demon's force,
Vex'd to behold such beauty here,
Impell'd the bullet's viewless course,
Diverted from its first career.

BYRON, born 1778, died 1824.—
[*Lines Addressed to a Young Lady.*]

Ambition nerved young Allan's hand,
Exulting demons wing'd his dart;
While Envy waved her burning brand,
And pour'd her venom round his heart.

Oscar of Alva.

Fox shall in Britain's future annals shine,
Nor e'en to Pitt the patriot's palm resign;
Which Envy, wearing Candour's sacred mask,
For Pitt, and Pitt alone, has dared to ask.

On the Death of Fox.

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green and shadows numberless,
Singeest of summer in full-throated ease.

KEATS, born 1796, died 1821.—
[*Ode to a Nightingale.*]

But childhood's glance of purity
Had such a holy spell within it,
That the dark demon in the air
Spread forth again his baffled pinion,
And hid his envy and despair,
Self-tortured, in his own dominion."

FRANK, 18th century.—
[*Childhood and his Visitors.*]

A stirring recollection of the trumpet ringeth in
the hearts of men;
And each one, either envious or admiring, hath
wished the chance were his.

And many have been wrecked upon disgrace,
and have struggled with poverty and scorn,
From envious hits and ill reports, the slanders
cast on innocence.

TUPPER, 19th century.—
[*Proverbial Philosophy.—Of Fame.*]

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian
farmers—

Dwelt in the love of God and of man; alike were
they free from

Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and Envy, the
vice of republics.

LONGFELLOW, born 1807.—
[*Evangeline.*]

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

SWISS CREAM.—One pint of cream, quarter of
a pound of loaf sugar, the rind of one lemon, and
a teaspoonful of flour. Boil it a few minutes, then
strain it. When nearly cold, stir in the juice of
the lemon. Put a layer of macaroons in a glass
dish, and then a layer of cream, alternately, till
you have used a quarter of a pound of macaroons,
which are quite sufficient for a dish.

CRAE.—Take some cheese on a plate, and with
a knife crush it, with a little vinegar, until it
forms a smooth paste, then add pepper and
mustard to taste.

ORANGE SHRUB.—To every five bottles of rum
put the juice of thirty Seville oranges, eight or
ten lemons, the peel of eight oranges and four
lemons cut very thin, and three pounds of loaf
sugar. Stir this well twice or three times a day
for three or four days, then strain it through a
jelly-bag and bottle it, and it will be fit for use.

THE FASHIONS

AND

PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

THE opening of the New Year brings with it
many a family meeting and many a festive gathering,
and these demand appropriate toilettes to
render their charms complete. If elegant attire
is a necessity of polite life, a certain degree of
taste and attention are requisite for all. It is not
richness that constitutes becomingness of style,
but a certain indescribable air which gives a
stamp to the general effect of a lady's dress. In
fact, the most simple and inexpensive of materials
often produce far more satisfactory results than
extremely expensive fabrics. Let the articles
be good of their own kind, well-chosen as to
colour or design, and, above all, well-made—
that is, in the prevailing fashion—and success

follows as a thing of course. We have no hesi-
tation in saying that a modern linsey will look
better than an old-fashioned brocade, even though
the one might cost but a shilling a yard, and the
other had been bought at the price of a sovereign
for the same measure.

These utilitarian observations may not be inap-
propriate at the commencement of the New Year,
but, in the first instance, we must also feel it our
agreeable duty to contribute something to the
celebration of the season in the shape of the
newest fashions for its hospitable festivities.

The illustration which has been selected for this
purpose is one of the most favoured in Paris, as well
as being one of the newest. The material which
it represents is black silk, sprinkled over with
bouquets of coloured flowers. The skirt is single,
and without trimming; the body is low, being
crossed over the front with two broad bands, laid
in full plaits, being confined with a waist-band
and finished on one side with a large bow, the
whole being of its own material, with long wide
ends. There is no sleeve of the silk, but a
very small epaulette, the great effect of the style
consisting in the dress being worn with large
white muslin sleeves, and chemisette of the same,
the last of which is composed entirely of tucks,
and trimmed round the throat with a narrow
lace. Ladies who do not wish to incur the ex-
pense of one of these flowered silks will find that
either a black, a steel grey, or a chestnut brown—
all fashionable colours—will make up in this style
with almost equal elegance.

Earnestly wishing to render our department
of this widely-favoured periodical as useful as
possible, we have selected the French Zouave
jacket as most worthy of being offered in the
form of the working pattern. We must warn our
readers that this is not the shape at present
current under this name in London, but the
genuine shape, as adapted to feminine wear, now
accepted by the Parisian ladies. Instead of being
rounded in the front and open at the sleeve, the
first is pointed and the second closed, having a
turned-up pointed cuff. Included among the
Work-table designs will be found a small braiding
pattern, which is inserted for the use of those
ladies who may desire to have this jacket in the
genuine French style. This is carried all round
the back, with the exception of the small part
where the sleeve is set in; all round the side piece
which joins the back (the peculiarity in this
shape is, that there are two side pieces), down
the long side and the bottom of the second
side piece, which comes next to the front;
round the bottom, the front, the neck, and the
shoulder of the front. The sleeve is braided up
each side of its outer line, the cuff being done to
match. This Zouave jacket is only fastened at
the throat, and is worn with an under body of
full white muslin, confined round the waist with
a band and clasps.

Many winter mantles are now being made in
the velvet cloth, the shapes for the season being
those of which we spoke on their first appear-
ance. These have all the large sleeve. Bonnets
are undergoing some changes; the fronts are
enlarging, and a lining is, therefore, becoming
necessary. Thus a black velvet bonnet has a
lining of royal blue or of sea-green velvet, which
is carried over the edge of the front, so as to form
a binding over the black. A long instead of a



round rosette, composed of the colour of the lining, with a pointed band of the black down its centre, is the most favoured trimming. Two or three rosettes of black lace edging are also worn. The inside trimming is new and pretty, being formed of a bandeau of pinked silk plaited into a ruche with full quilling of blonde at each side. In Paris some of the ladies are wearing a bonnet composed of black velvet and maize colour satin, the latter being covered with black lace, and the whole being trimmed with the same.

In these the crown is covered first with the satin, and secondly with the lace. In all these the strings are of black, with a narrow velvet of that colour carried round each edge.

One of the prettiest head-dresses of the season is a broad plait of black velvet made into a bandeau, with three hanging loops of the same behind, and over the centre of the forehead a large gold star. In some of these, small gold stars are placed at intervals over the bandeau and the bows.

THE WORK-TABLE.

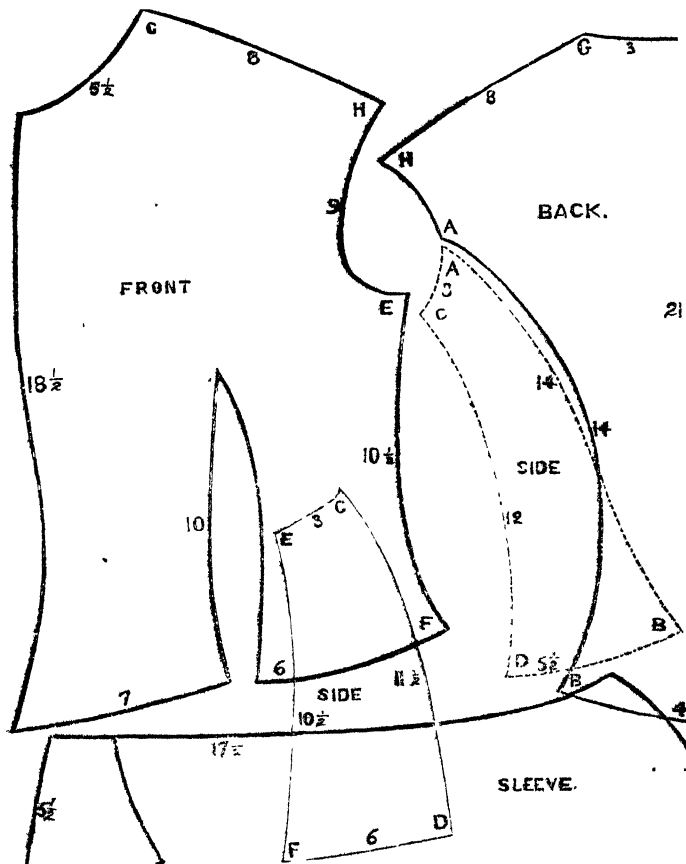


DIAGRAM OF DRESS.

THE WORK-TABLE.

EDITED BY MADAME ELLE ROOHE.

BRUSSELS LACE.

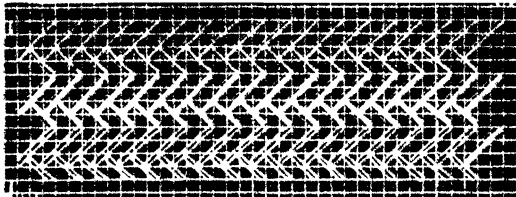
The best compliment of the New Year that we can offer is our sincere wish that every kind expression of good feeling which has been ex-

changed this day may be fulfilled. Among the many new beginnings that will be undertaken, the Work-table will contribute its share as the lengthening days encourage the commencement of more elaborate pieces of work. We have therefore given a design for a lace border in *appliqué*, which, when worked, closely resembles

Brussels lace. A fine soft Swiss selected, and carefully and evenly tacked at each edge of a strip of Brussels net the proper depth. The effect is much better when the net is not too fine. When both are arranged together, the pattern is to be traced in embroidery cotton, and every line neatly sewn over with great regularity. In the real Brussels lace, this outline is extremely fine, without the least irregularity.

After this part of the work is completed, the parts of the muslin which do not form the pattern are all cut out, leaving the clear net

ground. The centres of the flowers are then filled in with lace stitches, which add much to the beauty of the effect. This design is extremely appropriate for the present style of under sleeve, with a frill and puffings. A lace purl should be sewn on the outer edge. The best cotton which can be used for this work is No. 36 of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Patent for the tracing, and the same maker's fine Persian thread for the sewing over. This last is a beautiful glossy thread, particularly good for lace work.

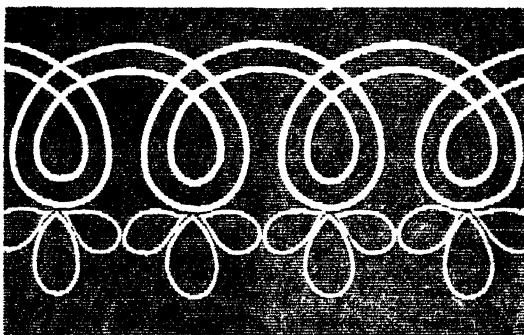


SLIPPER IN PLAIT PATTERN.

Simple and pretty stitches, or patterns, in wool work are often most convenient to refer to, and form an agreeable occupation for the fingers without engrossing too much of the mind. We gave last month a pattern for a cushion, and we now introduce another, which is extremely suitable for slippers, producing a particularly pretty effect, having exactly the appearance of a plait. We will endeavour to describe the stitch as far as possible. Take a slanting stitch six long and four wide, taking up the four of the canvas straight through: now bring the needle to the lower part of the work,

and insert it two threads above the lowest end of the first stitch, bringing it out, as before, under four threads again. Now insert it two threads above the first stitch, bringing it out under the four threads, as before. Continue to work up and down, always taking four threads upon the needle, and leaving two at the top and bottom of

This pattern looks very pretty worked in shaded wools, or in stripes of different colours well contrasted. The canvas should be a rather coarse Penelope. This pattern, being a raised one, looks well, introduced in stripes, for cushions and mats as well as slippers.



BRAIDING PATTERN FOR ZOUAVE JACKET.

Our other little illustration is a braiding pattern for working on the Zouave jacket, now so much in favour both in Paris and London. Those ladies who admire great display, and take the lead in fashion, wear these jackets made of black velvet braided with gold braid. They are also much worn worked in a bright-coloured silk

braid. This work ought to be executed with extreme regularity, as, when anything approaching to carelessness is shown, in ornamental braiding, in preserving the lines and curves, the entire beauty of the work is destroyed. This pattern is also very suitable for a child's jacket or frock.



LACE BORDER IN APPLIQUE.

AUNT MARGARET AND I.



AUNT MARGARET AND I.

ANNE CLIFFORD.

IN THREE CHAPTERS

I.—THE VISIT.

ABOUT the time when I came to live at D——, and that is a good many years ago; I was young then myself, and dear Aunt Margaret was more stately than she is at present, though she is stately still; our pretty friend, Harriet Marshall, was a romping "sweet wee lady," and Fanny—well, I believe Fanny was nowhere. About that time, there resided in D—— a widow lady, named Clifford. She was not a very near neighbour of ours, because her house was quite out of the town, near our beautiful lake, with its romantic, Rhine-like scenery. It was about half-way down the lane leading to the rope-walk and the ruins of the old mill, which has never been at work in my time—in the lane which forms one boundary of Sir William Harrington's demesne—and we, at that time, resided in D——, therefore, we were even farther from her than if we had been living in our present cottage. She had never been a great favourite of Aunt Margaret's, nor, indeed, I believe, of any one

else's, but we were on visiting terms with her, and thought it necessary to make our morning calls with due regularity; indeed, we were, perhaps, more particular in this respect than if she had been a more intimate acquaintance, in which case, want of etiquette might have been atoned for by friendliness.

At the time I speak of, Mrs. Clifford had three children—a son and two daughters. The eldest girl was a pale, intelligent, quiet child, just leaving childhood, in fact, being about thirteen or fourteen; the son, a clever, handsome boy, about twelve; and little Lucy, a lovely creature, scarcely six years old. Mr. Clifford, I believe, had died some months before her birth; at all events, his widow had long since discarded her weeds, but always wore black; and, though her attire was never rich or extravagant, it was respectable. The young people, too, were always neatly dressed; yet people remarked a difference in the appearance of Alfred Clifford and his sisters—his dress being much more expensive than

theirs—and, indeed, in various other little things it was observed that he had all the advantage.

I should not allude to these matters, but that they are necessary to my story; and, I think, a good deal of Mrs. Clifford's unpopularity arose from the observations which had been made concerning them.

On my arrival, she had called, of course, but, as Aunt Margaret and I were spending the day with a neighbour, I did not see her until we returned the visit, which we did in a few days, being accompanied on the occasion by Mrs. Marshall, who overtook us a few yards from our own door.

Our friend was then a blooming young matron, and was enjoying the society (I can't say the delight was very great to Aunt Margaret or myself) of two of her boys, urchins of that uncomfortable age when they are too old for the nursery and too young for the school-room. It was impossible, however, to say that we were otherwise than pleased to join company; so we bore the splashing of our stockings (ladies wore shoes with sandals then), and the twitching of our gowns, as best we might, and strolled on with tolerable comfort; the only serious disaster being the bleeding of Harry's nose, from a severer tumble than ordinary, which involved the use of all our pocket-handkerchiefs, and made us feel nervous lest an inopportune fit of coughing or sneezing, on our own parts, should necessitate the production of the unseemly articles, plentifully bedaubed, as they were, with mud, as well as the other consequences of poor Harry's mishap.

The boys proved of use during the visit, however. Mrs. Clifford was not a person of any great conversational powers; and—as Mrs. Marshall seldom talked on general matters, limiting her topics, as well-behaved matrons ought, to her children, her neighbours, and her servants—it was well that one of these topics happened to be present; especially as I was, at that time, rather ill, and rather out of spirits, and Aunt Margaret is habitually reserved with those she does not like, unless her feelings get excited.

When the discourse flagged, therefore, it was easy to discover that Dick or Harry was too noisy, or too shy, or required a glove on or off, or was likely to slip off a chair, or was too close to the fire, or some-

thing of a like nature, which broke an awkward pause, and gave occasion to a remark, not very original, but answering the purpose.

Alfred Clifford was at school, but the two little girls were in the room; Anne, the eldest, patiently sewing what appeared a very long seam, and glancing, I thought, wistfully, at a book, opened and turned down, on the work-table; and Lucy playing with a beautiful little spaniel, which, in answer to an inquiry of Aunt Margaret's, she said, belonged to her brother.

"And I suppose you take care of your brother's dog while he is at school?" said Aunt Margaret.

"Oh! I take care of it always; that is, Anne and I do," replied the child. "Alfred has not time."

"Boys' studies occupy them so much," said Mrs. Clifford.

"True," replied Aunt Margaret. And then Mrs. Marshall said she "must soon think of putting her boys to school; and she had heard Mr. Armstrong's was an excellent one, and that Master Clifford was quite at the head of all his young companions; but, to be sure, he was so clever;" and so forth.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Clifford, with the first appearance of animation she had shown. "I am happy to say, Alfred is considered very forward in his studies, for his age. He has excellent abilities." A few remarks on Mr. Armstrong, his school, and his boys followed; and then Mrs. Marshall inquired whether Mrs. Clifford was pleased with Miss Sykes, and considered her a good teacher, as she wanted a governess for Carry and Harriet, and understood that she (Miss Sykes) had a few hours in the day at her disposal.

"I believe she is a very good teacher," quoth Mrs. Clifford coldly; "but I did not engage her. I have had no governess for Anne since Miss Collins left."

I glanced at Anne, quite unintentionally, as her mother said this, and I noticed a quick flush which rose over the little girl's pale face, up to the roots of her hair. She was not conscious that any one observed her, I think, as she was looking steadily down on her work; but still her fingers trembled a little, and I even saw her lip quiver, as her needle began to move more quickly. There was an embarrassing little

pause then, of a moment or so, before Mrs. Clifford added, "Miss Sykes's terms are very high, that is, for one pupil. When Lucy is old enough to require a teacher, I shall be able to procure instruction for both at a more reasonable price."

I don't know why we all felt rather awkward at again commencing a conversation, or continuing that we were engaged in; but, at all events, no one expressed her assent or otherwise to what Mrs. Clifford had said, or hazarded a remark on any other subject, until Aunt Margaret forced herself to say something on embroidery, *à propos* to Dick Marshall having employed the interval in climbing on his mother's shoulder, whereby he had got his fingers entangled in, and had torn away half her collar.

This led to some observations on "work" in general; and then Mrs. Marshall blundered again, in meaning to pay a compliment, by remarking that "Anne seemed very fond of needlework."

"Oh! I don't know," said Mrs. Clifford. "We have had a good deal of it to do. Alfred is going as boarder to Mr. Armstrong after this half, so we have had all his new linen to get ready; and it is so expensive to put plain work out."

"And isn't it much more——" I fancy Mrs. Marshall was going to blurt out the question, "Isn't it much more expensive to put your son to a boarding-school?" but, fortunately, Aunt Margaret got a fit of coughing; and I suppose the dread of the forthcoming handkerchief, which made me grow nervous and fidgety, operated to give her time to reflect on what she was about to say; for when she could be heard, she changed to, "That is, do you think it more advantageous to have him a boarder?"

"He only has the usual routine of the mid-day classes now," replied Mrs. Clifford, "and Mr. Armstrong has a teacher of modern languages for his boarders in the afternoons, besides Mr. Bankes, who lectures twice a-week on botany and natural history. It is a pity for Alfred to lose all those opportunities."

"Mr. Bankes has got a class at Mrs. Westall's, too," said Aunt Margaret. "And Mrs. Westall says her young ladies have improved very much since he has been teaching. Several of them, indeed, are quite accomplished botanists and entomo-

logists; they are subscribing to purchase a microscope after Christmas vacation."

"I don't approve of schools for girls," said Mrs. Clifford, with something of a hard and cunning look, as if she had detected Aunt Margaret in setting a trap, and defied her.

"Neither do I, in general," quoth Aunt Margaret drily.

"But Mrs. Westall's is so very good a school," said innocent Mrs. Marshall; but Mrs. Clifford deigned no further remark.

I began to examine our new-made acquaintance more particularly than I had done, and I cannot say that the observation pleased me. There was something about the pinched mouth, narrow forehead, and cold, grey eye very repelling. Yet she had been considered a handsome woman; but it was not the style of beauty to please. Regularity of features she had; and her abundant and very beautiful light-brown hair, even and pearly teeth, added to a good figure, and lady-like carriage and deportment, helped to procure for her the meed of approbation her personal charms received. But I was fastidious, and did not like her; especially as I looked from her cold face and rigid, upright figure, to the slender, bending form and drooping, sensitive countenance of her eldest daughter.

"She is not like her mother, either," thought I, giving way to a cogitative mood, customary with me; "she has not that selfish, calculating look."

And I marked the broad, rather low forehead, the deep-set hazel eye, and full, tremulous lip, the pliant figure, the dark, but not disagreeably dark, complexion, and hair nearly approaching to black.

"She must be like her father and the other."

I turned to the dimpled little beauty, but she was not very like either mother or sister. Anne's forehead she had, and her straight Grecian nose, and the mouth was nearly the same; but her eyes were bright blue, and hair pale gold, and her skin fair as her mother's. This was the only point in which she resembled Mrs. Clifford; and I mentally decided that, in features, both girls were more like their father—the youngest only preserving the mother's complexion.

Our visit was not pleasant enough for any of the party to be anxious to prolong

it; so, when Aunt Margaret rose, we were quite ready to go, and not very well pleased that a slight delay was occasioned by Harry recollecting that Lucy Clifford had promised to show him a pet squirrel; however, we submitted with as good a grace as we could, though Mrs. Clifford, while begging us to be seated again until the children returned, drew her work-basket towards her, and commenced cutting shirt-collar, from a paper pattern.

When we were fairly out of the house, Mrs. Marshall commenced the conversation, with very little reservation of her opinion.

"What a dreadfully selfish woman!"

"Perhaps she is only peculiar," said Aunt Margaret.

"My dear Miss Graham, 'tis horrid, perfectly horrid! Why should not that poor little Anne Clifford have a teacher? And, I assure you, she is a very clever girl—Miss Collins told me so."

"Mrs. Clifford finds her son's education expensive, no doubt," reasoned Aunt Margaret; "and I believe Mr. Clifford did not leave much property—not more than enables his widow and children to live respectably."

"But, then, every child should share alike," urged indignant Mrs. Marshall, who, to do her justice, distributed her slaps and kisses, her bread and butter, and roast-mutton, among the inhabitants of the Marshall nursery with strict impartiality.

"We do not know all her motives, nor all her necessities either," said I, following my aunt's lead, though against my own internal convictions.

"Nonsense! Why should that child do plain work that her brother may learn French and German, and attend Mr. Banks's lectures?"

This was a question difficult to answer, so we tried a diversion of the subject, in which we were assisted by Dick getting over his shoes in a puddle, and requiring a maternal shake; but our friend was too much accustomed to those little incidents, and the necessary chastisements, to have her attention distracted for more than a moment; so, after an awful threat of a dark closet, and no pudding, if both boys did not walk home without further mischief, she returned to the charge; this time, however, contenting herself with a mere expression of personal feeling.

"I never could like Mrs. Clifford," said she.

She is not a very agreeable person, certainly," said Aunt Margaret.

"What sort of boy is Master Clifford?" said I, willing to gain a little more information.

"Oh! a very good boy, indeed! Quite a pattern!" replied Mrs. Marshall, adding, by way of qualification—"Not that I like your model boys."

"I believe he is, indeed, a very good lad; and his abilities and industry quite justify any expense incurred for his education," said kind Aunt Margaret; "and I have never heard that his disposition was otherwise than amiable."

Mrs. Marshall was too good a mother herself, not to retract immediately the little splenetic opinion concerning "model boys," and support my aunt's assertion cordially; and, then, before we got altogether too uncharitable, we were joined by Miss Crosbie, on her way to the library, who fortunately turned our conversation on the last new novel; and an interesting discussion on the character of the heroine, in which all were talkers and none hearers, brought us to our own door.

We did not much improve our acquaintance with Mrs. Clifford; but even the slight knowledge I attained was sufficient to make me, in my inmost heart, say, with our friend, "I never could like her," although that friend, who overflowed with kindness to the whole world, spent, in less than a week after our first visit, an hour one morning in endeavouring to excite our utmost sympathies for "poor dear Mrs. Clifford," for no better reason, than "I could discover, than that "poor dear Mrs. Clifford" had sprained her ankle. Better reason! Well, it was a good, womanly reason—the reason of a true-hearted Christian; and if not quite as *reasonable* as Aunt Margaret, for instance, might have given, was quite logical enough to justify Mrs. Marshall's right to pity, if not Mrs. Clifford's claim to be pitied.

Perversity of human nature! We could not like Alfred Clifford either, though he was the model boy of D—; preferring to him Tom Crosbie, that idle nephew of Miss Crosbie, who, so far from being "head boy" in Latin or Greek, or at the top of the "English History Class," was never at the

top of any class, and only acquired the slightest possible knowledge of the dead languages on the severest compulsion; or even Jack Hopkins, who fully justified his euphonious patronymic by being the most "harem-scarem" youth amidst the juvenile society of D—. Yes; though Alfred Clifford never appeared but neatly brushed and cleanly booted, though he never hunted our cats, or made alarming vocal imitations of cows if he happened to see us at a little distance, on a lonely road, like that dreadful Jack Hopkins. Though he won I do not know how many prizes at school, as well as a silver medal at the half-yearly catechetical examination, while Tom Crosbie was given a polite hint that he might leave the class, on account of his deplorable ignorance of the customs of the ancient Chaldeans, still we (Aunt Margaret and I) liked Jack and Tom better.

And this, even after a juvenile party which we once had the courage to give, in honour of a dear little friend who stayed six weeks with us while "dear mamma was so ill." At this same party Master Clifford gained unqualified praise for his good behaviour and intelligence, while unfortunate Jack Hopkins knocked over a tray of glasses, endeavouring to secure a good place for a blue-eyed rose-bud beside him, to see the magic lantern; and Tom Crosbie horrified every one, and particularly his aunt, by unblushingly acknowledging that he knew nothing of coal, but that "it was dug out of a pit;" while Alfred Clifford gave us the most delightful information concerning the "carboniferous system," with a cursory glance at "primary," "secondary," and "tertiary" formations. Stranger still, Jack and Tom were more popular even with less "peculiar" people than Aunt Margaret and myself; and though Miss Molesworth declared herself very much edified on the occasion of the geological lecture (I saw her yawn more than once; but then, indeed, almost all the elders of the party did so, more or less), yet she seemed very much more grateful for a pair of new hinges to an old meat-sate, put on next morning by Tom Crosbie, who was only idle where books were concerned; and took the trouble, though she professes herself a strict disciplinarian, of begging him off from an imposition incurred for an incorrect exercise.

But our feelings, or opinions, did not prevent Alfred Clifford "going ahead," as the Americans say; and, certainly, no one could deny his right to succeed, if self-denial and industry deserve to be rewarded. No inducement kept the young student from his tasks, and no persuasion sufficed to entangle the boy in any boyish scrapes. He was no hypocrite, either. If he refused to join parties in orchard-robbing or birds'-nesting, or declined making one in a foray on the splendid walnut-trees on Mr. Batt's lawn, he was never known to indulge in these or similar movements on the sly; and if he outstripped all his compeers in the pursuit of knowledge, his most deeply-mortified rival never said that his correct construing, his ready and intelligent answering, and his elegant composition were owing to "a crib."

Other matters were not quite so well. We knew that he was fully aware that, while every guinea that could be spared, pinched from his mother's income, was devoted to his education, his sister Anne, with equal ability and far superior genius, was denied time for even her own solitary improvement; because Mrs. Clifford had found it necessary to dismiss a servant, and so, not only seam-sewing, but the patching and darning of the seldom-renewed garments, fell on her.

We knew he was aware that Lucy was growing up a careless, thoughtless, and still more dangerous, a lovely hoyden, without moral or intellectual culture; and, though we were not so unreasonable as to be very angry at this, while he was yet a child, yet, when seventeen or eighteen years removed him from the scarcely-exerted rule of Mr. Armstrong, and his mother began to speak of Oxford or Cambridge, and he himself looked forward to a brilliant collegiate career; then, indeed, we, good gossips of D—, waxed indignant, and wondered that he did not perceive that Anne's young face looked prematurely old, and that Anne's figure had contracted an unhealthy stoop, and Anne's manner a constrained reserve and hesitating diffidence, unlike the usual candour and frankness of youth; and that Lucy romped more and oftener among the village children than was proper for a tall young lady of twelve years.

Our good old rector, Mr. Danby (this

was before the advent of Mr. Shepherd). did venture to speak with Mrs. Clifford on the subject; and represented to her that the fame to be achieved by her son might be dearly purchased by the moral and physical neglect of her other children.

Mrs. Clifford never attempted an argument in defence of her practice, or she merely said that she "did all for her children that she could afford;" and that "she was not aware they had made, or had cause to make, any complaint of her conduct."

Mr. Danby was a gentle old man, who had studied human nature in books rather than by observation; so he was something "taken aback" by the lady's coolness; but he ventured to rejoin—

"My dear madam, no complaint! no, of course, no complaint! Good children do not complain of their parents. And I am not presuming to speak of a wrong. I merely apprehended a mistake. A mistake, my good lady, which fond mothers are apt to fall into; and which, in the present instance, is not at all wonderful, considering the superior abilities of our estimable young friend."

Mrs. Clifford condescended to reply that "the expenses of her son's education were necessary. She would be most happy to curtail them if she could, but young men must go to college."

To which, Mr. Danby, more at home here, answered—

"Ah! my dear friend, there have been not only good but great men who were little indebted to school or college; and though I would not depreciate the advantages of education, yet, believe an old student, learning is not worth the sacrifice of family affection, if it is only to be procured by the exchange."

But Mrs. Clifford sent her son to Oxford; from whence we had, from time to time, wonderful accounts of his progress, which, as he was one of the belongings of D—, even Anne Clifford's pale face, or Lucy's tangled ringlets and slipshod shoes, did not prevent us feeling pride in. What opinion, too, we might entertain among ourselves—that is, among that class which I may be excused for considering the most important in D—, the female adults—we were always prepared to cite Alfred Clifford as an example to

our gentlemen, especially our *young* gentleman friends, particularly on occasion of any little solecism in good breeding, or any developed propensity towards cigars, flirting, pale ale, or such atrocities.

And as we were, in general, firm believers in the moral of all stories of the "Tommy and Harry" species, and had the utmost confidence in the truth of retributive justice, we were accustomed to appeal to him, as a triumphant fact in favour of our arguments, when reproving a delinquent juvenile, or encouraging a youthful aspirant for praise.

Miss Crosbie was the only exception to this rule; and she—being disposed to take original views, and maintain her opinions single-handed, instead of adopting her principles conveniently at second-hand, and going comfortably with the crowd—boldly asserted, not only her disbelief in the universal ultimate success of "good boys," but her particular infidelity with regard to Alfred Clifford. She constantly pointed, in confirmation of her peculiar ideas, to Tom Crosbie, who had not only survived the disgrace of his historical deficiencies, but, having run away to sea, had escaped the natural consequence of shipwreck, and so distinguished himself in his self-chosen vocation as to be actually at that moment second in command of a fine vessel. Of course, we reminded her that exceptions only proved the rule, and, also, hinted at the inexpediency of permitting the youthful members of society to be aware of the doubts sometimes entertained by their elders; but Tom Crosbie, first mate of an Indianman, was an undeniable fact, and we were silenced.

A CURRANT CAKE.—One pound of flour, one pound of currants, half a pound of raisins, half a pound of butter, two ounces of candied lemon-peel, four eggs, well beaten, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, half a pound of sugar, mixed with a teaspoonful of new milk. Bake immediately.

QUEEN CAKES.—Take a pound of loaf-sugar, beat, and sift it, a pound of flour, well dried, a pound of butter, eight eggs, half a pound of currants, washed and picked; grate a nutmeg, the same quantity of mace and cinnamon; work your butter to a cream, then put in your sugar; beat the whites of your eggs nearly half an hour, mix them with your sugar and butter, then beat your yolks nearly half an hour, and put them to your butter. Beat them exceedingly well together, then put in your flour, spices, and the currants. When ready for the oven, bake them in tins, and dust a little sugar over them.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN LONDON.

* ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Lovers all,
A madrigal.

QUERY, ought we not rather to say, St. Valentine's month? For lovers, love-making, and love-letters, ephemeral though they be, do last longer than a day, and sure we are that, in London, at least, many more days than one are dedicated to this saint. People don't know much about him, 'tis true; he might have been martyred, for ought they care (and he was, in Rome, under the Emperor Claudius, A.D. 270), and there may have been no occurrence preserved in the legend of this saint to warrant the ceremonies observed on his anniversary—and there was not. But what then? Lovers care little for legends, and less for saints. So St. Valentine, martyred though he was, with a name for unnumbered generations a household and familiar word, is but a myth in modern mouths. Yet, on and on, as year by year passes with measured pace, the old custom is celebrated. Not partially, not here and there, but broadly and with spirit, as befits a national custom.

Now the practice began long, long ago, somewhat after this fashion:—In ancient Rome, it was the custom to celebrate, during the month of February, the Lupericalia, which were feasts in honour of Pan and Juno. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of certain young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance-directed. For years this harmless custom continued; but, as the celibacy of the priests crept in, a jealousy of the festival, and envy, naturally enough, arose in the minds of men who were denied alike the blessings of a reciprocal affection and the comforts of a home. For a lengthened period, therefore, by every possible means, they endeavoured to eradicate this practice, by substituting the names of particular saints, instead of those of the women; and, as the festival of the Lupericalia had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen St. Valentine's Day for celebrating the new feast. The lovers, however, were not so easily to be duped, and it was found utterly impossible

to extirpate a ceremony to which the masses of the people had been accustomed. From Rome, the custom crept into England, and it needed little encouragement to take root readily and flourish abundantly.

As early as 1440, Lydgate, the monk of Bury, has a poem in praise of Queen Catherine, consort of Henry V., wherein he says—

Seynte Valentine! of custome yere by yere,
Men have an usaunce in this regioun,
To loke and serche Cupides Kalendere,
And chose theyr choyse, by grete affeccioun
Such as ben move with Cupid's mououn,
Takyng theyre choyse, as theyr sort doth falle:
But I love oon whiche excellith alle.

After Lydgate, comes Chaucer, lauding the practice; then we have old John Duntoun, drawing, in his "British Apollo," a most subtle distinction between *chusing* and *drawing* for a valentine. He says—

"Question.—In *chusing* valentines (according to custom), is not the party *chusing* (be it man or woman) to make a present to the party chosen?"

"Answer.—We think it more proper to say *drawing* of valentines, since the most customary way is for each to take his or her lot; and chance cannot be called choice. According to this method, the obligations are equal, and, therefore, it was formerly the custom mutually to present, but now it is customary only for the gentlemen."

The earliest poetical valentines are by Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, in 1415. These poems were chiefly written in England, and during his confinement in the Tower of London. They are contained in a splendid folio MS., among the King's MSS. in the British Museum.

For many years, even among the nobility, it was the custom in this country to draw lots, which were termed valentines, on the eve before St. Valentine's Day. The names of a select number of one sex were, by an equal number of the other sex, put into a vessel, and, as the different names were drawn, it was looked upon as a good omen of their being man and wife afterwards. It was practised by the gentry as early as 1476, and deemed obsolete in that class about 1645; for Lord North, writing at that date, in his "Forest of Varieties," says—

"The custom and charge of valentines is not ill left with many other such costly and idle customs, which by a tacit general consent were laid down as obsolete."

And yet not quite so tacitly dismissed, either; for listen to Pepys, a few years later—1561. Feb. 22nd, he enters into his diary, that his wife went to Sir W. Batten's, and there sat awhile, he having the day before sent to her half-a-dozen pairs of gloves and a pair of silk stockings and garters, *for her valentines*.

On Valentine's Day, 1667, Mr. Pepys says—"This morning came up to my wife's bedside (I being up dressing myself), Will Mercer to her valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper, in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me 5*l*.; but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines."

On the following morning, he writes—"I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me, *which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more than I must have given to others*. But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing of mottoes as well as names; so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew also another for me. What mine was I forget; but my wife's was, 'Most courteous and most fair,' which, as it may be used on an anagram upon each name, might be very pretty."

Mr. Pepys, in the same year, noticing Mrs. Stuart's jewels, says—"The Duke of York, being once her valentine, did give her a jewel of about 800*l*.; and my Lord Mandeville, her valentine this year, a ring of about 300*l*."

Mr. Pepys was also his wife's valentine the following year, and presents her with a ring of Turkey stone, set with diamonds, in which he rejoices, "*as 'tis fit the wretch (an old term of endearment) should have something to content herself with*."

This is the last account we have met with in old chronicles of gifts being offered on St. Valentine's Day; but the custom, though not general, is far from obsolete in London even now; for small gifts, such as books and gloves, are still often sent, and, occasionally, even money.

One of the prettiest valentines we know,

was written by the Earl of Egremont, who was son of Sir William Wyndham, minister to Queen Anne, and called

THE FAIR THIEF.

Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;
And more that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn—
Stole all the sweets that ether sheds
On primrose buds, or violet beds.

Still to reveal her artful wiles,
She stole the Graces' silken smiles;
She stole Aurora's balmy breath,
And pilfered orient pearl for teeth;
The cherry dipt in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips, and hue.

These were her infant spoils—a store
To which, in time, she added more.
At twelve, she stole from Cyprus' queen
Her air and love-commanding mien;
Stole Juno's dignity, and stole
From Pallas, sense to charm the soul.

Apollo's wit was next her prey;
Her next, the beam that lights the day.
She sang—amazed, the Syrens heard,
And, to assert their voice, appeared.
She played—the Muses from the hill
Wondered who thus had stol'n their skill.

Great Jove approved her crimes and art,
And t'other day she stole my heart:
If lovers, Cupid, are thy care,
Exert thy vengeance on this fair;
To trial bring her stolen charms,
And let her prison be my arms!

So, from drawing lots we come to gifts, and from gifts we get to verses; and now the season is anticipated not only by lovers and lasses, but by the trade, by artists, printers, and retailers, and last, but not least, by the unhappy postmen, who, to use the words of "Elia," "are weary and well-nigh sinking beneath a load of delicate embarrassments not their own." As early as the preceding June, preparations are being made for this eventful season, and, at some of the London stationers, more money is taken during this month, for valentines, than during the whole month besides, for other kinds of goods.

Statistics are dangerous things to deal with, even when one happens to have (which we have not) a Government blue book, from which to draw; yet we believe we are pretty correct when we say that upwards of four hundred thousand letters, beyond the usual daily average, pass through the London Post-office on St. Valentine's Day!

You see them pressing their noses against the windows, the juvenile lovers, wishing,

and wondering, and calculating; for the most expensive, the most elegant, the be-laced, and be-flowered, and silver inscribed are not good enough for the adored ones; and, alas! the depth of the purse is not equal to the depth of the affection, and the brutalized and unfeeling shop-keeper will take cognizance of nothing but coin, and offers last year's leavings to poor lovers! Poor lovers, indeed! as if lovers were ever poor, if they only knew it, and would only keep those true riches which are so independent of circumstances.

Don't you think 'twas a good practice for men, when they were married, to give their wives valentines, after the fashion of Samuel Pepys, and so keep up a custom which began in such happy hours? If only a fresh copy of the antique valentine presented when they were young, were sent, done on "blue paper with gold letters," it would please mightily, we are sure!

Think, now, how the following lines would look, bravely illuminated by your own hand—

Grammercy, fayre ladye, ye rose is redde,
I fackins, ye violet's blue;
Mass, by're ladye, carnations are sweet,
Ay, Marry, and soe are you.

We fully intend (this is under the rose) sending a copy of those lines, on the best illuminated paper that can be bought, to our own wife, and we strongly advise all our readers to follow so good an example. *Viva, St. Valentine!*

M. S. R.

MIGNON; OR, THE STEP-DAUGHTER.

RADIANCE.

How beautiful is the silence which succeeds the tumultuous ravings of the storm, when the immense seven-coloured arc spans the sky! It is a solemn hour! Nature now appears to meditate; she has not yet wiped away her tears; all is tranquillity! Nothing is heard but the drops of water, which, falling at intervals from the branches saturated with rain, descend like pearls from a jewel-case—like the tears which still linger on the cheek of an infant just consoled. And now, at the first smile of Nature, these liquid pearls ascend once again to the skies in a vapour, light as pure incense.

How beautiful is the repose that follows great sorrows at the moment when the radiant prism of hope shines forth! The heart then appears to have cast off its burthen; it almost cherishes the recollection of its troubles. Nothing appears to it bitter; tears even are sweet, and, with the first smile, these tears ascend to Heaven like a deed of thanks, like a prayer, like pure incense.

Sweet Mignon, then, was silent and thoughtful when peace was restored in the house of her father; when the convalescence of her step-mother afforded her the two-fold joy of solaced grief and of a soured heart reclaimed by love. She became tranquil enough to reflect and to collect her thoughts. She longed for nothing, she expected nothing; she knew all that she desired to know. She had not yet seen Maurice. Completely engrossed with her pious cares as a sister of charity, she had not desired to receive any one; but M. Rénard, to whom the house was always open, and who was always armed with some pretext for making his appearance therein, had hinted that Maurice was greatly afflicted at the step she was soon to take, and that he was inconsolable on beholding her about to take up her final residence in the convent. She learnt also that Maurice's health was shaken, and that he intended to leave Paris in order to re-establish it.

One day she received from Maurice a letter couched in these terms—

"My dear Cousin,—I have learned the happy change which your presence has wrought in your step-mother's house. You have performed a noble duty. I anticipated nothing less from your kind heart. Accordingly, I now perceive a double refuge open to you—either the convent, which, to my great regret, you appear to prefer to a life in the world, or, still better, the house of your step-mother, which can never do without you.

"If you stood in need of my assistance, my life was devoted to you; but, reassured as to your future, and beholding you protected from the misfortunes which threatened you, I am about bid you farewell, Mignon. A malady, which I have known since my return to Paris, compels me once more to travel. But, far away or near you, I shall still watch over you. Should

my presence be one day necessary to you, you have only to address one word to me, through M. Rénard, who will always be acquainted with my address. I shall correspond with him constantly upon all that concerns your interests. I could not remit to worthier hands the functions which were confided to myself. You will obtain from him all the required information concerning your fortune; he is a friend upon whom you may reckon as upon myself. Farewell, Mignon. Remember, sometimes, your friend,

"MAURICE DE TERRENOIRE."

Mignon's heart, then, was very cold when she sat, smilingly reading and re-reading this letter, under a bower of roses in the garden, while watching her two little sisters! She saw her only friend in the world about to snatch himself away from her; she knew that he was in pain; all that he had written was pervaded with a sad and desponding air. . . . Nothing touched her, then, in this letter? Nothing?

Mignon knew, perhaps, that she had but to speak one word to shake these great resolutions. She comprehended everything. A thousand circumstances, which formerly appeared insignificant, now told her all—now that her eyes had been opened by the tardy confidence of Madame Crèveœur.

Was it, that Maurice's voice trembled not, when he spoke the first words to her in the convent *parloir*? Truly, he had made a great effort to appear calm, but he was not able to conceal a deep emotion. Was it, that his glance told no more than his voice? Was it, that his hand, which was unable to leave Mignon's, testified not to what his voice and his glance had spoken?

She knew well enough, now, why Maurice had not revealed his heart to her; it was because Mignon was too wealthy!

She smiled, then, because she had perfectly preserved her secret, while her opponent had betrayed his own. She took up her pen, with the confidence which animates the enemy dictating terms to the vanquished, and she wrote—

"In your letter, Maurice, I have read but one line: '*Should my presence be one day necessary to you, you have only to ad-*

dress one word to me.' Maurice, I do stand in need of you; in the name of my father, I summon you. Before you take your departure, I beg of you to grant me a short interview. Your devoted

"MIGNON."

Maurice required no second bidding. Mignon stood in need of him. How the words pleased him! To obey her, to serve her, that had been the dream of his life. His delicacy was so susceptible, so excessive, that he had maintained too strict a reserve. To declare his real feelings, appeared to him but to become, before all the world, a mere pretender to that fortune which, from the bottom of his soul, he despised.

M Rénard, who was ambitious of being considered a man of profound penetration, firmly believed he had divined Maurice's secret; and nothing would have pleased him more than to be charged with a certain important part in a *dénouement* which, for a long time, he imagined to be approaching. It appeared to this worthy man—equally a friend of both parties—that matters were fairly balanced; and that, if Mignon brought grace, beauty, fortune, Maurice might ask to have taken into account his honourable position, his worth, his brilliant future, and, more than all, his sterling heart. He was the sincere and disinterested man to whom Crèveœur had sought to confide his Thérèse. The difference of age was just that which was necessary to give him his due authority as the head of a family.

The lawyer, accordingly, was impatient to draw up the marriage-contract forthwith; but Maurice, feigning to have other views, moderated his zeal, and begged of him not to occupy himself with his affairs.

Maurice also considered himself very astute, and it was with a stern expression of face that he presented himself at the Crèveœur dwelling, where Mignon received him in the garden bower.

"First of all, kiss my little sisters," said she to him. "What do you think of them?"

"What, Mignon!" said Maurice, taking her hand, "are these little, laughing girls your sisters? But, from what M. Rénard told me, I thought they were much smaller. Well, they are very pretty girls indeed."

And the children gently put forward their foreheads to be kissed.

"Run and play, darlings!" said Mignon, "but be very careful not to make a noise. Mamma is going to sleep."

The children ran off to a little distance, at the same moment placing their fingers on their lips.

"You see that I am formed for bringing up children. Why should I change my vocation? I have given proof of my talent with my Graziella, the dear little vixen, who has frequently given me a great deal of trouble. Ah, well! I can't do without her. I long for her every day. What a dear little child she is! Maurice, you must go and see her before you leave, for she is equally dear to both of us. But, at present, I must speak to you of more serious matters. I must tell you that my step-mother has grown more amiable. Does that word astonish you? She wishes to alter her mode of life. She desires to cast away completely that display which has nearly been her ruin. I frequently converse with her relative to her projects. She has written to her family, letters so full of sound sense as to cause all her errors to be forgotten. She wishes to take up her residence near her father, in her château in Normandy. Is not that very rational? What can she do here? She will take these two little things with her, and, for the present, leave the two bigger girls, now at the convent, under our charge. I must tell you, Maurice, that she reckons upon your friendship. She knows what my father thought of you. As for myself, I am a passably clever sick nurse. I can keep house, but nothing more. Will you help us? That is the first service which I ask of you. You are a man of great experience; and, besides, affairs are far from being desperate—it is only a matter of placing things in a proper order. If you will allow it to be so, Maurice, we shall have the pleasure of attending together to the same duties."

"What happiness!" said Maurice, offering her his hand. "I am, then, about to serve you, to assist you, to aid you in your good and generous intentions. Thanks, Mignon, for having reposed faith in me. You know, then, that I only live to serve you. *Thanks, Mignon!* That is the only word I can speak to you! You shall see that our combined efforts will be suc-

cessful; my whole heart shall be centred in our mutual task!"

"But your health?" said Mignon, with eagerness. "Your journey?"

"Oh, I am better already," said Maurice. "I shall find occupation with your concerns, and that will cure me completely."

"I knew you would reply thus to me, Maurice. Before you speak, I can guess what you will say. I well know the friend my father has left me; but how many things have we to say to each other! How sweet it is to converse in this shade, and to occupy ourselves with the happiness of others. Come, now, what shall we do with our little Graziella?" said she, drawing her chair closer. "In her soul, she is an artist. You shall see her work. I must commend to your notice a Virgin Mary which is in the garden. You must ask to see it, and you must tell me whom it resembles."

"Ah! I have often dreamt of achieving something for Graziella in the future," said Maurice. "I was so lonely at Florence! I had so many hours to think, and then I used to imagine—— But to what purpose? If you return to the convent, what can I do?"

"Have you not already changed your mind with regard to your journey, Maurice? Who tells you that, one day, I shall not co-operate with you? I say nothing at present. Let us still speak of Graziella."

"Well," said Maurice, "you may suppose that I learnt, with the utmost joy, while at Florence, that she had shown so much intelligence. When quite an infant, it was her father's dream to make an artist of her. 'Providence directs and works out my plans,' said I, and that providence was yourself. To provide some resource against complete ruin, I had preserved her father's studio; and when I learnt that you had become as a young and tender mother towards her, I said to myself: 'Perhaps, at a future day, she may not wish to leave her, and then——'"

"But why interrupt yourself, Maurice, in so charming a recital?"

"And," continued Maurice with some embarrassment, "I had already purchased, in your name, the house in which Marx's studio was; for it is in a pretty situation, and I fancied that it might please you. I saw you, in my visions, installed in that

pretty house, with Graziella by your side, completing her studies, aiding her to bring out her talent, checking her waywardness, and rendering her able to support herself without being a burden to any one. Think you not, Mignon, that Graziella would have loved to live near you thus?"

"Truly," said Mignon, "the idea was a happy one, and — Is that the whole of what you thought, Maurice?"

"I did not dare to dream further," said he, blushing slightly. "I said to myself——"

"Well, continue. Do you wish me to speak for you? I know well what you would say. You thought very often of my dear father, and of his child. Is not that true? And you said to yourself: 'I know well to whom I shall intrust her in order that she may be happy, for she will not always stay in the convent; it is not quite settled that she will become a Saint Thérèse. I will give her to some one who will watch over her and love her ——'"

"Oh, Mignon!" interrupted Maurice, "have I ever, in my letters or by my words ——"

"And what are letters and words, Maurice, if the rest of your conduct has spoken? But allow me to proceed a little. If I deceive myself, are you not here to put me right? You said to yourself, then, once more: 'I shall give her to Maurice de Terrenoire, for she is not vicious, and she is not wicked; and, were it only in remembrance of her father, she will truly perform all that I can desire of her. But—but there is one grand impediment; it is this—Mignon is wealthy.'"

"Cease, Mignon, I pray you!"

"No, Maurice, I will not cease! Permit me, at least, to finish my speech; you shall speak afterwards. Maurice said to himself, in conclusion: 'As she is too rich, I will never unfold my heart to her; I will never tell her that, on the day when her father confided her to me, a delicious dream of uniting for ever the daughter and the best friend of Aimé Crèvecoeur possessed me. She will never fulfil her destiny; she may remain in the convent; she may marry, no matter whom; it shall be well proved, however, that Maurice de Terrenoire was a disinterested friend.' Is there any truth in all this? Speak!"

Maurice's head hung down like that of

a guilty man, while he sought Mignon's hand. But how sweet to him were all these reproaches! How eagerly did he listen to the fairy of the future!

"Forgive," said he to her, "forgive!"

"If this were all," said Mignon, "it would, perhaps, be easy to do so, but there is still another thing for which I shall find it very hard to pardon you!"

"Oh, speak, then!" said Maurice anxiously. "Am I not worthy of your friendship?"

"That which I shall not forgive you, Maurice, is this—you have not assisted me by a little encouragement; you have not fortified me in my affection. I know that I speak not as the world speaks; but I am ignorant of the world's ways, Maurice. I know only my own heart and yours, and I unfold my heart and say to you: 'Maurice, true friend of my father, tender brother, to whom he has confided me, do you ask that I give my whole life to you? It is yours. We will pass our days in cherishing the memory of him whom, living, we should have loved; and we shall perform in his name the good deeds he desired to achieve.'"

Mignon had risen. She was grand and beautiful. Maurice, in admiration of that calm and almost divine simplicity, unconsciously fell on his knees and kissed the folds of her dress.

"Behold, sir, what you have forced me to speak to you!" said Mignon earnestly. "Think you it was an easy task?"

"What, Mignon!" replied Maurice enraptured. "You who, with your youth, your beauty, your fortune, could cast your choice upon me—you who have only to appear to charm—you, Mignon, love me! Oh, yes, it was right that you should speak thus to me! Could I hope for it—I who could only offer in exchange my devotion and my life?"

"But is that all, Maurice! Youth will pass away; what you call my beauty may last no longer than my youth. All will fade except our memory and our friendship. As for my fortune, if you find my bark too heavily laden for you to navigate it, well, then, you can imitate the mariners and cast a portion of the cargo into the sea! Have we not Graziella? Have we not our little sisters, who may, for a long time, perhaps, be our charge? And the

poor, Maurice, and the afflicted? What good may we not work! Remember Aimé Crève-cœur, and you will not be embarrassed at being the steward, the master, of my fortune. What pleasure shall I not find in consulting you! And you, Maurice, will you not find some little happiness in being my counsel and my guide!"

"Enough! Mignon, enough, my child! Allow me to collect my thoughts. Spare me in my happiness! How happy am I in already contemplating the blissful picture you have delineated! Leave me to enjoy my joy undisturbed. Do not lavish all on me at once. Wait! reflect yet again!"

"Think you, then, that, on a matter so grave, I speak lightly? Do you take me for a child, Maurice? Have I not suffered long enough to have had time for reflection? Misfortune is the surest counsellor. I expect nothing from the world. You alone, my friend, have hitherto been my solace in it. Why do you esteem yourself so lightly? Have you not earned respect and consideration? Have you not the prospect of a brilliant career before you, to be won by your labours alone? Do not doubt yourself, Maurice! Besides, it is not you who ask for Mignon, it is Mignon who gives herself to you! Will you leave her without a protector?"

"Dear Mignon!" said Maurice, his last scruples overcome, and transported with joy, "I know now why I should live! Listen! your father hears us. You shall be my beloved and honoured wife—you shall be the angel of our household!"

"It is not without a struggle," said Mignon, placing both her hands in his with a charming grace. "I must tell you that matters are not arranged in this way in the stories I have read. You should have played the attentive and imploring lover; I should have been coy, half-resisted, and caused you to entreat for a long time. But what can be done with a grave engineer, who never speaks his thoughts, and from whom one has to snatch his secrets. You must, at least, thank me for having invented this happy termination."

The conversation began to assume a still more tender tone, under that garden-bower when M. Rénard presented himself before them.

"My dear Maurice," said the lawyer,

"before you take your leave, to-morrow, I have a great many things to say to you; you seem to forget business here, and I am not surprised at it."

"I am not going away again," replied Maurice, in a serious tone.

"That is glorious news," said the lawyer; "but, when I begged of you to remain, you told me it was impossible. Who has offered you better reasons than myself?"

And he glanced at Mignon.

"By-the-bye," he added, "I must request mademoiselle to grant me a short interview before she returns to the convent. I must consult her on business matters."

"I am not going there again," replied Mignon, imitating Maurice's answer.

"Something unusual has happened here," replied M. Rénard, glancing at both. "How happy and engrossed with each other you appear! I am afraid I am interrupting you."

"No, no, my dear friend," said Maurice; "we have more need of you than ever."

"If, by chance, it should be a marriage-contract," replied the lawyer, after having regarded them both alternately, "I must inform you that it has been drawn up a long time since. Ah! my children, I knew well enough how all this would end! I have taken everything upon myself. I will wager that you will not require to alter one line of my work."

MISS NIGHTINGALE ON NURSING.

MISS NIGHTINGALE, the heroine of the horrible Sultan hospitals, has just performed another act of mercy—for it is no less—in writing a little book, which she has called "*Notes on Nursing.*" Her remarks and advice both on such general subjects as ventilation, fresh air, cleanliness, pure water, and good drainage, and also down to the most trifling detail connected with the management of the sick—are most interesting and valuable, and show, alike, the reflective mind and the practical hand. Perhaps, in the minutiae of the sick room, her words are more telling than in any other department, and will carry conviction to all. For instance, she expresses decided objections to talking in a whisper outside the patient's room—to the slow, lingering, under-ain footstep—lingering in the passage—rustling of silk—croaking of shoes—rattling of keys and fidgeting of all kinds. Bring in some fresh flowers, tell the patient something with a pleasant interest in it, show him a new picture, acquaint him of a love and courtship with a favourable ending—these are some of the teachings of Florence Nightingale, which, next month, we will gratefully speak further of.

POETS:

THEIR LIVES, SONGS, AND HOMES.

THE COLERIDGES: A FAMILY OF POETS.

A FAMILY of poets! What a heritage of intellectual wealth! what a boundless store of sympathy with all that is beautiful, and true, and godlike in nature and in humanity do these words suggest! Thought, feeling, expression, imagination, painting, music, are all included in the phrase. How can we sufficiently honour—how duly offer our homage to a family whose mission was to “lift the veil from the hidden beauty of the world?” Let us approach the shrine of these interred high priests of Nature, for, with one exception, they are all snatched from the world—their melodious accents attuned to noblest emotions—and learn their names. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Hartley, Sara, and Henry Nelson—father, son, daughter, and nephew—are the names inscribed on the hallowed slab. One place is, happily, vacant; and, out of our loving admiration and sympathy with the father and gifted descendants, may we pray that it shall be long ere the name of Derwent, the last surviving son, be written thereon!

Critic, essayist, philosopher, poet, Samuel Taylor Coleridge stirred the hearts, and exerted a wide and deep influence upon the minds, of the most gifted sections of the English people during the last and present centuries. Through forty years out of the sixty-two allotted to him for his mortal career, did he compel the admiration of his fellows in each of these capacities, and, dying, he left a legacy of magnificent images, grand thoughts, and world-embracing philosophy, to mankind.

The youngest son of a large family, he was, at the early age of nine years, an orphan, and became the contemporary scholar with Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Barnes, the late editor of the *Times*, at Christ's Hospital. With these schoolfellows he remained as a dear and intimate friend through all their after years, and his own. Leigh Hunt has left us an account of the way in which young Samuel Taylor, Lamb, and himself, in all the enthusiasm of their magnificent youth, went shouting verses from Metastasio and Tasso, through the Highgate fields, one summer day.

The enlarged and speculative mind of

our poet did not, however, find mental aliment sufficient in the poets alone; he tells us that metaphysics and theology bewildered his young mind, even at fifteen. “Nothing else pleased me,” he says. “History and particular facts lost all interest in my mind. Poetry itself, yes, novels and romances, became insipid to me.” He, however, deserted metaphysics for his first love, poetry. Soon after, the sonnets of Mr. Bowles inspired him with an ardent desire for the study of verse. Can we say how much this was not the fruit of the hard realities of his schoolboy days? Might we not expect that so fervent and glowing a nature as his would turn to poetry as an escape from the severe rule which, at that time, reigned in the school at which he was being educated? In those days the routine of his life was this:—A bell summoned him from his bed at six in the summer and seven in the winter. His ablutions and breakfast succeeded, occupying altogether a quarter of an hour. School followed, and lasted till eleven. An hour's play brought dinner-time. School once more till five in summer, and in winter, four o'clock. At six was the supper, with, in summer, two hours of digestive play to follow; but in winter, from supper to bed was the order.

Tradition preserved the fact of roast mutton suppers at a remote period; but at the time Coleridge was a scholar, such delicacies existed only in the hungry imaginations of himself and companions. Leigh Hunt says, “Our breakfast was bread and water, for the beer was too bad to drink. The bread consisted of the half of a three-halfpenny loaf, according to the prices then current. This was not much for growing boys, who had nothing to eat from six or seven o'clock the preceding evening. For dinner we had the same quantity of bread, with meat only every other day, and that consisting only of a small slice, such as would be given to an infant three or four years old. Yet even that, with all our hunger, we very often left half eaten—the meat was so tough. On the other days, we had a milk porridge, ludicrously thin, or rice-milk, which was better. There were no vegetables or puddings. Once a-month we had roast beef; and twice a-year (I blush to think of the eagerness with which it was looked for) a dinner of pork. One

was roast and the other boiled, and, on the latter occasion, we had only one pudding, which was of peas! For supper we had a piece of bread, with butter or cheese, and then to bed, 'with what appetite we might.'"

Sufficiently hard fare, this, for a young poet to exist upon; and, when we hear that the head-master of the school, Boyer, was a stern, capricious, and cruel man, we cannot help sighing over the forlorn condition of the lad who, thus early, was tasting the bitter draughts of life.

In the life of a poet and metaphysician, we cannot naturally expect to find many of the startling incidents or the frequent transitions of fortune which mark the careers of men of action. A summary of Coleridge's life might be written in a very few lines, but the history of his poems, with a criticism on their beauties, and an earnest inquiry into the meaning of his philosophical works, would require a volume. Samuel Taylor Coleridge was one of the nine children of a poor Devonshire vicar, the market-town of Ottery Saint Mary being his birthplace. As we have seen, he entered Christ's Hospital, London, soon after he became an orphan, at the age of nine years. There he remained till 1791, in which year he entered Jesus College, Cambridge. His academical career was very short, and, beyond the fact that, while at the University, he assisted a friend in the composition of an essay on English poetry, which seems never to have been published, we know but little of this portion of Coleridge's life. It does not appear that he either graduated or stood a candidate for University honours.

He suddenly left Cambridge, appeared in London, and, under the name of Comberbatch, enlisted in the 15th Light Dragoons. This uncongenial phase of his existence was short enough, however; he obtained, soon after joining the army, his discharge from it. Of this, we have two accounts; in one, his friends are said to have purchased his discharge; in the other, it is stated to be owing to one of his officers, who accidentally discovered his classical acquirements by observing a Latin sentence written in pencil, on the wall, beneath his charger's saddle. It was while acting as a cavalry recruit that Coleridge's "Religious Musing" was written, not in

academic groves, but in a tap-room at Reading.

His literary career may now be said to have commenced. At Bristol, he brought out a periodical, under the title of "The Watchman;" the publication of it extended no further than the ninth number. About two years later, he married Miss Sarah Fricker, and it was during the second year of his married life that his first essays on poetry came before the world. The volume consisted of a small collection of his short poems, and it reached a second edition. He next removed to a cottage at the foot of the Quantock hills, in Somersetshire, where, with Mr. Wordsworth, who was his neighbour, he formed the plan of the famous lyrical ballads. The three greatest of his poetical works were all either written or commenced in one year, 1797; for it was at this period that he wrote the "Ancient Mariner," the tragedy of "Remorse," and the first part of his "Christabel." About this time, also, he preached in a Unitarian Chapel.

Although Coleridge could not be called a great, or even a more than average, orator, yet his power of "talking" was so magnificent, that we may infer his efforts in the remote country pulpit contributed in no slight degree to establish his reputation. A year afterwards, through the liberality of the Messrs. Wedgwood, he was enabled to visit Germany, in company with his friend Wordsworth; and though his stay in that land of philosophy was short—a few months only—it was sufficient to imbue him with a feeling for its teachings: a sentiment which remained strong in his nature for the remainder of his life.

On his return, in 1798, he went to reside with both Southey and Wordsworth, at the Lakes; and, in the first year of his abode there, he published his celebrated translation of Schiller's "Wallenstein."

It was between the years 1800 and 1820 that he supplied contributions to the *London Courier* newspaper, visited Malta, started the *Friend*—a periodical which ceased on its twenty-seventh number—published new and enlarged editions of his poems, and either planned or published his great philosophical works, and delivered his lectures on the Fine Arts at the Royal Institution.

But it was about the year 1820, when he

found an asylum under the hospitable roof of Mr. Gillman, at Highgate, that our poet found the ease his nature loved. Here, with his books, his pictures, and his periodical *réunions* of admiring and highly educated men, Coleridge was, perhaps, at home. The friendship and hospitality of Mr. Gillman suffered no change, and here Coleridge lived for fourteen years, and died in the house.

In our engraving we show the window at which the poet so often sat; it is that on the right hand of the drawing, at the top of the house. His room overlooked a charming prospect of wood and meadow, "with coloured gardens under the window, which looked like an embroidery to the mantle," as Leigh Hunt has described the place. "I thought, when I first saw it, that he had taken up his dwelling-place like an abbot. Here he cultivated his flowers, and had a set of birds for his pensioners, who came to breakfast with him. He might have been seen taking his daily stroll up and down, with his black coat, and white locks, and a book in his hand, and was a great acquaintance of the little children."

His chief occupation was reading, and, when he lighted upon an old folio description of the voyages of Marco Polo, or Purchas, his visionary temperament revelled in the task. It was out of a suggestion of the latter author that his marvellous "Kubla Khan" was created.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree;
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea!

He recited this poem one morning to Lord Byron, in his house in Piccadilly. "I happened to be in another room," says Leigh Hunt. "I remember the other's coming away from him, highly struck with his poem, and saying how wonderfully he talked. This was the impression of everybody who heard him."

Coleridge's earlier poems are greatly inferior to his latter productions. But these, however, are only now beginning to be fully appreciated. As an extraordinary versifier, and a writer of briefer narrative poetry, he has no superior in our language. How much must we love the man! and what a deep sense of gratitude do we feel towards

him who has given us the weird, wonderful "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," the exquisite poem of "Genevieve," and the lament "On Youth and Age," all of which, together with "Kubla Khan" and "Christabel," will endure with our native tongue. "Love or Genevieve" is, perhaps, the most charming poem of its kind in the whole range of poetical literature, and nothing but the exigences of space could make us forego the pleasure it would afford us to present it to our readers. To be properly appreciated, it must be read in its entirety; therefore, we say, purchase a pocket edition of Coleridge, and make yourselves the owners of a gem.

During the later years of his life, he would often lament the loss of youth; at such times, too, a pensive feeling would come over the poet; perhaps it was in such a moment that the following was written. Nothing could be more exquisite than the third and fourth lines.

WORK WITHOUT HOPE.

Composed 21st of February, 1827.

All Nature seems at work. Stags leave their lair;
The bees are stirring; birds are on the wing;
And Winter, slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!
And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.
Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,
Have traced the forest where streams of nectar flow.
Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may!
For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams, away!
With lips unbrighten'd, wreathless brow, I stroll,
And would you learn the spells that drown my soul?

Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live.

Of his philosophical works, such as the "Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit," his "Aids to Reflection," &c., it will suffice to say that, for reach and subtlety of thought, they are unapproached in these latter days. In his criticisms and essays on the fine arts, he helped even the Germans to enlarge the circle of their intellectual powers; often have his works sown the seed of thought in minds prepared to receive them.

For a sketch of his personal appearance, we will go to his friend, Leigh Hunt. His person was of a good height, but as sluggish and solid as Lamb's was light and fragile. He had, perhaps, suffered it to look old before its time, for want of exercise. His hair was white at fifty; and,

MR. GILMAN'S HOUSE AT HIGHGATE.



as he generally dressed in black and had a very tranquil demeanour, his appearance was gentlemanly, and, for several years before his death, was reverend. Nevertheless, there was something invincibly young in the look of his face. It was round and fresh-coloured, with agreeable features and an open, indolent, good-natured mouth. This boy-like expression was very becoming in one who dreamed and speculated as he did when he was really a boy, and who passed his life apart from the rest of the world, with a book and his flowers. His forehead was prodigious—a great piece of placid marble—and his fine eyes, in which all the activity of his mind seemed to concentrate, moved under it with a sprightly ease, as if it were a pastime to them to carry all that thought.

On the 25th of July, 1834, at the age of sixty-two, Coleridge died, under the roof of his friend, Mr. Gillman, and all that was mortal of him was laid in the vaults of the new church opposite.

A few months before his death, he wrote his own epitaph—

Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, child of God!
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies—or that which once seemed he:
O lift a prayer in thought for S. T. C.
That he, who many a year, with toil of breath,
Found death in life, may here find life in death.
Mercy for praise, to be forgiven for fame,
He asked and hoped through Christ; do thou the same!

We have left ourselves but little space for speaking of the poet's gifted family of poets.

The eldest son, Hartley Coleridge, has given some poems to the world, which, though few in number, betrayed not a little of the exquisite versification and graceful thought natural enough in the son of such a father. For eleven years he contributed to "Blackwood's Magazine," and the world owes to him some excellent biographies of the "Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire."

Hartley died at the age of 53, being born in 1796, his decease happening in 1849. This sad event was said to be not slightly owing to an unhappy habit of intemperance, which, acquired during his college career, adhered to him throughout his life. He resided chiefly in the Lake district, Grassmere and Rydal being his chief haunts.

The younger brother, Derwent, was born at Keswick, in 1800. He is the author of a work "On the Scriptural Character of the English Church," and, a few years back, he wrote several pieces, under the signature of Davenant Cecil, for "Knight's Quarterly Magazine." He became principal of St. Mark's College, and a prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Sara, born at Keswick, in 1803, was the only daughter of the poet, and inherited much of the rich genius of her father. Her education was mainly superintended by Southey, who had married her mother's sister, and to whose fostering care the whole family of Coleridge owed a deep debt of gratitude. She was reared under Southey's roof, and, as she grew up, she endeavoured to lighten the literary labours of her protector by affording him all the assistance she could.

In 1822 she produced an "Account of the Achipones," an equestrian people of Paraguay, from the Latin of Martin Dobritzhofer. This, her first performance, was undertaken at the suggestion of Southey, who pronounced it admirable.

In 1829 she married her cousin, Henry Nelson Coleridge, who was the same age as herself, and, when her father died, the daughter and nephew gave the world the unpublished works of the poet and philosopher. While engaged in his task, her husband died, and the completion of the task devolved wholly upon herself.

Henry Nelson's literary labours are worthy of his name. He contributed critical, historical, and biographical essays to "Knight's Quarterly Magazine." In 1830 he published "An Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets." Five years later he produced his "Specimens of the Table Talk of the late S. T. Coleridge," which was soon followed by the first instalment of the "Literary Remains of S. T. Coleridge."

He had attained to some celebrity as a Chancery barrister, but his health, never sound, gave way in 1842, and, after many months' illness, his spirit sought that of his uncle, by the side of whose mortal remains his own were interred. His widow, Sara, lived to finish the publication of her father's "Literary Remains," and it is upon her commentaries to them that her fame will mainly rest. A fairy tale, en-

titled "Phantasmon," rich in invention and redolent of poetic beauty, was left by her to a world which her gentle spirit left in the year 1852.

LOVE OR HATE.

IN SIX PARTS.

V.—UNEXPECTED EXPLANATIONS.

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But, of all pain, the greatest pain
Is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue, now, nor noble blood,
Nor wit, by love is understood.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

No, until death our lives shall part,
Or coldness break this beating heart;
Where'er, what'er may be thy lot,
By me thou shalt never be forgot.

H. B.

"MAY I come in, uncle?" said Frances timidly, as she knocked at the door of Mr. Beaumont's study, not long after the conversation with Marian Erskine.

"Yes, certainly—now and always. But what is it?—anything amiss?"

"No—yes. I wanted to speak to you, and thought I had better come here."

"Quite right—quite right. Nothing like the sanctum for a quiet chat. Now, what's the matter?—been quarrelling with Harry and come to the old man to make it up again, eh? Ah, Frances, I don't like the way you two go on at all. People were not so cold in my young days, and it does not seem right now."

"No, uncle, it is not; and therefore it is that, because we are so, Sir Henry and I are utterly unsuited."

"What, what, child! what are you talking about? You and Harry unsuited! What ninney-hammer has put that into your head?"

"Nobody. I don't know that any one has said so, uncle, but I think we must all have felt it."

"Pooh, pooh! You have been sparring again, I suppose, and this whim is one of the happy consequences."

"No, indeed; it is no sudden thought, no caprice, but my settled conviction. When Sir Henry did me the honour to ask my hand, a fortnight since, I told him frankly I did not love him. He answered, that, in time, I should, and that he was content to wait. But I find that time has

just the contrary effect to what he prophesied. I do not, I never shall, love him; and, oh, uncle! I cannot marry him."

"Nonsense! you don't know your own mind; girls never do! You feel quite enough for him to make him a good wife—all the better, perhaps, for not being too romantically in love. Besides, you have accepted the man, and I can't and won't have you jilt him."

"But, uncle, if I don't love him?"

"Love, my dear child, is nonsense—a name, a phantom—when you are older and wiser you will know it to be so. Respect and esteem form the basis of wedded happiness, and you feel these for Harry, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then, be satisfied; fulfil your engagement, as, indeed, you are bound in honour and good faith to do, and, trust me, you will find yourselves happier than many another couple, who marry for love, and heartily wish themselves unmarried before the first twelve months are out."

"Oh, uncle, uncle, you do not understand!" And the girl hid her blushing face in her hands. "It is not only that I do not love Sir Henry, but——"

"What?" cried Mr. Beaumont sternly. "What?"

"Ah! do not be angry, do not reproach me! Indeed, indeed, I did not know it before, or I would have told him. I have been very wrong—very wicked. I have no excuse to offer; but, oh, dear, dear! uncle, if you would forgive me——" And Frances burst into tears.

"Heyday! What the deuce is all this? Forgive!—excuse!—wicked! Speak out, child! What are you driving at? I can't make you out. Surely—but, no, that's impossible—you can't have. There, then, don't cry; sit down by me, and tell me what you mean."

And the old banker, touched by his niece's extreme distress, and, like most kind-hearted men, abhorring the sight of a woman's tears, drew a low chair to his side, and gently placed the weeping girl upon it.

And then, encouraged by his tenderness, Frances told him all, honestly and simply, not concealing the most painful and humiliating circumstances; and he, deeply moved, especially when she recounted the

meeting with Edgar's mother and sister, and his kindness to them, exclaimed warmly—

"By Heaven! he's a noble fellow, and would not disgrace a palace. I must see what *can* be done for him; but I am sure I don't know what your father will say to all this, Frances."

"Never mind *me*, uncle; I have deserved all that can happen to me, and I will bear it. But for him—Edgar—he has done nothing wrong."

"Nay; there I differ from you. No man should, even in seeming, trifle with a girl's affections."

"No; but has not my vengeance been already a sufficient punishment for that slight, which now, I do believe, he could satisfactorily explain?"

"I think it has; therefore I shall act accordingly, and see what can be done for him and his family."

"Oh, thank you, thank you." And Frances raised the old man's hand, and pressed it to her lips.

"There, there, child, I want no thanks; I shall only be too glad to get a good, steady young man into my office again—one in whom I can place entire confidence, who will help me, and take some of the work off my shoulders. I am getting an old fellow now, you see, Frances."

"You will never be old to me, my dear, kind, good uncle," answered the girl lovingly.

The banker laid his hand upon her head.

"Bless you, my girl," he said tenderly; "you mean well, but old age is no disgrace, that you should ignore its approach to me. If a long life has been spent in earnest struggles to obey God's laws, man's old age is a very happy and peaceful time—it is like a cool evening after a burning summer day, soothing and preparing us for the long sleep of death which must come next. Oh! no, Frances; even if I could, I would not be young again."

After a short silence, he resumed—

"But we must not moralise, and forget our immediate business. How do you intend to manage with your father? What do you suppose he will say?"

"Oh, uncle, I don't know. I dare not even think."

"Nay, that is cowardice, and folly, too. Avoiding the thought of evils only increases

them. Something must be done, and that something requires thought, which will take time to mature; so perhaps we had better let action in the matter rest for a few hours, and then see what new wisdom we can bring to bear upon it."

"Thank you; but"—she hesitated a moment—"Sir Henry?"

"True, true, I had almost forgotten him; and, indeed, Frances, when I think of Harry, and the pain this will give him, it makes my heart ache."

"And mine, also. Oh! dear uncle"—and again she burst into tears—"after the manner in which I have deceived him, I fear he can never forgive me."

"I cannot tell. Harry has a noble heart; but it is a great deal to expect from any man."

"Yes, and far more than I, who have used him so ill, have a right to ask, although without it I can never more know peace or happiness."

"Well, well, I will see what can be done; he will be here soon, and I will speak to him."

"You! oh, will *you*, indeed, be so kind? I was afraid you might think it my duty to tell him."

"No, child; you have suffered enough already to-day, and the first news will come best from me. Afterwards, if he wishes it, perhaps, and I think it well, you shall see him, and make your own peace. Now, you look ill and faint, and ought to lie down until dinner. Kiss me, and go."

With a sobered, thankful heart, Frances threw her arms round the speaker's neck, kissed him, and withdrew.

It had been with her as with most of us. The duty she shrank from, when at a distance, as impossible and terrible, had been in reality far less bitter and painful than the anticipation.

Independently of the peacefulness which a sense of duty performed must always give us, Frances felt happier and more at rest than she had done for months. The worst had come—the chain was broken; and, whatever might be the issue of her confession, she was free from a bondage which would soon have been intolerable.

Later in the day, when Sir Henry came, he was shown into the banker's study, and, after a long interview, the bell was rung, and Miss Beaumont summoned.

She came, and as she entered the room, her uncle quitted it, leaving her alone with his visitor. For a moment she stood silent, her regards fixed upon the ground; then she looked up to see Sir Henry leaning against the centre table, apparently ignorant of her presence; his sad gaze riveted on vacancy, and a mournful, determined look in the dark eyes, so lately sparkling with happiness and mirth. His hand was clenched, his mouth firmly closed, and altogether his appearance wore so grieved and changed an aspect, that Frances uttered an exclamation of remorse, and sprang forward, exclaiming—

"Forgive me, forgive me."

He started, passed his hand across his brow, and answered huskily—

"I have nothing to forgive. I might have known it—I deceived myself."

"No, no; you must not blame yourself. It was I, who—who—oh! can you, will you pardon me?"

"I hope you may be happy."

He said this in the same cold, passionless tone in which he had spoken before, and Frances, turning away, sobbed forth—

"You do not forgive me; but I have not deserved it. I know I have not."

The hard look passed from Harry's face, and an expression of keen, living suffering took its place, as, crossing to where she stood, he said—

"Do not weep, do not reproach yourself; I could not bear it. It is a terrible blow, but I have been much in fault also. I should not have urged my suit upon an unwilling girl; but, oh! I loved you so passionately, and I did not believe that it was possible for such devotion to endure long without winning some return. We have both been wrong; let us, then, both forgive."

He held out his hand; Frances took it in both hers.

"I cannot thank you," she said, in a low, choked voice. "We shall always be friends, shall we not?"

"Years hence, perhaps, but not now, when I had hoped —. But do not reproach yourself; your happiness will always be dearer than life to me; and it may be, in days to come, when we have both grown old, and time has seared the wound now so painful, that we shall meet as friends; but not till then."

"Do not say so—do not say so. Long ere then you will find some one to love and appreciate you as you deserve, and who will make you far, far happier than I could have done."

"I do not think so. However, I entreat you to let no thought of me, or of my fate, affect your peace. And now, farewell! In all human probability, we shall never meet again, as I intend to leave England next week, for the Continent. Let me, then, before I go, wish you every happiness; and believe that, wherever I may be, I shall never cease to desire and to pray for it. The last few weeks which have been spent near you, and brightened by the hope of your affection, have been the fairest of my life; I shall never forget them; they will be a pleasant memory to the latest hour of my existence. I have much, therefore, to thank you for—little—nothing to forgive."

"You kill me with these words; I could better bear the cruellest reproaches. You are too generous, too good!"

"No, no; you must not speak so. Indeed, I say no more—even less—than I feel. Farewell."

He wrung her hand until the pressure gave her actual pain, then murmured, "May God for ever bless and keep you."

A moment more, another lingering glance, and Frances Beaumont and Harry Mordaunt were parted for ever.

The old banker had said truly. Harry had, indeed, a noble and generous heart, and never had he appeared to such advantage as during that last interview, when sudden disappointment and sorrow had damped the daring self-reliance of his character, and taught him more keenly than all the previous years of his life had done, that earth and earth's love are unsatisfactory and fleeting.

For some time after the baronet's departure, Frances sat in the study, weeping quietly, not over her own uncertain future—for, although vague and indefinite, there was still more hope before her than there had been for months—but over thoughts of the grief which her wilfulness and want of candour had brought upon the man who had so loved her, banishing him from home and country, and depriving her kind uncle of his filial support and affection. And then and there, thoroughly subdued

and humbled, she fell upon her knees, and made for the future a solemn vow to weigh her acts well and truthfully—as Bertha Staunton had said, “learn to think,” and, strengthened by Divine aid, never again “do evil that good might come.”

The evening which followed this sad day was very heavy, two or three business friends of Mr. Beaumont's coming to dine, and prosing on in the usual style of politics, prospect of a war, and approaching dissolution of Parliament, until a late hour, when uncle and niece, tired and bored, postponed all discussion upon the subject which had occupied their minds, and retired at once.

Breakfast was always a short and bustling meal at the banker's, and that upon the ensuing morning was hurried over more quickly than common, and Mr. Beaumont, without alluding to the conversation of the previous day, went off to his office, leaving Frances alone.

Oppressed by fears and anxieties, the young girl took up a book, and tried to read; but she could not attend. The letters seemed to form themselves into strange, unwonted sentences: the stops flew about wildly, with an utter disregard to time and place; so that, at last, wearied with vain endeavours to fix her mind, she put down the volume, and took out her netting. But matters were no better then; one stitch was too long, another too short, and, in despair at her ill success, Frances threw the work aside, and went to the piano.

It was at this moment her maid entered.

“A gentleman is waiting for you in the drawing-room, mademoiselle.”

“What is his name, Gabrielle? Did he not send up his card?”

“No; he only asked to see mademoiselle for a moment, and John showed him into the drawing-room.”

“Oh, it is somebody of no consequence, I dare say. I wish John would say I am engaged, to visitors at this time of the day. However, I suppose I must go now.”

And, in no cheerful mood, Frances went to the apartment in which her visitor waited.

A young man sat on a low chair by one of the windows, a tastefully-arranged basket of flowers beside him, on which his attention seemed entirely fixed.

They were very beautiful, with a liberal

sprinkling of exotics among them, which Frances had gathered and arranged the previous day. Exquisite bunches of Cape jessamine, heliotrope, and geraniums of every rare variety occupied the centre of the basket, while falling gracefully down its sides, or wreathing its slender handle, were various elegant hot-house fuchsias, with other drooping and trailing plants. But, from all these gems of hot-house and garden, the stranger had singled out one tiny, insignificant flower, which he held in his hand as the lady entered, who, finding herself unobserved, paused at the door.

The visitor sat, as we have already said, in the embrasure of the window, the autumn sunshine pouring full upon his uncovered head; and Frances started as she recognized the rich brown hair which, now in the sun's rays, looked as if streaked with gold, and the peculiar and graceful outline of a figure she so well remembered. She made a hasty movement, uttered a low cry, and her visitor, looking round, raised a pair of eyes which matched in colour the little flower which he carried.

“Frances!”

“Edgar!”

And both sprang forward instinctively; but there came such a rush of recollection, such memory, of all that had passed since their last meeting, and all that existed now, on either side, to be explained and forgiven, that they came to an awkward pause, and the lady blushed deeply, while her companion said—

“I beg your pardon. I fear I have surprised, alarmed you; but your uncle permitted, encouraged me to come.”

“My uncle?” and she made an eager step forward. “You have seen him then—he has explained?”

“No; Mr. Beaumont has kindly taken me back into his employment, and offered me the vacant post of cashier, but he has explained nothing, nor given me any reason for his late—*insult* I was going to say, and, were he a younger, less honourable man, I should say so, and resent, as an injury, his present courtesies; but with him I feel that, however extraordinary his conduct has been, he had, or thought he had, good reason for it. He is so incapable of offering a dependant an unprovoked affront, that I am willing to wait patiently his own time for explanation.”

"You do him but justice," cried Frances. "He is goodness, honour itself, and was himself misled by hints and innendos which you might, or might not, have deserved. At any rate, whether just or not, they were spoken with a bad, unchristian motive, and for this the speaker should and does entreat your pardon."

As she uttered these words, the girl's voice changed from the earnest tones in which she had defended another, to a scarce audible petition for forgiveness on her own account; and she raised her eyes with an expression half reproachful, half imploring, to Edgar's face, as he said—

"I scarcely understand you. Surely it cannot be as I have sometimes feared! Oh, Miss Beaumont! I had hoped that you would not so have misjudged me—that in spite of adverse circumstances, you would have believed me true."

"You never sent—you never wrote."

"I did—I did **both**. Oh, surely you must have received my letters—seen my messengers?"

"Not one; I have heard nothing from you since we parted in June."

"I cannot, then, wonder at your indignation; it was natural; but, believe me, the silence arose from no fault or falsehood of mine. On that very evening, that fatal Wednesday, when I received the terrible summons which hurried me to what was supposed to be my mother's death-bed, I wrote to you explaining what had occurred, and sent the letter, through the wood, by one upon whom I thought I could rely."

"It never reached me; if it had, how much grief and sin might have been averted!"

"We think so, although, doubtless, all things are ordered for the best, by One who cannot err; and this, perhaps, may have been designed to teach us to have more confidence in Good, and to be less ready to judge Evil from uncertain appearances. But that was not the only letter. After I reached home, I wrote, stating the altered circumstances which removed me even farther from you than ever, so that, at present, I dared not hope to claim your hand; but I pledged myself solemnly, that if you indeed loved me, and would wait a few years, I would work as man never worked or strove before, to win that

priceless blessing; that, without you, life would be a blank; still, that I would not sacrifice you. To that letter I received no answer."

"Because I never received it. Oh, Edgar! Edgar! we have been hardly tried; and I, who should have known you better, believed you false. Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you! Ah, Frances! it is easy for the lips to forgive when the heart has never accused. Believe me now, when I declare that, even in thought, I have never been false. You are my first, and, come what may, you will be my only love; and I could easier turn from the light of the sun to the gloom of a dungeon than for one moment waver in my allegiance to you."

"But I have not been so true. I have doubted, distrusted, wavered. I am not worthy of you."

Do not say so—do not think so; and if you can indeed love me, as I once hoped, you will make me the happiest being upon earth. Oh, Fanny! is it possible?"

He opened his arms, and she threw herself into them, whispering—

"I will try to become all you wish."

"Give me your love, Fanny, your love—that is all I wish for."

"You have it, utterly, entirely, and for ever. In act I have been proud and rash, and very wicked, but in my heart I have never ceased to love you."

"Ah! dearest, with this assurance, life and its struggles have no terrors for me. I can brave and dare them all, and, even if we should be parted, I feel that you will not again doubt me."

"Never—never."

"My own, my own," he murmured fondly, offering her the flower he had taken from the vase, "see what I have stolen. I have its fellow, treasured since that happy night, when you gave it to me beside the pool. Will you accept this in return, and let it ever remind you of our solemn compact, that, whatever happens, under all and every circumstance, we are never again to distrust each other."

With a smile and blush, Frances took the blue forget-me-not, saying, in a low voice—

"I will never part with it while I live."

THE SUBTLETIES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S NAMES.

THERE are certain curious instances of resemblance between the proper names in Sir Walter Scott's writings and the individuals they represent, which may possibly have escaped the attention of some readers. An essay upon the merits of his works, which have been pronounced peerless by the judgment of his age, would fairly be deemed superfluous; and, consequently, we merely wish to point out certain subtleties of wit, and certain beauties of melody, with which his proper names abound, together with a few striking instances of similarity between names and characters.

From "Waverley" to "Castle Dangerous," from "Marmion" to "Sir John De Walton," we have a strain of names, musical as the warbling of an æolian harp; and, whether the subject be lord or peasant, dowager or milk-maid, Cavalier or Puritan, harvest-field or haunted glen, to each is given a designation that impresses it indelibly on the mind of the reader, while fancy suggests the character to be developed. It is true that the tenaciousness with which the mind clings to the beautiful stories, often leads us to connect the character with the name; but, nevertheless, the association is much aided by the designation selected. Wit, euphony, and fitness are rivals from beginning to end of these names, each claiming the highest honours. Let the name be harsh at first sight, the apparent roughness disappears, and dissolves into euphony the instant that it is pronounced; and we often find wit lurking among formidable consonants, like a bud among briars.

The field of Bannockburn was not more full of pitfalls than Scott's names are full of puns, direct or indirect; sometimes plainly expressed, at others only indicated by a resemblance in sound or spelling. If the word he selects be long, some prosy Gabriel Kettledrumle, who reminds us of "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals," and who was in the habit of "preaching two mortal hours at a breathing," is made responsible for it; if short, some Callum Beg, more ready with his dagger than his tongue, is found to represent it.

The old tower relinquished to the rook,

the cave inhabited by the gloomy bat, the glen

Where bogles dance o'er dead men's graves,
the dungeon of the captive, the cottage of the free, the palace of the rich, the hovel of the poor, all seem to have received from this gifted Caledonian pen their appropriate signification.

But let us stroll through the library at Abbotsford, and, while we

Dream of "the grand old masters,"

Dream of "the bards sublime,

Whose distant footsteps echo

Through the corridors of time,"

let us cull a few buds from this flower-garden of English literature, in support of our proposition.

Can any one imagine that Fitz-James was not a gallant "carpet knight," bred in



HIGHLANDER

the luxury of the lowlands; or that the wild, free step of Roderick Dhu ever fell on other carpet than the heath of Clan Alpine?

What visions of loveliness float around us at the mention of the Lady of the Lake! Could she be other than

The bold and beautiful?

And does not fancy lend a thousand charms to the little sheet of water, over which the fair Ellen Douglas once guided her skiff?

Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, of Bradwardine, is standing at the door of his baronial mansion, quaffing a stirrup-cup with some neighbouring laird. What a braw name for the brave old baron, descended from a race who had claimed fealty of the yeomen of Bradwardine from the time of the Norman to the Stuart.

Who is that callous, hardy, active, devoted little Highlander, but Callum Beg, who wanted to "kittle the quarters of ta

auld deevil whig carle, wi' her skene oocle"—in other words, to perform a summary surgical operation with his dagger on some unfortunate individual who happened to differ from him in opinion?

How different from Jacob Jobson, the honest lowland peasant, who would "betray no mon's bluid," whose knife was the sickle, whose sword was the plough! The bare knee, the gaudy hose, the gay tartan plaid, start up, as we pronounce the euphonic name, "Vich Jan Vohr," and well the Highland euphony hangs about the memory of this high-souled and determined chieftain.

The brightest flower that ever bloomed in Tully Veolan, budded into existence the day Rose Bradwardine first saw the light, and the Craigs of Glennaquoich are still ringing with the wild Celtic strain in which the daughter of Mac Ivor bade

The race of the clan Gullian, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee.

Woodburne sounds like the name of some secluded manor, of which a Guy Mannerling was lord, and a Julia the mistress, while Ellangowan could never have belonged to a sneaking, glossy, pettifogging fellow like Glossin, when it was claimed by a Henry Bertram.

The traveller who finds himself near the kaim of Derncleugh at midnight, begins to think of beings that have gone; and if he does not meet a troop of warlocks from the other world, or a troop of smugglers from this, in the wood of Warroch, it will be because he has got the herculean arm and pepper-and-mustard terriers of a Dandie Dinmont to defend him. We involuntarily utter pro-di-gi-ous as we think of the long, lank, absent-minded Dominie who,

Marvelling at his sable suit, stalked past;
and the knife of the smuggler is fairly sticking in our ribs, as the desperate Dirk Hatteraick favours our imagination with a visit.

That old red cloak keeps the winds of Derncleugh from the form of a crazed but commanding woman, who, standing upon yon hill, asserts, with the prophetic force of madness, that

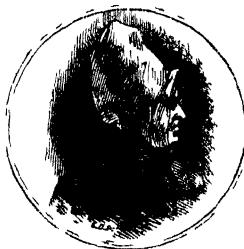
Dark shall be Night,
And wrong done to right,
When Bertram's right and Bertram's might,
Shall meet on Ellangowan's height,

and something whispers it can only be Meg Merrilies. Pertinacious Mr. Oldbuck:

'Tis said he was a soldier bred,
And one wad rather fa'en than fled.
But now he has quit the spurtle blade
And dog-skin wallet,
And ta'en the antiquarian trade,
I think they call it:

and certainly he was an antiquary, and, like many others of that class, often gave to remnants of antiquity an interest which must have astonished and mortified the musty relics considerably; for no one could suppose that a buckle or button, fashioned by some honest Glasgow artisan in the eighteenth century, could hear itself charged with having invaded Britain with the Cæsar, without a blush of indignation. It really is very hard upon such items, that they never can be accidentally buried, but some confounded "Dryasdust" digs them up and charges them with being invaders of their country, or fossil remains of some antediluvian people, who probably never existed.

But the defence of these relics must be left to the thickness of the dust that hides them, and the brain that seeks them, while



HIGHLAND WOMAN

we return to our antiquary, of whom history asserts, that he was a fine old buck, and always ready to crack a bottle with the young fellows who sought his society; and that if he did violently remonstrate with Jenny Rintherout for running in and out his study, and for having the temerity to put it to rights, it was under his other appellation of Monkbarrow. This last cognomen, however, is as grateful to the ear as the former, if we consider him merely as the child of the cloister, and consider the cloister to mean his study; but, otherwise, it is a reflection upon the character

of some one of his forefathers, for we believe the Church does not allow to monks the privilege of being ancestors.

Could Lovell have selected a better name for the home to which he was to convey his bride than Glenallan, or could the happy couple have wished for a more pleasant neighbour than the resuscitated Captain McIntyre, who was fortunately made entire after a hole had been made through him in a duel?

Herman Dousterswivel sounds very much like deuced swindler; and, if he was not a cheating scoundrel, who emanated from some dike, we hope that he sued the author of his name for libel; for if an intelligent jury of his countrymen could have been found willing to sit upon his case, they would, probably, have awarded damages without leaving the box. An old blue coat, and the wooden bench at the inn, remind us of the minstrel of Fairport, and we can almost see the staff bending as "Ochiltree" leans o'er it,"

And mourns for Auld Lang Syne.

What a yelping of curs proceedeth from Osbaldistone Hall, and how unconcerned Sir Hildebrand sits among the litter of pups in the library, poring over "Guillim," and, between occasional snores, reading, for the hundredth time, the deeds of his ancestors of "Cub Castle!"

How the old hall rings with the shouts of the revellers, and what a contemptuous smile crosses the face of Jesuit Vaughan as he listens to the nightly orgies of these "disciples of Nimrod and Bacchus!" Who can be the beautiful girl that has just dashed over yon five-barred gate on that high-bred steed, and, with a tear in her eye, is now telling her lover, "that her poor falcon Cheviot has spitted himself on heron's bill at Horsely Moss," but Die Vernon? That wily old Scotchman, Andrew Fairservice, need not have troubled himself to tell us "there were many things ower bad for blessing, and ower good for banning—like Rob Roy;" we suspected it the instant we heard the name. What could be fitter for the prompt, bold, reckless, hardy chieftain of the MacGregors than this curt *soubriquet* of Rob Roy? We imagine a broad, frank face, a strong arm, a bold step, a saucy and undaunted visage must belong to that name, and that woe

betides the man who feels the weight of his basket-hilted broad-sword. In spite of his faults, true as his steel, and generous as a prince,

Among the rocks he lived,
Through summer's heat and winter's snow:
The eagle, he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below.

What a bonnie bride for honest Hobbie Elliot was Grace Armstrong! and how his fist bangs down upon the tea-table as he hears the name of Westburnflat, the incendiary and robber!

Elshe, the recluse, may well have been the misshapen being who fled from a hated world to bury his sorrows in a hermit's hut; but the little old man, who once glided about among the grey stones of Mucklestone Moor, threw off his elfish name with his disguise, and now stands before us, the gentleman, both in heart and name,

Sir Edward, Laird of Ellieslaw,
The far-renowned Black Dwarf.

A dream, fearful as Byron's, haunts us—we think of the poultry-boy, Guse Gibbie, and the headless chickens, jumping about him at Tillietudlem, which is only dissipated by the thought of the good ale, which the name of the old butler, John Gudyill, suggests.

Drives the ale from our heads, and the air smells of damp grass and mouldy tombstones at the mention of Old Mortality.

We remember that

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep:

and we listen for the click of a chisel, or the neigh of a pony, as the name of the white-haired sculptor falls upon the ear.

What a cutting appellation is Claverhouse for the merciless commander, whose sword was always reeking with the blood of the Puritans—for him who would have dared

To wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind!

How like in character to his name was the stout, unbending, burly Puritan, Balfour of Burley!

Could the fair Edith Bellenden, of Tillietudlem's tower, ever have been much affected by the discourses which that

worthy man, Peter Poundtext, hammered into the brains of his hearers? We opine not, unless to sleep. What a stiff stomacher must have been worn by the Dowager Lady Margaret! and is she not precisely the person we can imagine, as living upon the recollection of a breakfast with royalty?

We think of the palm and the date as we see the wide nostril and glossy coat of Morton's thorough-bred, the gallant Moor-kopf, and we shudder at the maniac cries and furious gesticulations that emanate from

Pale Habakkuk Mucklewrath,
Who cried, "God's will be done."

Could we hope for eloquence from

Dumbledikes, that silent laird,
With love too deep to smile?

Or could the English language have produced a name more fitting for the simple-hearted, trusting maiden, who trudged so many weary miles to ask for mercy from "McCallum More," than Jeannie Deans, or one more suited to the loving, light-headed, once light-hearted sister, than Effie?

There is a sorrow in the name of the Bride of Lammermoor, that rings upon the imagination like a death-knell; and our pride instantly arms itself, as we encounter the "lofty brow and bearing high" of dark Ravenswood.

What ancient Saxon could have angered the noble author so much as to make him name a jester "Wamba, the son of Witless, the son of Weatherbrain, the son of an alderman?"

What an appropriate name have we for the devoted, self-sacrificing Israelitish maiden, in

Beautiful Rebecca,
Peerless daughter of a Jew!

But one man in England could be found capable of draining that huge goblet of muscadine at a draught, or of finishing that formidable "Karumpie" at one sitting, and that was Athelstane—a man of great weight in some respects—and we doubt if a whole herd of swine could have grunted out a more suitable designation for their keeper, than Gurth, the son of Beowolf. We see the brawny arm of Friar Tuck, as he tucks up his sleeve to do battle with the venison, with which his board groans;

and the black bull's head on that huge shield tells plainly enough that it is the symbol of the gigantic *Front-de-Bœuf*.

Alfred could have had no descendant more Saxon than Rowena; chivalry no type more proper than the gallant Ivanhoe; and we hear the sylvan name of "Locksley the Archer," only to lose it in the sound of Robin Hood's bugle, as the "King of the Forest" welcomes the glorious *Cœur-de-Lion* to the oaks of Sherwood.

Why is it that the name of Sir Piercie Shafton and a little bodkin are so indissolubly connected in our memory, and that it seems perfectly natural that he should have been the grandson of that worthy tailor, "Overstitch of Holderness?"

How musical is the name of "The Monks of Kennaquhair;" and how like to the ambitious prelate, possessing

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the puny body to decay,
And o'er informed the tenement of clay,

is that of Father Eustace!

Is it not reasonable to suppose that Hob Miller wore a white hat, and that he was frequently in the habit of asserting,

I live by the mill, God bless her!
She's parent, wife, and child:

notwithstanding he was the progenitor of "Black-eyed Mysie," the cherry-cheeked "Maid of the Mill?"

The mysterious "Lady of the Mist," who vanished into ether, singing,

The knot of faith at length is tied,
The churl is lord, the maid is bride;
Wither, bush, and perish, well,
Fallen is lofty Avenel:

was, doubtless, perfectly correct in this assertion; but Mary Avenel did not injure herself particularly by the fall referred to, for she fell into the arms of Halbert Glendinning, and his name is certainly sufficient to prove what a fine, warlike, and romantic fellow he was.

That sweet name of Mary Avenel, itself, comes wafted to our ear on the soft breezes of Glendearg, and we leave even them without regret, as we think

It's no the roar of sea or shore
Wad make me longer wish to tarry;
Nor shout of war, that's heard afar,
But leaving thee, my bonny Mary.

What a capital cognomen for a mumbler herald, whose life has been spent in blazoning the virtues of dead bones, is *Mum-*

blazen; how excellent a name for an old falconer is Adam Woodcock; or Magdalen for the enthusiastic devotee,

— The pilgrim of that shrine,
Whose spirit triumphs o'er the tomb,
And makes its dust divine!

Little wit is required to discover that our friend, Bryce Snailsfoot, was a trudging peddler, that "the generous old Udaller," Magnus Troil, was a magnate of some remote corner of the earth, like Zetland, or that

The witch who raised her withered arm,
And waved her hand on high,
And muttered many a fearful charm,
While lightning filled her eye,

was "Norna of the Fitful Head," the wild Reim-kennar of the North. What a host of melodious names have we in Glenvarloch, Hermione, Red Gauntlet, Wandering Willie, Peveril of the Peak, Fenella, Cr  c  ur, Le Balafre, and Dunois! Who can forget that Hayraddin was the infidel Bohemian, whose last thought on earth was of his fleet horse, Klepper; and how appropriately the Lady Hameline fulfils the destiny marked out for her by her sponsors, in marrying the Wild Boar of Ardenness?

Ph  be Mayflower reminds us of the dogwood and violets of Woodstock, and down the lofty avenue comes a voice singing—

Hey for Cavaliers!
Ho for Cavaliers!

as we think of that wild, rakish, gay lad, Roger Wildrake.

But we have trespassed too long on these generous columns, and will be satisfied with having called our readers' attention to a few of the clever subtleties of Sir Walter Scott's names.

THE FASHIONS

AND

PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

The climate of England, during the winter months, is especially unfavourable for the display of fashion. The dull and foggy climate which envelops this great metropolis of London, lays a sort of interdict on many *modes* which in Paris appear both suitable and natural. There, the wood-fires in the *salons* and the charcoal furnaces in the kitchens send up into the clear sky no columns of black smoke to descend again in such sooty particles as speedily to rob every fresh colour of its bloom, transforming the new and bright into the stale and faded, as is invari-

ably the case throughout the whole of this vast city. It is possible, however, that the French capital may speedily lose this pre-eminence and purity of atmosphere, which allows the ladies to wear white bonnets throughout the whole of the winter, as English coal will soon blaze on Parisian hearths, and cloud the skies which canopy its dwellings.

The effects of their influences are here so thoroughly well known, that dress throughout the winter suffers not a little as a natural consequence. In the streets, and in all places of public meeting, the women, collectively, appear to the greatest disadvantage. Almost anything is supposed to pass muster in the dark days and the muddy streets; and, though we acknowledge this to be perfectly natural, yet we must needs enter our protest against it. There are many simple styles of dress suitable for all weathers; styles in which good sense and good taste are equally apparent; styles contributing at once to health and comfort, giving cheerfulness from the very consciousness of freedom from all restraint.

Leaving these hints, we shall now proceed to give such explanations of our illustration as may appear necessary, premising that the style is one of the last which has appeared in Paris. It is made in glac   silk, of either brown or violet, the trimming being of the same colour, only of a much darker shade. The body is tight, having rows of quilled ribbon carried down to a point both behind and before, and having a row of bows up the front. The sleeve is quite new, and has a good effect. It is open in front up to the shoulder, but is gathered up into a quilling of ribbon just half-way down the arm. The under-sleeve is formed of five puffs of muslin, the two lowest appearing below the silk sleeve, and the three others showing clearly through the opening. The bottom of the skirt has six puffs of the darker coloured silk. The same body may be made with a plain or flounced skirt, if preferred; but that which we have given is in a newer style.

Many dresses are now made with a succession of narrow flounces at the bottom, reaching about one-third up the skirt. The waistcoat body also retains its favour, accompanied by a new sleeve, which we have given in our working pattern, so that our readers may have the only two novelties which have appeared since the last number of this magazine.

This sleeve is open up to within a couple of inches of the shoulder; must be lined with silk, and trimmed all round with a quilling of satin ribbon. This sleeve requires an under one of white muslin, made extremely large, and so well stiffened out, as to support the sleeve of the dress, preventing it from hanging down limp and flat.

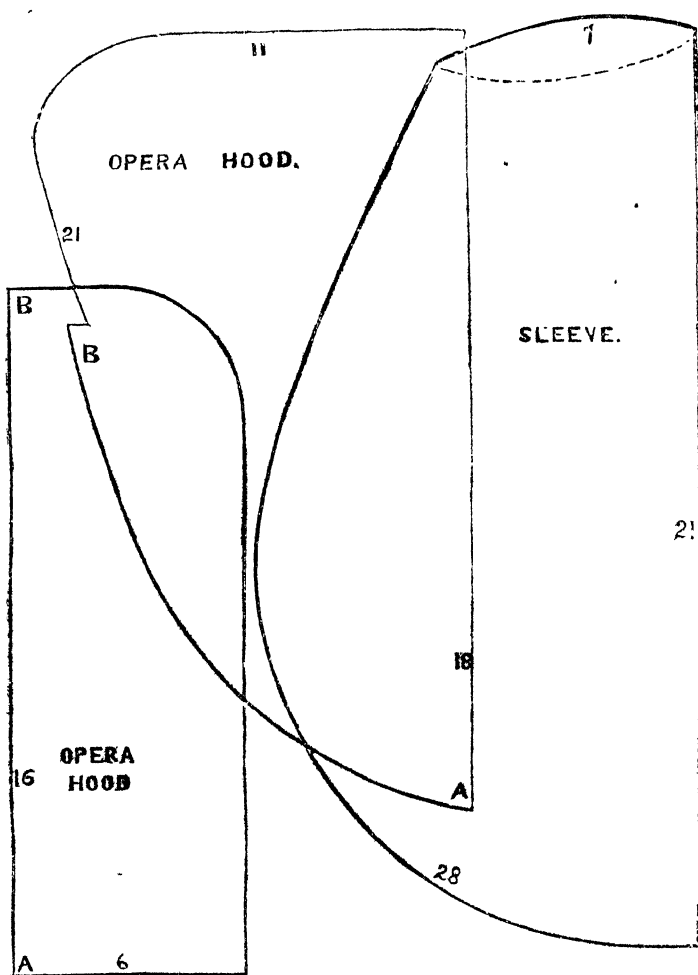
We have also given a pattern of that most useful article, an opera hood, which no lady ought to be without. Whether for the carriage or the cab, it is equally a necessity, and may even be the means of saving life, by preventing the effects of the cold, on coming out of heated atmospheres. It is made of silk, and lined with silk, either of the same or some other colour, being wadded and quilted. The smaller piece forms the half of the curtain, the letters showing where it is to be set on. The front turns over from the point where the string is attached.



Any lady may make this for herself, and there are few who will not find it eminently useful.

As the depth of winter passes away, some modifications appear in bonnets, and of these the most attractive are the following. The first is a velvet of the deepest shade of azure blue, having the shape plainly covered, trimmed with a short but thickly folded piece of velvet, laid across the top, ending on the left with a large cluster of flowers made of the same velvet, and on the right with a similar piece of folded velvet, which covers the end of the first, and from the edge of the bonnet to the inside, and from which the inside bandeau springs, ending on the contrary side with a cluster of the same velvet flowers as those on the outside, with which they mingle. The same bonnet is made in rose-colour velvet, and we need scarcely say that both are most effective. For those ladies who may consider this style too striking, a trimming of black velvet has been adopted, but in this case the curtain also is bordered with black. As we are quite aware that these bonnets are better suited for the dress promenade than for the daily routine of service, we may suggest a black chip as being perfectly ladylike for that duty, being trimmed with blue velvet in the same way, only having a rosette of black lace instead of the cluster of the flowers.

As the ball will now begin to claim some share



of the attention of the young ladies who read this magazine, we will, before concluding, bring under their notice one of the newest dresses of the season. It is of tarlatan, and the colour most favoured in Paris is called *vert lumière*, but pink, azure blue, and white are also in great request. It is made with two skirts, the under one being bordered with three rows of wide ribbon, and the upper one being looped up on each side

with the same ribbon, descending from the waist and ending with a large bow. The body is trimmed with folds brought to a point in the front, having three bows up the centre; the sleeve is one large puff, with a bow at the shoulder. The body is pointed both in the front and back. This dress is also very elegant made with wide tucks on the under-skirt, instead of the ribbon, but in other particulars the same.

THE WORK-TABLE

EDITED BY MADemoiselle ROCHER.

HANDKERCHIEF RETICULE.

MUCH of the pleasure and enjoyment of life is derived through the medium of sight. The eye conveys to the mind all the glorious beauties of Nature's pictures, and all the elegant arrangements and productions of art. By continually looking on beautiful objects, a refining process of calculation is quietly going on, most advantageous to mental progress. Every sense which has been bestowed upon us is endowed with its own particular power, and the purpose of them all is to produce a cultivated and noble mind. The Greeks carried this principle so far as to exalt Beauty into a divinity, and, even in our day, a preacher, high in public estimation, has spoken of its influence in the following words:—

"The highest pleasure of sensation comes through the eye. She ranks above all the senses in dignity. He whose eye is refined by discipline, that he can repose with pleasure upon the serene outline of beautiful form, has reached the purest of sensational raptures."

We may safely add our humble advocacy for ornamental art, even to the labours of the work-table, as we are assured that they often bestow much pleasure, and add much to the happiness

and adornment of home, as well as an additional elegance to personal appearance. Our illustration this month is a little article for the latter purpose, which is both useful and pretty. It is extremely sparkling and effective when worked: it is a small bag or reticule, just sufficiently large to contain the handkerchief and scent-bottle, and is very convenient when visiting, for evening wear, or when going to any place of public amusement. The design is worked on fine canvas, in various coloured wools, and gold and steel beads.

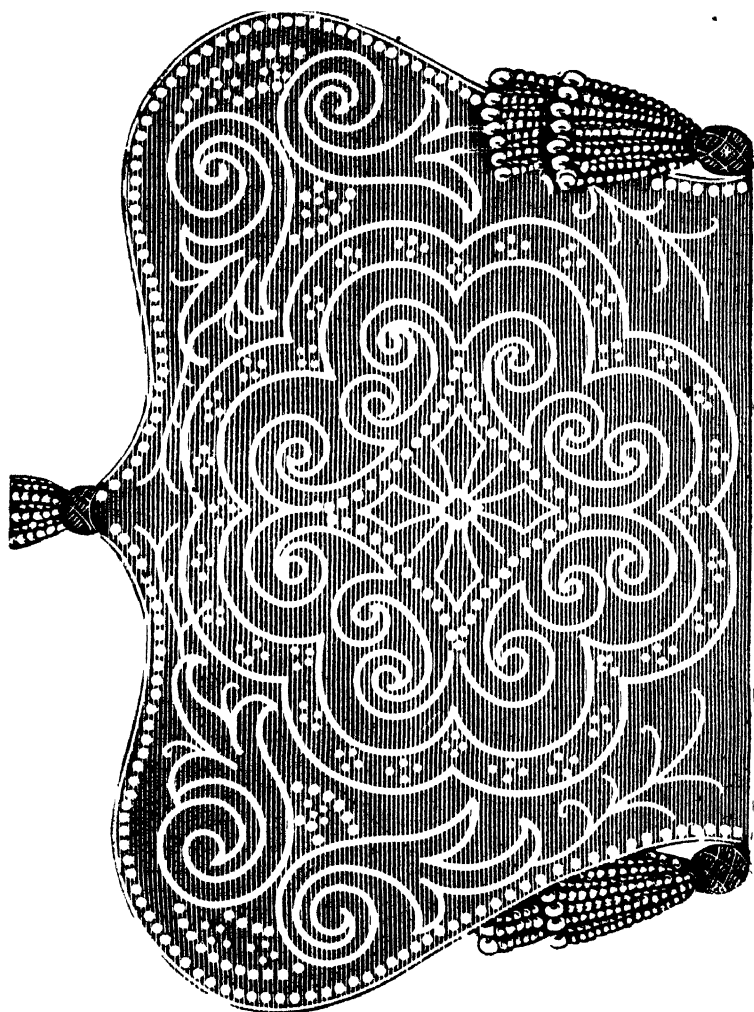
The following are the arrangements:—The centre diamond is a gold star on a crimson or scarlet ground, the diamond having an outline of steel beads. The scrolls round have an outline of steel beads, filled in with gold colour. The ground within being black. The remainder of the ground is a brilliant green, the scrolls being the same as those within the circle—namely, a steel bead outline, filled in with gold colour. The two sides are united together, the joins being hidden either with a gold cord or a gold and steel bead alternately, nearly close to each other. A set of small gilt or steel rings must be sewn on to the top, for the cord to pass through. Three handsome tassels—one at each side and one at the bottom, selected to match in colour with the bag—complete this article, which will be found a very satisfactory production of the Work Table when completed.



TRANSFER SPRIGS IN APPLIQUE FOR DRESS UNDER-SLEEVES.

The present style of fashion for the sleeves of dresses being on a liberal scale of amplitude, it involves the necessity of a corresponding arrangement in the ornamental under-sleeve now so generally adopted as an article of a lady's attire. The beauty of these under-sleeves has a great influence on the general effect of the toilette, and to be really elegant, the fabric of which they are made must be as light as possible, and richly ornamented either with lace or embroidery. Now as these luxuries are not always at command, we give a substitute which has a really pretty effect, and which can be obtained at the cost of a comparatively trifling amount of labour. This is a sprig, which will be seen in our illustration for working in appliqué, to be laid on a clear open

Brussels net. These sprigs are done separately, which is much more convenient than working them on the net, as they are more easily transferred when the ground on which they are laid is injured by wear, and they are more agreeable to execute. The distances at which they are placed depend upon the taste of the worker; an inch and a half from each other is sufficiently close to produce a handsome effect. When the sleeves are made very full and sprigged over in this manner, the style is light and elegant. The best cottons for working in appliqué are No. 16 of Messrs Evans and Co's Perfectionné for tracing the outline, and the same makers' Persian thread for sewing over. Short sleeves for full dress are very pretty sprigged over in the same manner.



HANDKERCHIEF RETICULE.



POETS:

THEIR LIVES, SONGS, AND HOMES.

LORD BYRON.

A GREATER poet and a better man than Byron,—Tennyson, says:—

For now the poet cannot die,
Nor leave his music as of old,
But round him, ere he scarce is cold,
Begins the scandal and the cry.

Proclaim the faults he would not show—
Break lock and seal—betray the trust—
Keep nothing sacred; 'tis but just
The many-headed beast should know.

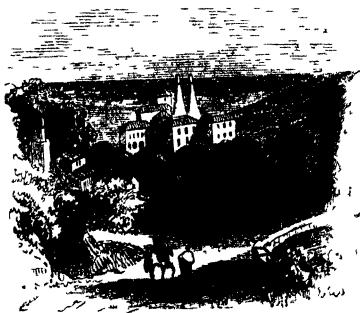
Ah! shameless! for he did but sing
A song that pleased us from its worth.
No public life was his on earth,
No blazoned statesman he, nor king.

He gave the people of his best;
His worst he kept, his best he gave.
My curse upon the clown and knave
Who will not let his ashes rest.

But, as respects Lord Byron, this indignant protest against biographical indiscretions will in nowise apply. Egotism, the main characteristic of Lord Byron's nature, forced him to "proclaim all his faults" while living, and, when dead, it has given rise to numberless pages of biographical revelations. A thousand pities is it that we are not allowed to separate the man from his verse! Why did he embalm his very common-place failings in his magnificent stanzas? Why give us such ordinary flies in such unexceptionable

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amber? It is a sufficiently sorrowful reflection that this man, who was born with so much of the immortal fire of poetry within his breast, should have squandered



the divine inheritance in persistently picturing himself a blighted being, a monster warring against female virtue, a cynic, an English Timon, and a prodigy of strength, skill, and bravery. Forty years ago he was extensively believed to be all this, and

many a poor youth bewailed his slighted affections in what was then thought one of the chief elements of pictorial despair—a Byronic collar.

As for his triumphs over woman's affection and loyalty—well, to dismiss the disagreeable subject, it is a delusion. Many a poor, "fast" youth of our own time, were he master of Byron's eloquence, might chronicle as large a number of trumpery victories. Byron, in his early years, was very poor, but he was rich enough to purchase what was for sale in this respect. If he had ever become a man, instead of remaining what he was to the day of his death—a big boy—he would have ceased to contract the miserable *haisons* which were a blemish to his ancient descent and his splendid genius.

George Gordon Byron stooped, often, very low, and himself forgot what he was always anxious his readers should remember, that he was a noble, descended from one of William's Normans. With one so proud of his ancestry, pride of birth should have been a restraint. *Noblesse oblige* should have been his motto. Fortunately, we may read his many beautiful verses addressed to women without the painful reflection that they are the addresses of a monster to his victims, though Byron himself intended it should be otherwise.

The poet's father and mother were an ill-assorted pair. Captain Byron, the parent was a gay, extravagant man of fashion: his wife a violent, wayward woman. Both were well-descended; crusaders, royal favourites, and cavaliers were among the ancestors of the captain, while his lady claimed the good old stock of the Gordons of Gight for her pedigree. Their unhappy union was terminated by the death of Captain Byron, when the poet was three years of age. Henceforth the child, who inherited the faults of both his parents, was left to the sole charge of a woman who seems to have been totally unfitted to mould the character of a wild, hot-tempered boy into a harmonious, well-regulated youth. How sad a misfortune was it that Lord Byron's mother was more the object of his ridicule than of his respect!

George Gordon Byron was born in Holles-street, London, on the 22nd of January, 1788. An accident, occurring at the time of his birth, made him lame in one foot for

life—a defect which, throughout his after-years, was a source of pain to the sensitive mind of the poet.

At the time of his father's death, he was residing with his mother, at Aberdeen, being, as we have said, but three years of age when that event occurred. Though there was no relation living between himself and his grand-uncle, the fifth Lord Byron, the latter took no further notice of his successor than as "the little boy at Aberdeen." Indeed, his fortunes were, at this period, poor enough. The extravagance of his father had left Mrs. Byron in very straitened circumstances, and, while in Scotland, the poet was a day-scholar at five shillings per quarter.

We shall not occupy space with the many anecdotes of the poet's boyhood, which Moore, his biographer, narrates, evidently with a view of showing that the lively, warm-hearted, high-spirited, passionate, resentful boy was father to the man of whose friendship he was so proud. Yes—one shall be given. When Byron was only eight years old, he formed a boyish attachment for a girl named Mary Duff.

Many years afterwards, he wrote in his journal, "I have been thinking lately a good deal about Mary Duff. How very odd that I should have been so utterly, devotedly fond of that girl, at an age when I could neither feel passion nor know the meaning of the word." These words might have been written by him just before his death: it was true with regard to more women than Mary Duff.

In 1798, when Byron was in his eleventh year, his grand-uncle died, and, succeeding, by this event, to the family estates and title, he and his mother removed from Aberdeen to Newstead Abbey. An attempt at curing the lameness with which he was afflicted was made by a Nottingham quack, at this time, but with the only result of giving pain to the young Lord.

His new rank seems to have stimulated his mother into a thought for the education of her son. She sent him to school at Dulwich, but his attendance was so irregular that he made little or no progress. At this juncture his guardian, Lord Carlisle, interfered, and Lord Byron was sent to Harrow. Here, out of the control

LORD BYRON.

of his mother, the ardent temperament of the boy caused him to repair whatever defects of education may have impaired his earlier years. He lived the vigorous life common at a public school, but he read immensely.

When he had spent three years at Harrow, he passed his vacation in a visit at Annesey, about ten miles from his own estate of Newstead, where resided Miss Mary Chaworth. She was a handsome young lady, two years the senior of the poet, her affections already engaged to another gentleman. Byron, although he knew of this, began to cherish a passion for the young lady, who, regarding it as a mere boy's fancy, offered him her friendship instead. In after-years, the poet frequently resorted to this attachment, and upon it he founded the beautiful poem called "The Dream."

We pass over the remainder of his stay at Harrow, as well as his college career at Cambridge, where, amidst his dissipations, he often wrote verses indicating "the fire that burned within him." The poet longed for the honours of print, but, at the instance of a friend, his first volume was thrown into the fire, after the rhymes had been put into type.

At twenty, however, he published his "Hours of Idleness." On the appearance of these poems, a "Scotch Reviewer" proceeded to demolish the young poet completely. It was not so facile a task as was imagined. The "Edinburgh" had to deal with a young man of astounding ability, vehement temperament, and enormous powers of sarcasm. When the critique appeared, the poet was residing at Newstead Abbey, and here, amidst orgies of the wildest character, he composed his answer.

The year 1809 saw him attain his majority, which took place on the 22nd of January. He entered the House of Lords on the 18th of March, and, three days later, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" was published, which soon proved that the critics had found their match; and, though he was a "foeman worthy of their steel," they were not anxious to attack him afterwards.

Lord Byron created little impression in the House of Lords; he was unsupported by any great party, and his brother Peers

seem never to have guessed what a genius had come among them. Society, too—that is to say, the mansions, the balls, the great gatherings of the titled—did not seek for Lord Byron's company with the eagerness which the young man—whose vanity was excessive—thought his due. He was poor, he was proud, he had a keen sense of his great abilities, his passions were of the strongest kind. At twenty-one years of age he had passed through all the dissipations which were usual with college men of his day, and he had given the finishing touch to them during a short stay in London. Here, then, he was, in debt, jaded by mean pleasures, his great abilities unrecognized, his poetry sneered at, wit, beauty, and fashion cold and indifferent towards him. He had made a speech in the House of Lords—it caused no sensation; he had published a satirical poem—it was being read everywhere; and thus Lord Byron, who might easily have become a great orator, became, instead, a great versifier.

It was chance that decided his career. For his cynicism, his blighted affection, his affected English Timonism, he had no better causes than those we have endeavoured to sketch. And simply because "society" neglected him, the Lords did not cheer him, and because everybody, in short, did not bow down in acknowledgment of the great abilities of Byron, he resolved to go abroad, to hate his country, and to write cynically and satirically for the rest of his days. What he has done, even with this false stimulus, is magnificent and marvellous. But what might he not have accomplished, had he been less selfish and vain, and had he kept his passions under a manly control?

In July, 1809, the year he came of age, he left Falmouth, and, in four days and a half, reached Lisbon. In a month, he was at Cadiz. "Cadiz, sweet Cadiz! it is the first spot in the creation," he writes. "The beauty of its streets and mansions is only excelled by the loveliness of its inhabitants." He says, he is "enamoured of Spain." Of Cintra he writes, "The village of Cintra, about fifteen miles from the capital, is, perhaps, in every respect, the most delightful in Europe." Shaping his course eastward, he visited Malta, Jomnini, Tepaleen, where he was introduced to

Ali Pacha. At Joannini, he commenced writing "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," which was henceforth to convey, in glorious verse, the vivid impressions of his own wanderings—Childe Harold being Byron himself. From Turkey, he went to Greece, leaving no classical spot unvisited or unmentioned in his "Pilgrimage." On leaving Athens, after a stay of six weeks, he wrote his celebrated

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart!

which was addressed to the eldest daughter of his landlady.

Smyrna was his next halting place, and here the second canto of "Childe Harold" was written. Before visiting Constantinople, he resolved to make himself a modern rival of Leander, by swimming from Sestos to Abydos. After an absence of two years, he returned to England, in 1811. His intention was to settle down quietly at Newstead Abbey, where his mother had been located for some time. When Byron had set out on his travels, his mother had conceived a superstitious fancy that she should never see him again. When he came to England, and wrote to her that he would soon see her at Newstead, she said to her maid, "If I should be dead before Byron comes down, what a strange thing it would be." But it so happened. She had been seriously ill for a long period, and, about this time, her son happening to order some new furniture for Newstead, the poor woman, on reading the upholsterers' bills, was seized with such a fit of rage, that her death was brought on by it.

In London, he resumed his old life of pleasure, in the midst of which he published his "Childe Harold." At first, he was unwilling to publish it, having but a poor opinion of the work which was to win him all that his soul pined for. The poem was in the highest degree successful, to the astonishment of no one more than its noble author.

"I awoke one morning and found myself famous," he wrote. Three years before, he was unknown and unrecognized by his own patrician class; now, no aristocratic *réunion* was thought complete without the presence of the nobleman, whom all the world was calling a great poet. For about

a twelvemonth, he led the life which his temperament preferred. He had given away the copyright of all his poems hitherto. We have seen that he was poor, and, with his pleasures, his debts and pecuniary embarrassments increased. It was during this interval that he first proposed to Miss Milbanke, an heiress and peeress in prospective. He was rejected. A second year passed; he was leading the same mode of life as before; but pleasure could not enervate his fine poetical powers, and, during this time, some of his most beautiful verses were composed and given to the world. He now resolved to make a second attempt at gaining a wife. The fashion in which he set about it was singular enough, and supplies us with quite conclusive evidence that, in such matters, he considered love as of the least possible importance.

Payne Knight has said that the marriage which ends a comedy is frequently the commencement of a tragedy; and the union which Byron was about to contract was soon to confirm the truth of the epigram.

Lord Byron's own memoranda of the circumstances inform us that a person who had long enjoyed his confidence and friendship, observing the cheerless and unsettled aspect of his mind and prospects, strenuously advised him to marry; and, after much discussion, he consented. The lady upon whom his choice should fall was left for the second consideration. His friend suggested one lady; he himself mentioned Miss Milbanke. To the latter his friend strongly objected, observing that, at present, Miss Milbanke had no fortune, and that his embarrassed affairs would not allow him to marry without one; that, moreover, she was a learned lady, which would not at all suit him. In consequence of these representations, he agreed that his friend should write a proposal for him to the other lady named. It was done; and one morning, while the two were seated together, an answer came. It was a refusal.

"You see," said Byron, "that Miss Milbanke is to be the person after all. I will write to her."

He accordingly instantly wrote a letter to the lady, and, though objecting to the choice, his friend, on reading the poet's letter, pronounced it such a pretty one, that it was a pity not to forward it.

LORD BYRON.

"Then it *shall* go," said Lord Byron; and it was instantly sealed and sent off. Unhappily for herself, the lady consented this time, and, in about a year, Lord Byron and Miss Milbanke were married. In another year they were separated. What occurred in the interval has never been made known to the public. The memoirs which Lord Byron intrusted to Moore were destroyed; these might have given us one side of the case, but, perhaps, it is better that the MS. was consigned to the flames. Three months after this separation, Lord Byron left his native land, never to return to it. He travelled up the Rhine, and tarried

some time in Switzerland, where he collected the materials for his drama of "Manfred."

Towards the close of the same year he was again a wanderer, and, turning his steps southward, he settled at Venice. Here he finished the third and fourth cantos of "Childe Harold;" "Manfred" being continued, and "Beppo" completed in the same city. While at Venice, he first met the Countess Guiccioli, and, as his passion for this lady had more of the appearance of a genuine affection, we shall give it a passing notice.

His acquaintance with this lady cer-



tainly weaned him from such unworthy companions as Mariana and the Fornarina, one being the wife of his landlord, the other the spouse of a miller. The lady was taken from a convent, and, at the age of sixteen, married to the old Count Guiccioli. Lord Byron first met her at another Italian contessa's party, where she appeared, three days after her marriage, in all the gaiety of her bridal array, her bosom throbbing with all the delight of exchanging a convent for the world. The young Italian found herself suddenly inspired with a passion of which her mind, till that moment, could have formed no conception. The husband grew jealous, the young countess madly in love with the handsome, foreign noble; the countess was separated from her husband, and henceforth continued the devoted mistress of Byron.

But we must hasten on. Byron's love for classic literature, and the glorious

scenes he had met with in the land which was its birthplace, caused him to engage in an expedition which was about to attempt the rescue of Greece from its Turkish masters. The Greek committee for promoting the insurrection appointed him to a high command, and, some time after, he was on the point of leading the Greeks to the attack at Lepanto, when he was seized with his last illness. He had been overtaken by a heavy shower while on horseback, and imprudently exposed himself, hot and perspiring, in an open boat, after dismounting. On reaching home, he was seized with fever and rheumatic pains. "At eight that evening," says Count Gamba (the brother of the countess), "I entered his room. He was lying on a sofa, restless and melancholy. He said to me, 'I suffer a great deal of pain. I do not care for death, but these agonies I cannot bear.'" A week later, and he was no more!

AUNT MARGARET AND I.

ANNE CLIFFORD.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

II.—GOING HOME.

AFTER Alfred Clifford had been some time at Oxford, his mother removed for awhile from D—; ostensibly because her health required change of air, but actually, I believe, as almost every one declared, that she might increase her income by letting her house; which, being one of the best in the neighbourhood, exclusive of the few great mansions, fetched a good rent. During this period, of course, our news concerning the young student was neither so constant nor so certain.

We heard of "little go" and "great go." I don't think we had any definite idea what these terms meant, with the exception of Miss Molesworth, who had a cousin at Cambridge—who, by-the-way, was "plucked" for one or the other—and she informed us that "great go" meant "taking a degree," but what degree, she was not certain; neither did she seem exactly to comprehend the precise meaning of the expression "plucked," as she omitted to tell us that her relative had failed to get the "degree" he intended to take; and we only learned, by other means, that such failure is synonymous with "pluck."

Miss Crosbie characteristically remarked, on being thus enlightened, that she preferred the "pluck" of her brother Tom, who had jumped overboard, in a heavy sea, and saved the life of a messmate, who could not swim. But I think we were all inclined to consider that the next best thing to "taking" the "degree" was being "plucked" in the contest—associating the action, somehow, with being worsted in a fight, which, of course, implies a valiant defence.

Various accounts of Mrs. Clifford herself also reached us, at intervals, from the remote village where she and her daughters were located; and these were less satisfactory than the reports from Oxford.

It was first rumoured, and then confirmed by a letter from herself to one of the few friends with whom she corresponded, that she had allowed her daughter Anne to go as companion to an old lady, a distant relative of her own—a woman whose

penurious habits and bad temper rendered her house anything but a desirable home for the poor girl. Of course, Mrs. Clifford represented the affair in the best light; dwelling on the rich and childless state of the old lady, and the extreme affection she had contracted for Anne; but the true state of the case soon came to be known and canvassed in D—: that poor Anne Clifford had been sent to earn a miserable pittance, by enduring the caprices of a fretful, stingy tyrant, to whom she was little better than a maid-of-all-work.

I have no doubt that this mistaken mother, being, as she was, thoroughly worldly and selfish, except in what concerned the darling ambition of her heart—the success and fame of her son—did really judge of Anne's happiness, or, rather, of Anne's wishes and duties, by her own, and calculated that she was doing the most advantageous thing for her daughter, by throwing in her way the chance of a fortune, to be gained by a few years or months of misery and servile drudgery.

I try to do so much justice to Mrs. Clifford because, at this time, she was much spoken of by her former neighbours, and, perhaps, in our indignation, we did think more harshly of her than even she deserved. Kind Aunt Margaret did often plead for a suspension of judgment, at least; but I acknowledge that, for the rest of us, our tongues moved pretty freely when discussing the poor lady, especially among the spinsters of our party. Not, however, when there were gentlemen present, as we rather dreaded a hint of "maiden's children," with which Mr. Pilkington once favoured us. The married ladies, of course, could express their opinions more decidedly, conscious of being, every one individually, the best mother in the world.

Well, the time passed, and Alfred Clifford passed "little go" and "great go," and "took" more "degrees" than I could well give the mystical letters for, and gained more "honours" than I could conveniently name, and was noted, in his "college," as the cleverest man there, and, in the world—such portion of it as knew of his existence—as likely, at some future period, to be one, at least, of the cleverest men there also; until, at last, we knew at D— that he was reading for a fellowship, with the certainty of succeeding.

We were, by this time, getting quite learned in such matters, and should have been shocked at the ignorance of any person who found it necessary to inquire what a fellowship meant; but we had still very vague, and, therefore, sublime ideas concerning the amount of fame and honour actually to be acquired by such success, and would have been considerably mortified, could we have known the truth, that this distinction, for which men have sacrificed health, and sometimes life, beyond the emolument attached, is scarcely of more value to the possessor than the good-conduct medal which the urchin of eight years wears at school.

Had we been told that the book-worn, faded-looking men passing across the quadrangles, or shuffling along the cloisters of the various colleges, whose names are scarcely known beyond the precincts of the University, and whose thoughts, and hopes, and cares are confined to the same bounds, are those who have been the triumphant competitors in this great struggle, we simple people of D— would not have been so greatly angry at the superior lot to which Mrs. Clifford devoted her son, and might have reserved some of our sympathy for him, whom we were regarding, at this time, with jealous wrath, as the idol at whose shrine maternal justice was sacrificed. We did not know it, however; so the fellow, that was to be, of Magdalen College, Oxford, was duly wondered at, admired, applauded, envied, and depreciated.

"Oh dear! Ellen Graham, have you heard the sad news?" said Miss Molesworth, when we met, one afternoon, at the house of our friend Mrs. Grange.

I replied in the negative; not very much alarmed by her exclamatory mode of address, as Miss Molesworth is very apt to deal in hyperbole.

"Very sad, indeed, my dear! Miss Clifford—the youngest Miss Clifford—has run away!"

"Very shocking!" said good little Mrs. Grange, who sympathized with all fortunes, good or bad.

"Run away!" I exclaimed, in turn. "How? when? with whom?"

"Perhaps we ought scarcely to say 'run away,'" put in Mrs. Grange, before Miss Molesworth could reply.

"Well, call it what you will, she has left her home, and married a strolling actor," said Miss Molesworth.

I was on the point of saying, as I did, for the moment, think, that, bating our beloved respectability, there was, it may be, little to choose between such a home as she had left and such a one as she had chosen to go to, but a minute's consideration not only checked my tongue, but brought the dreadful reflection, that the wretched girl, in abandoning even the wretched home she had possessed, might not find another, miserable or otherwise, to keep her from infamy and disgrace; so I merely said—

"When did it come to be known? Is it perfectly true?"

"Oh! quite true. Mrs. Allen had a letter, this morning, from Mrs. Clifford," said Mrs. Grange.

"Well?" I asked, waiting for further information.

"Well," replied Miss Molesworth, "it appears that the poor child—we may call her a child, Mrs. Grange; we remember her a baby, only, as it were, the other day" (Miss Molesworth was evidently softening)—"the poor child contracted an intimacy with this young man, who belongs to a company of actors that have been, for some time, performing in L—. You know Haywood is only a walking distance from the town, and no doubt she had been accustomed to ramble about without any fit protector. After the intimacy had continued for some time, he had the banns called in the parish church, which is not the one, it seems, Mr. Clifford has been in the habit of attending; so they escaped her notice, and of course, I suppose, there was no one to tell her. They were married a week ago, and Lucy left her mother's house the same day, merely desiring the servant to tell Mrs. Clifford, who was out when she left, that she had gone to her husband, and did not intend to return. Mrs. Clifford, I understand, cannot break the marriage, as the banns were duly published, though the poor girl will not be of age for nearly three years."

"It is certainly very dreadful," said I, not knowing what else to say.

"But don't you think it was very ill-judged, Mrs. Clifford writing all about it herself?" inquired Mrs. Grange. "The young man may not be a person of bad

character, though he has acted wrong in this instance; and she might have tried to establish them in a better way of life."

"That is, supposing she wished to do so; but perhaps Mrs. Clifford may not have been very anxious to prevent such a catastrophe, or make the best of it, if it should happen," said I bitterly; for I felt bitter.

Kind Mrs. Grange gave me a little reproachful look out of her gentle eyes, which were unused to reproach any one, and sent some portion of the bitterness back again. So I added, "It is a terrible thing for her now, however."

"Is Anne Clifford with her mother now?" asked Mrs. Grange, after a moment's pause.

"I don't know. Mrs. Allen did not say. I dare say Mrs. Clifford did not mention that," Miss Molesworth replied.

"And Alfred Clifford?" I said.

"Oh! Mrs. Clifford merely mentioned that he was reading very hard, which, of course, we all knew."

"Then he has not gone to see his mother, or endeavoured to do anything for his sister!" I exclaimed. "He might be of use—he might do much now—he is of age."

"Of age! Oh! of course. He must be, at least, four-and-twenty," answered Miss Molesworth. "But I really do not know that he could do much. I understand he has not much means, independent of his mother, or until her death."

"Surely he could do something; he could interfere in some manner," I persisted.

"It did not occur to me before; but I suppose he certainly could," said Miss Molesworth.

"Mrs. Allen said, that is, Mrs. Clifford said, in writing to her," quoth Mrs. Grange, taking up another portion of the subject, "that she believed Mr. Bevan, that is the young man's name—Mr. Bevan's inducement to gain Lucy Clifford's love, was the twelve hundred pounds which the poor girl is to have at her mother's death."

"Then Mr. Clifford settled his property on his children?" I asked.

"Oh! dear, yes. Twelve hundred to each of the girls, and, I think, about two hundred per annum to his son," was the answer I received.

"Has Alfred Clifford also to wait until his mother's death?" I continued, pursuing my inquiries the more eagerly because of the new light which had broken in upon me.

"I am not quite sure. I rather think he was entitled to some portion, at least, on coming of age," replied Miss Molesworth.

"We were all very indignant at Mrs. Clifford's allowing Anne to go and live with old Mrs. Nettles," said Mrs. Grange; "and yet, you see, perhaps she could not help it. Her income may have been very much reduced."

I confess I took a very different view of the case, but I did not consider it right to say more on the side opposed to the charity that "thinketh no evil," than "still, the greater part of it she might, in honour, have considered as belonging to her daughters, although she legally held an interest in it."

After some further conversation, I returned home to communicate the unpleasant news to Aunt Margaret, pondering on all we had known, and heard, and said, and thought, of Mrs. Clifford and her family, for the last twelve years; pondering sadly, too, on the future life of the poor girl, who had so recklessly changed the neglect and unjust partiality of her mother's home for, it might be, worse neglect and more cruel injustice in another; and contemplating, with pain, poor, patient Anne, in her dreary round of irritating duties; and with something nearly akin to anger, the cold, ambitious man, who could know all this, and keep an untroubled heart and clear head, reading for his fellowship.

Good Aunt Margaret was willing, like Mrs. Grange, to put in a word of mercy and comfort. She suggested, as that lady had done, that perhaps Mrs. Clifford had really been straitened in her means; that what had been begun by the dictates of partial fondness and narrow ambition, might have been afterwards rendered necessary by real difficulties. And then she hoped that even Anne's situation might not be so hard as was imagined, and that Lucy's might be found capable of much amelioration; "and after all," she said, when we had talked it over, *tête-à-tête* and among our friends, fifty times—"after all, perhaps they have been a tolerably affectionate family all this time, though one has

been so silly, and another seems so selfish. We may see Alfred Clifford a generous and fond brother yet, when his youthful ambition has been gratified."

But his youthful ambition was not gratified this time; for he fell sick from overstudy, and his chance of a fellowship was postponed for a season.

Just at the time this occurred, the family occupying Mrs. Clifford's house—which consisted of the wife of an officer serving in India, with her children and mother—were preparing to go to Southampton, to meet the husband and father on his return to his native land; and, as the term for which they rented her house had nearly expired, she took it off their hands, and returned to D— with her son, who had been advised to try his native air as a restorative.

The lapse of years had not made any very great alteration in either mother or son. She was cold, reserved, and cunning as ever; and he, steady, undeviating, correct in deportment, and, if not as eager in pursuit of knowledge, at least as consistent in his love for it, as he had always been. At present, of course, industry was prohibited—that is, a fagging course of any particular study—but his almost constant devotion to books, though ostensibly but for amusement, showed how busy an idle man might be.

So, in this manner, his summer was spent; and, as autumn drew on, he was ordered by his physicians to take a tour on the Continent. He had the best medical man in our county town—Mr. Pilkington being utterly ignored—and a Sir Somebody from London occasionally; and both united in disapproval of a too early renewal of his studies. Mr. Pilkington observed confidentially to Miss Simpkins, that there were just as clever men in D—, and elsewhere, who had not "studied" half so much; and, indeed, hinted that the necessity for so much study implied no very superior genius. In confirmation of which he cited Bob Burton, his cousin, "the idlest dog that was ever known, and yet 'a gold-medal man' that very year."

We are never at a loss for examples in D—, justly feeling that one case in point is worth fifty suppositions; and, if the examples are not very apposite, why a

little ingenuity can make them so. The present was quite sufficiently convincing for Miss Simpkins, who, having a very high opinion of Mr. Pilkington, in everything except his carelessness concerning fire, was not disposed to think favourably of the genius of any one who slighted him.

Mrs. Clifford sent her son to seek health among the vineyards of France and the mountains of Switzerland, having accompanied him as far as Folkestone to see him on board the packet; and then, on her return, had leisure to tell us, when she called to return a visit, that she "expected Anne down in a day or two. She had been ailing for some months; the change might do her good, and Mrs. Nettles could scarcely be expected to keep her while she was ill."

"And how are you to-day, dear?" said Aunt Margaret, pressing the thin hand of the poor young woman in her own, while she gazed on the worn, bloodless face.

"Just as usual," said Anne, laying the wearied head back on the cushions from which she had raised it, to give her greeting.

"My poor girl! can we do anything to give you health and strength?" said my kind aunt.

"Nothing, my dear Miss Graham. And, oh! what use would health and strength be to me? They would bring me but a return to toil and heart-weariness. And I am so happy here; you are all so kind to me."

"Your mother, surely, would not?" and Aunt Margaret was on the point of an indignant protest, but Anne's eyes stopped her.

"No, no," she said, after a moment, "I do not suppose—I do not know that mamma would wish me to return to Mrs. Nettles; and I would not wish any one to think—that is, I am sure mamma meant no unkindness by sending me there—by wishing me to go there, I mean. She did not know I should have been so miserable; and she was not very rich (mamma, I mean); and I could do nothing else—I was not fit for a governess. But it is all over, now, and I am very happy here—" she paused a little, then added, "and I shall soon be happier—I am going home."

Alas! for the young heart that—let the religious confidence be what it may—can

AUNT MARGARET AND I.

say *home* in such a case so resignedly. It had been evident to every one, from the first week of Anne Clifford's return, that her days were numbered; and the poor girl expressed the same conviction, with that perfect acquiescence which is, perhaps, the saddest proof of an unhappy life that the young can give.

Pictures of youthful enthusiasts, rejoicing and triumphant in prospect of their eternal home, when leaving love and hope, adoring relatives, and fair prospects, behind—of early dying saints, panting for the admission to their "Father's mansions"—are very beautiful, and very exciting, but they are, also, very unreal. A few, there may be, whose spiritual nature, joined to their spiritual belief—whose highly-wrought feelings, united with "an exceeding measure of grace," have conspired to raise to this ecstasy—capable of subduing every feeling of repugnance to death, of stifling every natural hope for life and its joys—but very few, I believe, in truth, they are. Almost all experience is on the other side; and bitter fruit, indeed, must earth have borne to that young man or woman—saint though he or she may be—who is glad to exchange it even for the trees of Paradise.

The above little conversation occurred after Anne Clifford had been some months at D—. In the long, dreary winter, indeed, following her brother's departure, and while he was seeking health in sunny climes, we had all come to love her very dearly.

Her rough jostling with the world had relieved the poor girl of her diffidence and hesitation; and she was now reserved only to those who were naturally or properly repugnant to her; with her friends she was simply calm, gentle, self-sustained, and enduring.

I do not know whether Mrs. Clifford was pleased or otherwise at the general sympathy and good-will expressed for her daughter; perhaps she was satisfied, at least, that the attentions of friends and neighbours left her at leisure to write long letters to her son—her usual employment at this time—and was, also, not sorry that Anne should be made comfortable without much trouble or expense on her part.

We ladies of D— come out strong on these occasions—as may have been seen in

the case of the Mayberries—the disposition for "arranging all our friends' affairs" finding an innocent, if not useful, outlet in the preparation of soups and jellies, custards and blancmanges, the writing of recipes, giving of advice, and consequent consultations, discussions, and arrangements, by which we consider ourselves justified in assisting or worrying our acquaintances.

With Aunt Margaret and myself Anne soon grew perfectly friendly and confidential; and almost the first mark of her entire unreserve towards us was her disposition to talk of her sister; and the subject, once entered on, proved never failing. It was, indeed, now, the only trouble she admitted as belonging to her lot. At six-and-twenty she had outlived all her personal griefs and cares, hopes and fears. But, Lucy—there was still anxiety and sorrow—and, if a hope of longer life ever occurred, it was only on this account.

"Have you never endeavoured to correspond with her?" I said one day, shortly after we had begun to speak on the subject; "it would be such a comfort to you to hear something of her condition and prospects from herself."

"I wrote one letter," she replied, "just after she married; but she never answered it."

"Perhaps she never received it?" said I. "Oh! she must have done so. Indeed, I have reason to know it. But Lucy and I were never like sisters. She was so much younger; and then she was always out, and I was always at home, until I went to live with Mrs. Nettles; and, after that, we were still more estranged."

"Did your brother never write?" pursued I.

"Yes, he also wrote one letter," she replied. "He sent it to my mother for her approval; and she inclosed one from herself. They have never written since."

"I must not ask what they wrote," I said, "though, perhaps, you do not know."

"They did not write very angrily," she answered; "at least, Alfred did not. But, indeed, I think any reproaches would be easier to bear than this indifference."

"It is very dreadful, indeed."

"I scarcely blame Alfred," she continued; "you know how he was brought

up—to think of no one but himself. Nay, I believe my mother, too, thought she was doing all that was right for him, and all of us; but, oh! it has been such a cold, loveless life! No wonder Lucy should have resented it."

"And you?" I said.

"Oh!" she replied, "there was a time when I was bitter and indignant; but that is long past. You remember when I was a little girl. Oh! then I almost hated all who were happier than myself—who had the happiness, I mean, which I coveted, but was debarred from. For I was once just as ambitious as Alfred; and, like him, too, my ambition was to be wise and learned. I think I loved knowledge for its own sake. Yes, I think I did. But, assuredly, not quite alone for its own sake; and it is many years now since, having learned where the error of my nature lay, I learned, also, to be thankful that circumstances had kept me in the safe and thorny path; for I might, like him, have grown cold and selfish. And it is better, much better, to be lonely in trial and humiliation, than lonely in triumph and honour—to be apart, and estranged, because one is not loved, than because one cannot love—to miss all one's aims, and hopes, and wishes, and bow to disappointment—than to gain them all, and be raised, at the same time, above sympathy, companionship, and affection."

"But it need not be so," I urged.

"No, no, assuredly not. It is not even often so, I hope; but there are some natures which require the curb and rein. I suppose I am one of them; so I have mercifully been taught to say, 'Sweet are the uses of adversity.'"

A BULLFINCH'S NEST—Once we remember to have found a nest of a bullfinch in a rose-tree. It resembled a mother-of-pearl shell, containing four blue pearls: a rose, glistening with dew-drops, hung above it. The male bullfinch remained immovable upon a neighbouring shrub, like a purple and azure flower. These objects were reflected in the water of a pond, with the shade of a nut-tree, which served as back-ground to the scene, and behind which we observed the breaking of dawn. God gave us, in this little picture, an idea of the graces with which He has adorned Nature.—*Chateaubriand.*

THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN LONDON.

SPRING TIME IN TOWN.

Then sing, ye birds; sing, sing a joyous song,
And let the young lambs bound,
As to the tabor's sound.

We, in thought, will join your throng.

OLD SONG.

As if we had no birds, or buds, or blossoms here, indeed; as if London looked and acted just the same from spring to summer, and so on through autumn to winter; as if the country and country folks only possessed and enjoyed green bushes, green peas, and young lambs; as if (Heaven pity your ignorance!) there was nothing going on in the world worth noticing, except sowing spring-wheat and pruning old orchards; just as if we had no biting blasts of cold, cutting easterly winds, and no fruit-trees to be damaged by hail-showers, or never a dust-storm, worth, according to your country proverb, "each peck, a King's ransom," but which we should be only too glad to dispose of at any price; as if spring time was not, in London, the most consequential, the most bustling, and important of all the seasons—nay, as if it was not the season *par excellence*!

The approach of spring to you, oh, rural and guileless country reader! is known by the thawing of brooks and ponds, by the cawing of rooks and the migration of winter pets, by the bleating of young kids and the scent of newly-turned earth, by pendant catkins hanging from leafless branches, and by the shepherd-like crook of the fern pushing up through the slowly-softening ground. Well, we, too, hear the cheerful chirping of birds, though it be but the twittering of sparrows—black, bold beggars; and the elms and larches in our parks, dirty and dingy-barked though they be, never forget to put forth buds, each in their season; and, from generation to generation, the pale, frail, pink, waxen blossoms of the almond gladden many young—aye, and old hearts, too—in the squares and terraces that surround the stately homes of western London.

Is that all? Oh, no! not nearly all. We have men, and women too, but chiefly men, who bring us, from the green fields, roots of the pale primrose, all a-blowing and a-growing; and we meet girls basket-

laden with sweet violets and drooping snowdrops, that send into our nostrils a breath of the fresh meadows from whence they were gathered; and carts come round the suburbs, treating us with a sight of our old favourites, wood anemones, strange orchids, and foxgloves. Now, too, the old garden of the Convent (modernized long ago, and corrupted into Covent Garden) re-blooms; and if Melrose, to be seen aright, must be visited, according to Scott, by the pale moonlight, sure we are that spring is the time to inspect our floral arcade.

In the full height of sultry autumn, when peaches hang, good reader, by hundreds on your walls and on mine, and our greenhouses are laden with black bunches of all but Hambro' grapes—when, if we cannot gather pines from our own pine-tums, we may, at least, buy them for sixpence apiece at any stall we pass, down many of our leading thoroughfares. We say, when the hot breath of summer has fructified and filled our gardens with profusion, we turn carelessly from such shows in shops, and refuse to go out of our way to inspect them; but now, when Nature sleeps, and the ground seems iron-bound—fast held in fetters—and every out-of-door leaf shivers in the sweeping, driving winds that rush past it—now we regard, with reverential admiration, the good things so carefully exhibited in this palace of wonders. Here, between rows of the darkest of dark green moss, wrapped in delicately-coloured papers, lie small, foreign-looking apples—waxen models of beauty—tinted pink and white, like the cheek of a blushing maiden; there, inclosed in wool, reposes a bunch of sweet water-grapes, with the bloom still fresh on every side; and, in a small basket to the left, we see strawberries, at we won't say how much the ounce. Ah! well a-day! we cannot help thinking, as our eye rests on them, of the sick, restless sufferer, to whom some hand of affection will doubtless carry them. Heaven help, and pity, and restore them, we say, or give grace and resignation to the kind hearts that will mourn for the dead.

And then you may see there, too, small, short bundles of red rhubarb, with its round, crinkled, and intensely yellow top-knot of leaves at the upper end—a very

different vegetable to the coarse, green, thick sticks that the costermongers will be hawking about the streets in some two months' time.

French beans and new potatoes, both in baskets, are there, of course; and, as to flowers! why one might fancy, almost ('tis only the cruel, cold wind, rushing round the corner, undecieves us), that it was June. The "Frenchman's darling" is there, and such hyacinths! springing out of baskets of moss, and pale narcissi, and sweet sweet-briar bushes (in fancy pots), and gold and silver fish, frisking round the aquariums, and parrots chattering, and such a fine, flowery, country, fresh smell about the whole place.

Then, outside stand the nut and orange-sellers, looking blue and wintry still, but glad of the lengthening days; and near them are stalls displaying hop roots and long, straggling, creeping plants, and crocus bulbs, and marvellous 1d. packets of seeds, all warranted, where Young England comes on half-holidays, and invests his carefully-saved shilling to decorate his own garden, 6 feet by 4, in some dingy back ground in Camberwell or Hoxton; for digging, and trenching, and transplanting will be carried on vigorously in many quarters now, and the old spring mania of gardening takes possession of all hearts—'tis an epidemic that visits every London family as regularly as the season itself, and, if the returns in flowers be not equivalent to the labour bestowed, at least, it carries the workers for awhile into those far-off fields where flowers do flourish and where quietness reigns, and where (though bitter experience has taught us the fallacy of our dreams) the imagination of man has ever delighted to believe that innocence and happiness continually abide.

Now old Widow Scroggins re-tubs her nettle-geranium, which is to serve all the summer as a window-blind as well as a companion in her lonely room. The shaky old man in the back kitchen has also scraped the road, to renovate his pots; and little fingers have covered the yard with sticks, by whose sides, by-and-by, strangely-shaped letters will spring up in all the glories of small salad.

Westminster women, too, go about with huge, heavy baskets on their heads, car-

rying rare, delicate greenhouse plants in pots, ranged in pyramidal form, and protected from the winds by sheets of thick paper, carefully packed round the back. Such bargains they bring, and such exchanges are made!—a hat, a coat, and a pair of trousers will buy up nearly their whole stock, and relieve you of ancient garments at the same time.

Now, too, though you may know it not, London matrons are making household alterations and arrangements for the ensuing year. Knowest thou aught of this purgatorial purification—this spring-time intrusion of mops and brushes, and soaps into the privacy of the domestic ark—this protracted three weeks' washing-day—this be-dreaded, be-tiring, and be-wildering springtide cleansing? If so, thou knowest, by many secret but certain signs, how the fatal day approaches, when whitewasher and charwomen usurp all authority in the house—when carpets depart, and the best furniture is not, being swathed in many-coloured rags, and defended from dust and splashes by every available cover that can be caught—how pearlash, and sandstone, and furniture oils, and silk cloths, and woollen squares, and dry rags, form the staple subjects of conversation in domestic circles—how cupboards no longer conceal their stores, or wardrobes escape inspection—how burning, and t-aring, and giving away, go hand in hand with this scrubbing, and cleaning, and general stock-taking of home—how the mistress bustles, and the maids bustle, and you, too, bustle—to get out of the way. For pen, and ink, and paper have all been lost, or mislaid—all the same to you, you know, for the time being—in this general influx of strangers and deluge of washing waters; and you go wandering, like the dickybird of olden days, hoping to find rest else where, but depart only to find, like him, no place, even abroad, for the sole of your foot. The cry there, too, being water, water everywhere. And huge, heavy ladders are standing against the outsides of the houses; and big men, with brushes and pails, are splashing there, too; and soapy streams run down the walls and across the pavement. And you return in despair, and find the fires all extinguished, and gold shavings in the clean, shining grate, and white muslin curtains hanging at

windows through which the cold wind whistles still, and the whole house redolent with that fresh, earthy, soft-soapy smell which inevitably attends these turnings-out. Your feet are dirty, but the new door-mat dare never be soiled by you, who have forgotten, as usual, to use the scraper by the garden-gate.

The parlour carpet has just been steamed, or beaten, or shaken. How dare you dare to tread upon its renovated surface? The chintz upon sofa and arm-chairs has been re-calendered; 'tis impossible for you to be the first to crease its immaculate surface. In despair, you retire to your chamber, and find dimity hangings instead of moreen curtains, a white quilt instead of your eider down cover, and cold, clean Irish sheets, and newly-washed blankets. For once, you wish you were a woman, and possessed a flannel petticoat, in which to enwrap your shivering body, and retire, at length, fairly worn out, and wondering why dirt should occasion so much sorrow in the world, and end by dreaming that a man, with a mop and a pail of water, is busily performing ablutions upon your sacred person.

Now, too, that winter is past, and this great annual cleaning over, the general migration of maids commences; and not of maids only, for the men-servants, as well as the strangers who stand about the gates, are also tip-toe with expectation, and ready, in these degenerate days, to toss up any old situation for a new one that promises an increase of wages—beg pardon; we mean salary—never for a moment considering the proportionate increase of work. Heigho! once upon a time, two sets of servants used to serve a man's lifetime; but now, such tales sound mythical, and border upon the romantic. Why, one could actually have had time to grow fond of, and interested in, one's domestics; but now, here to-day and gone to-morrow is the motto, and an earnest expectation of the approaching season, with its chance of a higher position and greater liberty, is, alas! the chief object with too many. For now, you know, will come in all the grand old families, from the castles and halls, and the manors, and the rectories—the Caven-dishes, and the Sydneys, and the Herberts—and the Drawing Rooms will be held, and the young beauties presented to her Ma-

jeaty; and St. James's will be alive with carriages, and, possibly, young countesses and, maybe, even future duchesses, will be passing down through thickly-planted rows of admirers; and the best jewels will be glittering, and the biggest footmen and the bonniest bouquets will be displayed, all in London town in spring time. And when the trees are greenest, and parks are filled with their thousands of fair riders, and bold men, on magnificent, if all but unmanageable, chargers—when the golden-haired, fair-faced, elegantly-dressed children of the nobility walk, with their coquettish maids, on the shores of the prettiest piece of artificial water in the world—the sight-seeker may wander farther and fare worse than by paying a visit to town.

Spring time in town, at a consumptive hospital, for instance; when the dying days draw near, and many golden cords are being loosened! You, too, in the country know what this sad, cruel disease means, and how hard May Hill is to pass for such patients; but you do not know, as we do, how sad is the sight of hundreds massed together, all dying of one disease; and how helpless and how touching the scene, of scores passing away simultaneously at the breaking forth of spring. Some joy in the sorrow there is, that so many comforts are theirs—so much sympathy for so much suffering. Yet, all in the midst of our bustle, and beauty, and life, these are silently and certainly fading away. Let us hope and pray that they may at last awake in that eternal spring of never-fading bliss and glory, that shall endure for ever, world without end!

M. S. R.

THE GONDOLAS OF VENICE.—The famed gondola, which so many poets have sung, is, perhaps, the most delightful conveyance that ever was invented. The quiet progressive movement, the wonderful address with which the boatmen conduct their charge through the narrow canals, amidst crowds of barges, boats, &c., which are constantly obstructing your route, the nicety with which they measure distances in the most intricate situations, turning the sharp corners, and paddling through apertures which you think impracticable, without ever touching the objects that seem to oppose your passage, give you the most agreeable sensations of pleasure and security. The price of a gondola with two men is only five francs a day; they are not, indeed, now dressed in the picturesque garb of former days, but their ordinary attire is well compensated by their utility, which, in the present humble days of Venetian fortunes, is more important.

LOVE OR HATE.

IN SIX PARTS.

VI. AND LAST.—THE HAVEN REACHED.

No, love is no such scullion's clod;
Living, perfected, it shall rise;
Transfigured in the light of God,
And lending glory to the skies.
And that which makes this life so sweet,
Shall render Heaven's joy complete.

"AND so you two young things have made it up again all right, eh?" asked Mr. Beaumont, as he entered the room where the two lovers sat side by side.

"I hope so," murmured Frances, while Edgar, holding her hand tightly, answered aloud—

"There has been little to make up, sir—only a few misunderstandings, on each side, to explain."

"Which has been done satisfactorily? That's well."

"Yes; but we have still a source of much uneasiness—a great difficulty before us, from which there appears but one hope of extrication. If you —"

"I understand. If I will help you? Ah! that's the way of the world. People get into scrapes by their own self-will, and then go to some one else to lift them out. Well, it can't be avoided, I suppose; so now tell me what you want."

"To know how best to act with regard to Major Beaumont."

"Tell him the truth, lad—tell him the truth. There has been a great deal too much concealment already."

"Yes—yes," cried Frances. "But what will he say?"

"Ah! child, you should have thought of that before," replied the old man; then, when he saw his niece's face droop and sadden, he continued, kindly—"Come, do not despair. It is useless sorrowing over the past, except as it may teach us wisdom for the future. The present is our immediate concern, and it will aid us little in dealing with that, to think how we should act now, if circumstances were different. What do you propose, Mr. Staunton?"

"I scarcely know; the only expedient seems a dangerous one—that I should go to Major Beaumont, and ask him for his daughter's hand."

"Dangerous, indeed! Why, he would decline at once, and forever, and make the

LOVE OR HATE.

visit so unpleasant, as to prevent the possibility of repeating it. No—no, that won't do."

"I feared not; but, then, what is to be done?" said the young man despairingly, clasping his companion's hand even more firmly, as if, by the mere power of his grasp, he could hold her, alike, out of the reach of her father and her position.

"Yes—what is to be done?" And Frances looked up anxiously in her uncle's face.

"I know not, unless—what should you think of my going to Burnley?"

"The very best thing possible."

"The only thing. Oh! uncle, if you would," exclaimed the lovers simultaneously. And the banker smiled and shook his head.

"You are willing to trust me, then? Well, you might do worse, perhaps; but beware of expecting too much. Your father was always a little bit obstinate, and I do not imagine he has altered much in his old age. However, I will do my best, and see what can be effected."

"Thank you—thank you, uncle; then I have little fear."

"Ah, well! I hope I am doing right. I only want to see you happy. This may not be exactly the way I should have chosen, but we must let people enjoy themselves in their own way, I suppose."

"I am very, very happy." And Frances blushed, and smiled, and looked affectionately at Edgar.

"I do believe you are; and that consoles me for a great deal of which I should otherwise disapprove; and you have already suffered so much, that it is surely unnecessary to moralize upon the errors and follies you have both committed, and both, I trust, repent. Let us only hope and resolve that the past shall be a lesson for the future. But now to business. You and I, Frances, will start for Burnley tomorrow, and, if possible, prepare the Major to receive you, Stanton, on Thursday. This, at present, seems to me to be our best plan. Can you suggest a better?"

"There can be no better, sir, if only you will do us so much kindness."

And thus, no more advantageous course offering itself, Mr. Beaumont's was adopted; and he and his niece went down into the country on the following day.

As might be expected, the soldier was very glad to see his brother, and received him with great hospitality and kindness, and was even more affectionate than usual towards his daughter, whom he was delighted to have back again. Nevertheless, the first day passed, and neither of the visitors had courage to broach the subject which occupied all their thoughts.

On Thursday morning, however, the banker felt that this silence could not be allowed to continue longer, so he sought a private interview with his brother; and then, having once opened the matter, pleaded the cause of his *protégés* with wonderful tact and perseverance.

"It is useless, William. I would rather see the child in her grave," cried the soldier passionately, as his brother paused.

"Hush—hush! You do not mean what you say, Henry; the youth is sensible, gentlemanly, and well-principled, and, if his conduct continues satisfactory, of which I have no doubt, I shall take him into partnership at the end of twelve months, and then he will be a match which even you need not scorn."

"But his birth! Good heaven! A peasant's son aspire to my daughter's hand! By all that's great, William, you must be mad to propose such a dishonour to our ancestry."

"I think more of the living than the dead, in this case."

"Pshaw, clap-trap! The living would not be what they are, but for the dead. Past generations have done much more for us than even the present or future will do; but this is folly. I tell you it shall not be; and if Frances dares to disobey me, on her head be the punishment, and my curse."

"Silence, silence, Henry. What! curse your own child?"

"Yes, a thousand times—yes, if she dare to set my command at defiance, and wed this plebeian scamp. But, no! she will not attempt it. The Beaumonts were ever a proud race, and she will not deny her blood, and wed herself to shame."

"You are talking wildly—unreasonably—poverty is no shame."

"No, not when compensated for by other advantages—birth, influence, position. But this man has none of these; he is a mere pensioner on your bounty. And then his

family! Bah!" And the speaker turned away with a gesture and accent of disgust.

"You are blindly, wilfully prejudiced," said the banker impatiently. "It is useless to talk to you. I tell you, Mr. Staunton's family are very much honoured and respected."

"No doubt. Everybody is respectable now-a-days—even the street-sweeper—but I will not have my daughter marry such——"

"You will repent this obstinacy when you see her suffering."

"Never. Suffering brought upon herself, by herself, is her own affair. If she sows the wind, let her reap the whirlwind."

"You are sowing the wind."

"Pshaw! I am only performing my duty. No man should suffer his child to sacrifice herself by a disgraceful marriage."

"Though he may sacrifice her himself to gratify his empty pride," said the banker, with bitter emphasis.

"As you like; but it is idle pursuing the subject, William. Nothing can alter my determination one iota. As I said before, sooner than she should marry that man, I would see Frances in her grave."

"And you will see her there, and not be the first or last parent who, for the sake of pride and prejudice, has broken his daughter's heart. But I will be no party to such cruelty; and, although one mother bore us, one cradle held us, and, through childhood, youth, and age, we have been one in heart and affection; yet I tell you, Henry Beaumont, that, whenever you cast off your child, and break her heart for the gratification of an evil and unholy passion, from that hour you have no longer a brother; for, so far as I am concerned, that sacred tie shall be as if it had never been."

And William rose and walked, with a steady, indignant step, towards the door. But his words had awakened powerful memories of happy, boyish days in the old soldier's heart. He thought rapidly for a moment; pride and affection warred together, but early recollections conquered, and he called back his brother.

"Stay—stay, William," he said. "Do not be hasty. Give me time to think."

"To what purpose—to work yourself up to the utterance of yet crueler, more violent, and wicked words?"

"No, no."

"What, then? You say nothing can shake your determination."

"And do you never say more than you ought? Come, Will," as the old man kept his place sternly, "you should make allowance for a hot-blooded soldier, who is more used to action than thought. Come, what is it you wish me to do?"

"To forgive your child, and——"

A sharp whistle.

"And let her marry the man she loves."

"How the devil came she to love him, a——"

"Now, if you have any hope of being reasonable, don't lash yourself into a fury again, by calling names. It is not the wisest thing, perhaps, the poor girl could have done. But it is done, and the best must be made of it. I am willing to do my part."

(A muttered something, which the speaker did not choose to hear, but went on.)

"Consider, she is our only heir—Isabella being so well provided for by her mother's family, and her wealthy marriage—and surely we are rich enough to let the child wed for happiness."

"But would she be happy?"

"I think and believe so."

"She is so young, so inexperienced; and then she knows so little of him, or he of her."

"Yes, but that little has been eventful: at any rate, I believe that opposition would only strengthen a love in which, for all its want of worldly wisdom, I cannot help sympathizing. Still, if you wish it—and, under all circumstances, it might be wise—let them wait awhile."

"Well, if it must be so—if he really is what you say, and Frances avows to me that her happiness depends upon it—let it be as you propose. If, at the end of twelve months, I find they still wish to marry, I will withdraw my opposition. I can concede no more."

"It is a long time to wait; still, with youth and hope to support them, the time will pass quickly and profitably. I am well satisfied, not more for them, Henry, than for you—you have won over your besetting sin a glorious victory. May God bless it." And the two old brothers shook hands cordially, though with moistened eyes.

It was as the banker had said; the year of probation glided by in serene and peaceful happiness; and, although Frances and Edgar met but seldom, their faith in each other never faltered, and absence served but to strengthen their affection.

At the end of the stipulated twelve months, therefore, they all met again in pretty, rural Burnley.

The brothers Beaumont, hale, hearty, and hospitable as ever—Edgar, now a partner in the bank, looking handsomer, manlier, and more bronzed than a year before—and Frances, seeming even younger than when we first saw her, with a smile of ineffable happiness on her bright face; for her father, proud and “hard to please”

as he is, is, at length, satisfied with her choice, and receives her lover cordially—Isabella, too, her darling step-sister, by whom she was educated, and who is coming up, on the next day, to grace her bridal, approves them highly, for she knows and values Edgar much, and is more than willing to give her favourite into his charge.

All is fair and glad, therefore; and, upon the last evening but one before the wedding, the brothers and the betrothed gather in the drawing room, and chat gaily—Frances crying, as she reads one of the evening letters, which have just come in—“Oh! uncle, I have such news—who do you think is going to be married?”



CONTINUED

“I can guess, for I have a letter too.”

“Have you? Then you know. Are you not glad? But who would have thought of such a thing? They seemed so very unsuited to each other.”

“Opposites suit best, they say.”

“In what? Pray may I inquire the subject of the surprise, and these profound remarks?” asked Edgar, coming up.

“Oh, yes. Somebody—or, rather, two somebodies, of our acquaintance, are about to get married. Now guess who.”

“I can’t. I know no one who is going to venture upon that fatal step except ourselves.”

“Indeed!” and Frances shook her head playfully; “fatal, you call it! Well, if I didn’t very much want to see you thoroughly astonished for once, I would punish

you for that word, by keeping you in ignorance of my secret.”

“And so punish yourself ten times more by not telling it, eh! Fanny?”

“Cruel! when you know, papa, that I am the least gossip in the family. But now, as I see how excited and anxious you are both growing to share my information, I will pardon your several misdemeanours, and give it.”

“As you like. I, for one, don’t care.”

“But I do. Tell me, Frances.”

“Well, what do you think of Sir Henry Mordaunt and Marian Erskine?”

“Impossible! You can’t mean it.”

“Indeed I do. Read this letter, and you will have the fact affirmed by the lady herself; but how and where they first met—how they ever fell in love, and what is

the magnet which attracts each to the other—I cannot imagine. Yet I am very thankful. My last trouble is removed."

And she bent down her head and thought deeply.

Yes; strange as the news appeared, it was, nevertheless, true. Sir Henry and Marian were really affianced. They had met in Germany, where the latter had gone for the benefit of her health—unconsciously choosing the pretty Rhine town of Coblenz, to which the baronet had also hastened in the first moments of his disappointment. Here they became acquainted, and were, in due time, betrothed. His love and support were precious boons to the lovely girl, and he found in her quiet yet deep and self-reliant nature, the mental stamina he so much required, as well as that perfect repose and peace which had been wanting in his engagement with Frances. So, everything being arranged for their union, they returned to England, and wrote to their friends, among whom were Frances and her uncle.

Thus the last cloud passed from between our heroine and her happiness, as she sat, on that calm autumn evening, with her father, uncle, and lover, pondering gratefully on the undeserved blessings she had been permitted to enjoy.

Gloriously broke the eventful morning which was to seal the fate of the lovers, and the little town was astir betimes; wreaths were hung across the streets, and the old church was beautifully decorated.

It was not a fine or grand wedding; and some sight-loving people were disappointed; but the majority, who had known and cherished the bride from childhood, were well satisfied with her evident bliss.

And she was happy also. The perfect confidence and unity now existing between herself and Edgar had supplied the only element wanting in their union. Trial and grief had thoroughly chastened the characters of both, and taught them to look higher than earth for strength to persevere in the right course upon which they had entered; and, as they knelt at the altar, and consecrated their lives to each other, they forgot not the Great Author and Giver of all Goodness, and that earthly happiness, although beautiful and precious, should be but a preparation for the eternal bliss of Heaven.

POESY OF THE PASSIONS.

PRIDE.

"Pride may be allowed to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity. It is not pride that is to be blamed, but excess of the same."—JOHN SELDON.

"It is pride that fills the world with so much harshness and severity."—BLAIR.

The remnant proceeds of pride,
And pride proceeds of the devil.
Thus, always, they proceed of evil.

DAVID LINDSAY, born 1490, died 1555.—
[*Side Tails*.]

That poison foul, of bubbling pride, doth lie
So in my swelling breast, that only I
Fawn on myself, and others do despise;
Yet pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, born 1554, died 1586.—
[*Sonnets*.]

So proud she shyned in her princely state,
Looking to heaven, for earth she did disdain;
And sitting high, for lowly she did hate.

With pride so did she swell;
And thundering Jove, that high in heaven doth dwell,
And wield the world, she claimed for her sire—
Or if that any else Jove excel—
For to the highest she did still aspire;
Or, if aught higher were than that did it desire
And proud Lucifer men did her call,
That made herself a queen, and crown'd to be;
Yet right! kingdom she had none at all,
No heritage of native sovereignty.

EDWARD SPENSER, born 1553, died 1599.—
[*Faerie Queene, Canto IV*.]

But later ages, Pride, like corn-fed steed,
Abus'd her plenty, and fat-swollen increase,
To all licentious lust, and 'gan exceed
The measure of her meane and naturall first need.

Ibid, Canto VII.
Pride, Eve's legacy.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, born 1564, died 1616.—
[*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Scene 1*.]

Ajax.—Why should a man be proud?
How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.
Agamemnon.—He that is proud eats up himself:
Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet,
His own chronicle; and whatever praises itself
but in the deed,
Devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax.—I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nestor.—And yet he loves himself!
Is it not strange?

Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Scene 3.

Ulysses.—I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.
Ibid, Act 3, Scene 3.

High over all vain-glory's blazing throne,
In her bright turret, all of crystal wrought,
Like Phœbus' lamp, in midst of heaven shone;
Whose starry top, with pride infernal fraught,
Self-arching columns, to uphold were taught.

GILES FLETCHER, born 1568, died 1623.—
[*Ambition and Vain-glory.*]

His pride and vain ambition are so vast,
That, deluge-like, they lay whole nations waste.

EDMUND WALLER, born 1605, died 1687.—
[*Poems on Several Occasions.*]

Blind folly of triumphing pride!
Eternity, why build'st thou here?
Dost thou not see the highest tide,
Its humbled stream in the ocean hide,
And ne'er the same appear?

WILLIAM HABINGTON, born 1605, died 1654.—
[*David.*]

To such a place our camp remove,
As will no siege abide.
I hate a fool that starves for love,
Only to feed her pride.

SIR JOHN STOCKING, born 1608, died 1641.—
[*Song.*]

And now his heart
Distends with pride, and, hard'ning in his strength,
glories.

JOHN MILTON, born 1608, died 1674.—
[*Paradise Lost.*]

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men use to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

SAMUEL BUTLER, born 1612, died 1680.—
[*Miscellaneous Thoughts.*]

In a robe of cow-hide
Sat yesty Pride,
With his dagger and his sling;
He was the pertinent'st peer
Of all that were there,
T' advise with such a king.

A Ballad on the Parliament.

Long did the Muses' banish'd slaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride.

ABRAHAM COWLEY, born 1618, died 1667.—
[*On the Death of Mr. Crashaw.*]

O sharp, convulsive pangs of agonizing pride!
Down, then, thou rebel, never more to rise.

JOHN DRYDEN, born 1631, died 1700.—
[*The Hind and Panther.*]

How justly, then, will impious mortals fall,
Whose pride would soar to heaven without a call.
Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.

* EARL OF ROSCOMMON, born 1633, died 1684.—
[*False Pride.*]

The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain human kind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.

JONATHAN SWIFT, born 1667, died 1719.—
[*On his Death.*]

When blasts destroy the opning ear,
Life thus replete with various woe,

Warns me to shun with studious care,
Pride, my most deadly, latent foe.

JOSEPH ADDISON, born 1673, died 1739.—
[*Morality in the Fields.*]

Why should our garments, made to hide
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?
The art of dress did ne'er begin,
Till Eve, our mother, learnt to sin.

How proud we are! how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new!
When the poor sheep and silk-worms wore
That very clothing long before.

ISAAC WATTS, born 1674, died 1748.—
[*Against Pride in Clothes.*]

The fact notorious, nor obscure the cause;
We wear the claims of pleasure, and of pride.
These share the man; and clash in their com-
mands.

Pride, like an eagle, builds among the stars;
But pleasure, lark-like, nests upon the ground.
Joys shared by brute creation, pride resents;
Pleasure embraces: man would both enjoy,
And both at once: a point so hard to gain!

EDWARD YOUNG, born 1684, died 1755.—
[*Night Thoughts.*]

In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
And quit their sphere, and rush into the skies;
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes—
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.

From pride, in reasoning pride, our very reason-
ing springs,
Account of moral, as of natural things.

ALEXANDER POPE, born 1688, died 1744.—
[*Essay on Man.*]

Be humble, learn thyself to scan;
Know, pride was never made for man.

JOHN GAY, born 1688, died 1732.—
[*The Man and Flea.*]

Old Wilmot.—There is a kind of pride, a decent
dignity

Due to ourselves, which, spite of our misfortunes,
May be maintained and cherished to the last.

WILLIAM LILLO, born 1692, died 1739.—
[*Fatal Curiosity.*]

The active lunacy of pride,
That courts gilt fortune for a bride.

MATTHEW GREEN, born 1696, died 1737.—
[*The Spleen.*]

In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and resolution fail,
Giving false peace a moment.

JAMES THOMSON, born 1700, died 1748.—
[*The Seasons.—Spring.*]

Regard the world with cautious eye,
Nor raise your expectations high;
See that the balance'd scale be such,
You neither fear nor hope too much;
For disappointment's not the thing:
'Tis pride and passion point the sting.

* NATHANIEL COTTON, born 1707, died 1788.—
[*Dependence on Providence.*]

Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,
For grim religion, some, and some from pride,
Have lost their reason.

JOHN ARMSTRONG, born 1709, died 1779.—
[*The Passions.*]

Now drops, at once, the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, born 1709, died 1784.—
[*Vanity of Human Wishes.*]

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain.

LORD LITTLETON, born 1709, died 1773.—
[*Advice to a Lady.*]

Mark where Indolence and Pride,
Soothed by Flattery's tinkling sound,
Go softly rolling, side by side,
Their dull but dally round.

THOMAS GRAY, born 1716, died 1771.—
[*Pleasures arising from Vicissitudes.*]

How weak is man to reason's judging eye!
Born in this moment, in the next to die;
Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
Too proud to creep, to humble to aspire.

Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
And sinks untimely in the whelming tide.

RICHARD WEST, born 1716, died 1743.—
[*Ad Amicos.*]

When ruffian pride
Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
Of public power, the majesty of rule,
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To slavish, empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee.

MARK AKENSIDE, born 1721, died 1770.—
[*Pleasure.*]

Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robe of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar Pride defrauds her dally cheer
To boast one splendid banquet once a year.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, born 1728, died 1774.—
[*The Traveller.*]

Though various foes against the truth combine,
Pride, above all, opposes her design;
Pride, of a growth superior to the rest,
The subtlest serpent with the loftiest crest,
Swells at the thought, and kindling into rage,
Would hiss the cherub Mercy from the stage.

WILLIAM COWPER, born 1731, died 1800.—
[*Truth.*]

Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar.

JAMES BEATTIE, born 1735, died 1803.—
[*The Progress of Genius.*]

Cruelty inflames the eye of pride.

[*Ode to Hope, IV.*]

Pride is a very stubborn evil;
Set but a beggar on a horse,
Lord! what will be the fellow's course?
The knave will gallop to the devil.

DR. JOHN WILCOX, born 1738, died 1819.—
[*An Ode.*]

There is a lofty dame call'd Pride,
With corns upon her toes,
On which the mob are apt to tread,
And very oft, God knows.

[*Orson and Ellen.*]

Pride, the fever of the ardent soul.

WILLIAM HALLER, born 1743, died 1820.—

Urania.—So close our nature is to vice allied,
Our very comforts are the source of pride.

[*Search after Happiness.*]

If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,
Who in their base contempt, the great deride;
Nor pride in learning—though my clerk agreed,
If Fate should call him, Ashford might succeed,
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few.
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gain'd,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labours train'd;
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride in a life that Slander's tongue defied;
In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride.

GEORGE CRABBE, born 1754, died 1832.—
[*The Parish Register.*]

The world, for so it thought,
Owed him no service; therefore he at once,
With indignation, turned himself away,
And with the food of pride sustained his soul
In solitude.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, born 1770, died 1850.—
[*The Yew Tree Seat.*]

What is glory? In the socket
See how dying tapers fare!
What is pride? A whizzing rocket
That would emulate a star.

[*Inscriptions.*]

And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.

SAMUEL T. COLEBRIDGE, born 1772, died 1834.—
[*The Devil's Thoughts.*]

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call—if 'twas not Pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

CHARLES LAMB, born 1775, died 1835.—
[*To Hester.*]

Ye creatures of a breath, proud things of clay,
To whom, if Lucifer—as grandams say—
Refused, though at the forfeit of Heaven's light,
To bend in worship; Lucifer was right!

THOMAS MOORE, born 1780, died 1852.—
[*Lalla Rookh.*]

Still, Avarice, starve their souls! Still, lowest
Pride,
Make them the meanest of the basest throng!

EBENEZER ELLIOTT, born 1781.—
[*The Excursion.*]

Evil thoughts shall rack the proud,
Racking doubts and restless fear.

REGINALD HEBER, born 1783, died 1826.—
[*Hymn.*]

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Men's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with stronger bias rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

JOHN KEATS, born 1796, died 1821.—
[*Essay on Criticism.*]

Pride, self-adoring Pride! was primal cause
Of all sin past, all pain, all woe to come.
Pride, at the bottom of the human heart,
Lay, and gave root and nourishment to all
That grew above. Great ancestor of vice!
Hate, unbelief, and blasphemy of God,
Envy, Slander, Malice, and Revenge,
And Murder, and Deceit, and every birth
Of damn'd sort, and progeny of Pride.

The root from which it grew was pride;
Bad root, and bad the fruit it bore.

ROBERT POLLOX, born 1799, died 1827.—
[*The Course of Time.*]

That gen'rous pride, that spirit unsubdu'd,
That soul with honour's high-wrought sense
unbu'd,
Had shone, recorded in the song of fame,
A beam, as now a blemish, on thy name!

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE.—
[*The Statue of the Dying Gladiator.*]

A brow of pride, a lip of scorn—
Yet beautiful in scorn and pride—
A conscious pride, as if he own'd
Gems hidden from the world beside.

L. E. LANDON, born 1802, died 1838.—
[*The Troubadour.*]

And is it thus the mightiest pass;
They on whose slightest breath
Hundreds attend!—then what is Pride
Fore its high master—Death?

A morning sunbeam on the lake,
Slave to each tyrant shade,
A bubble only blown to burst,
A flower, ere night to fade!

CHARLES SWAIN.—
[*Alexander the Great.*]

Disdainful Pride, with wintry brow.

HECTOR MACNEILL.—
[*Grandeur.*]

Such baffled searches mock man's prying pride.
The God of Nature is your secret guide.

GILBERT WHITE (the Naturalist of Selborne).—
[*Summer's Evening Walk.*]

There is no home in halls of Pride,
They are too high, and cold, and wide.

JOSIAS CONDER.—
[*On Home.*]

All evil thoughts and deeds;
Anger, and lust, and pride,
The foulest, rankest weeds
That choke life's groaning tide!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.—
[*The Witnesses.*]

Winning its way with extreme gentleness,
Thro' all the outworks of suspicious pride.

ALFRED TENNYSON.—
[*Isabel.*]

Back on herself her serpent Pride had curl'd.
[*The Palace of Art.*]

Own you have sins, and tell how Passion throbs,
With earnest pulse, at some forbidden shrine;
Proclaim how dark Revenge excites your soul;
Betray the latent spring of selfish Pride,
That moves the blazoned hand of Charity.

ELIZA COOK.—
[*Honesty.*]

MIGNON; OR, THE STEP-DAUGHTER.

WHEN Maurice left Mignon, with how many things was he not occupied! He surpassed himself. He attended, energetically, to the affairs of the Crèvecoeur household—he went to see Graziella, he informed the lady superior of all the events which were in preparation, he carefully arranged Mignon's new residence, he organized everything simultaneously.

Accordingly, Madame Crèvecoeur, much recovered, although still very feeble, was able to leave for Normandy, in company with her two little girls, to take up her residence near her family, with a comfort insured her by the care and intelligence of Maurice. Misfortune had, indeed, altered her; she had become another woman. She was inspired with gratitude towards that sweet Mignon who had melted the ice of that cold heart; and, at her desire, she allowed her two eldest girls to remain with the ladies of the Augustine convent.

Mignon was very eager to inform her dear lady superior of all the happy events that were about to be consummated, and to receive her maternal embrace and benediction. When she, once more, descended the steps of the convent garden, her first entrance into this happy refuge recurred to her mind.

It was a signal for general joy in the convent when she, who was called the angel of the house, made her appearance. She sauntered a long time beneath the beautiful plane trees, holding her two little sisters by the hand, and speaking words of advice and encouragement to them. Graziella frolicked about before her, clapping her hands, and expressing, by her happy face, all that she had not the power to tell in words; all the young girls clustered about her, eager to display their affection, and hurried to bring her the most beautiful flowers of the garden.

On witnessing the enthusiasm of these tender hearts, Mignon could not find courage to tell her young companions that she had come to say farewell to them. It is ever a sad word to speak! When the good superior had explained to them that Mignon was no longer of an age to remain in the convent, and that she was about to

go out into the world, as other young girls had done before her, a touching scene occurred. All the young faces were convulsed with sorrow. Mignon covered her eyes with her hands. She could not restrain her tears. And now she felt two little arms forcibly clutching her. It was poor little Graziella, completely overwhelmed and bathed in tears, who was looking up to her with a desolate and supplicating expression which spoke as clearly as words—

"And I, Mignon, my darling mother, what will become of me? Will you, who have loved me so tenderly, leave me here alone? Alone! Who will love me? Who will take an interest in me? Who will look at my works? And I love you so dearly myself, too! Can I live without my mother?"

How clearly her eyes expressed all this. How well can affection display itself, even without language!

And then she took Mignon's hand, and placed it on her heart, as if to say—Do you understand me?

"Yes," cried Mignon; "yes, Graziella. I understand all. I know that you cannot exist without me. Come, my dear child; I am your mother; you shall not leave me again. Has not wretchedness been a bond between us? Come for ever! Come! *we shall leave together!*"

As she heard these last words, Graziella uttered a cry, and wept still more; but how sweet and solacing were those tears! They healed that poor little heart. A lively burst of grateful joy succeeded. She embraced the superior as though to ask forgiveness for leaving her, and she begged Mignon, by signs, to speak for her.

"Go, my poor child," said the superior, kissing her forehead. "Love and honour your tender mother, and may God bless thee!"

Graziella wished to kiss everybody. Then she ran to her studio to bring forth her tools and models; but all these had been already packed away in a chest.

Mignon distributed among her young companions tokens of remembrance, and forgot no one. She promised to come and see them very often, and asked their affection for her two little sisters, whom she also confided to her two dearest friends in the convent.

As she mounted the last step leading from the garden, she heard a little voice call her. She turned her head with a smile. It was the pretty parrot, who was hovering, with outstretched wings, close behind her, crying out again and again, "Mignon, Mignon!"

"Poor little bird!" affected, despite herself, by so trifling an incident, which recalled all that had passed. "What, you have not forgotten my name—the name which you gave me? And you repeat it at my departure, as you so happily uttered it at my first coming here! Forget it not, little bird, when I am gone away, so that my companions may remember the Mignon who is now so happy."

And she kissed the pretty head of the docile bird, who listened to that musical voice, as though it understood those words of friendship.

At length, escorted by every one, Mignon, holding her daughter Graziella by the hand, reached the threshold of the convent. It was not without an effort, or without often turning round to take a last glance at the place, that she could leave it. She shook the old portress by the hand as she passed, who cried, as she watched her get into a coach—

"Truly, there is a little angel taking flight."

Some days after, Maurice and Mignon, holding Graziella by the hand, entered, towards evening, a charming house in the Rue de l'Ouest. This is the quarter preferred by artists, and it is here that the studio of Marx, preserved, like a mausoleum, by the piety of Maurice, is situated. The house is constructed of brick, and surmounts a terrace, located in the midst of a circle of trees. Its appearance is sufficiently picturesque. Its large windows look down upon a charming landscape. An immense iron gate, opening upon the Luxembourg, gives entrance to the sweet shades of its garden-walks—all charms the gaze of the beholder, nothing offends it.

On the other side of the Luxembourg grounds, lines of verdure inclose the horizon, and from beneath bower peep three monuments—three temples to the Lord—Sainte Genéviève, Saint Jacques du Haut-Pas, and the Val-de-Grâce, which rear their golden crosses to the sky.

Graziella was very tall; she was almost eleven years of age. She glanced at everything with curiosity. How happy she was! She knew that she was never again to leave her tender mother, Mignon. She followed her everywhere. Her gestures were so expressive that one could scarcely perceive that speech was denied her.

When she was conducted to one of the windows on the first storey, when the child saw the cool shades, the well-known garden-walks, and when, in the horizon, she perceived the three crosses of gold, she threw herself into the arms of Mignon and uttered a cry. She pulled Mignon towards the window, and, pointing out to her the tower of Saint Jacques-du-Haut-Pas, she repeated, with increasing vivacity—

"Mother! mother!"

This was the church where she had made her first communion, and where her mother had been taken for the last time.

When Maurice entered, she ran towards him, then suddenly stopped short, placed her hand to her forehead, as if seeking a word, and cried, with a sorrowful air—

"House! My mother's house!"

It was thus, according to the order of her ideas, that, after the sacred name of mother, the sweet title of house—of the domestic hearth—succeeded, and flowed the most naturally from her lips. Mignon pressed her dear child to her bosom and dried her tears. Maurice was deeply moved. He watched with a species of alarm this struggle of Nature and of the heart. A sudden thought crossed his mind. He was half afraid of what he was about to do; yet he hoped the best from a more complete and sudden shock; and he well knew there was no time to be lost.

"Come, come!" said he, conducting Mignon and Graziella from the apartment, and leading them rapidly down the stairs.

He opened a large door on the ground-floor, took one hand of Graziella, while Mignon tremblingly grasped the other. The place was shrouded in almost complete obscurity, through which some white phantoms could barely be seen.

"Let in some daylight," said he to a servant who followed them.

In an instant the large shutters were thrown open, and a torrent of light flowed into the studio of Marx. The shriek

which escaped from the poor little child cannot be described. Her arms were extended towards the magnificent statue of Graziella which stood on its pedestal, in solitary splendour, in the midst of the apartment.

"Graziella! Graziella!" she repeated. Then, animated by some great impulse, she escaped from the hands that held hers, and walked, alone, right up to the foot of the statue. "Yes!" said she, in a distinct voice—"yes, this is my father's studio!" And she seemed to listen in astonishment to the words which escaped her lips, and were re-echoed in the apartment. "And here—here is my mother's chamber!" And she rushed forward, as if to enter it; then stopped suddenly, as if seized with fear. Maurice and Mignon took her by the hand.

"Dear child," said Mignon, "we are now your father and mother. You are in your own studio; everything here is yours. You will never leave it again, and your speech will never again depart. We shall all be happy together, here, remembering those whom we have lost—those whose memory is dear to us. Come, now! speak once more! How sweet your voice is to me!"

Graziella laughed in an ecstasy of joy; then, regaining her composure, she glanced around her at the works of art—all those objects which were familiar to her—and, flinging herself in Mignon's arms, she murmured—

"Father! mother! how much I love you!"

Then, giving her hand to Maurice, she sank, nearly exhausted, on a couch.

The declining sun illumined with its last rays the three golden crosses which stood out in relief against a sombre sky, like beloved shades still revealing themselves to the living. Yes; the shade of Clèveccour was present as Mignon and Maurice clasped each other's hand. And Graziella had, truly, near herself the shades of her father and mother. And, with the dying day, these consoled shades appeared to illumine with soothing beams that delicious scene, just as the *flammas de Bengale* light up with their fantastic rays the last tableaux of a gorgeous fairy drama.

THE END.

THE MYSTERY OF THE WELL.

MANY persons in the North of England will recognize the principal character in the following little story, which, I fear, will find but few believers in this enlightened age, though it is true in every important particular. For reasons, however, which I need not explain, I have thought proper to change the names of the persons and places included in this mysterious romance of real life.

Not many miles from Holworth Hall there is an old well—at a little distance from the main road—"St. Swithin's Well," famous for the icy coldness of its water in the warmest of seasons.

In the year 1755, Mr. Barnard, an old gentleman who lived at Grassfield, chanced to be walking, alone, near this well. He was followed by a huge mastiff of the true old English breed. The dog approached the brink of the well, and barked loudly. His master's attention was attracted, and he proceeded to ascertain the cause of the animal's excited state. To his surprise he beheld an infant of about a month old, wrapped in a costly brocaded silk scarf, and girdled with a broad blue ribbon. Mr. Barnard was startled at the discovery, and he called to some labourers who were at work in a field hard by. They came to him immediately, but they were unable to give him any information. They declared that they had seen no one come or depart on that day.

What was to be done with the child? It was asleep, probably, when the dog gave the alarm; but the barking had aroused it, and it cried lustily. Mr. Barnard had several children of his own, but he had a horror of all other people's, especially young ones; and, while he rejoiced at saving the life of the little being, he was rather sorry that Fate had not made somebody else its benefactor. He, however, ordered one of the labourers to carry the infant to Grassfield.

When he arrived at the gate of his home, he told the man, who was carrying the child, to stop for a few minutes, in order that he might prepare his good lady for the reception of the little stranger.

He gave his wife a detailed account of

all that had passed, but he could not get her to believe a single word.

"Nay, nay, Thomas," she said, "that won't do. The brat shall not be brought here. The story is too unlikely for me to credit."

"I protest, my love," he replied, "that I know no more about it than the man in the moon. Your accusation is as absurd as it is unjust. Here is the child. Look at it—poor thing!"

The old lady was exceedingly obstinate, and not easily convinced when she formed an erroneous conjecture. The cries of the infant, however, pierced her kind heart, and she took the little creature in her arms, and endeavoured to soothe it. The servants thronged about the babe—especially the women; and one of them managed to console it very effectually, and afterwards to hush it to sleep.

There was an elderly lady in Grassfield who had, in her youthful days, been attached to the Court of George II. She was a shrewd and clever person, and a sort of general adviser in all cases of difficulty. She was sent for as a matter of course, and, while she was on the road, an animated discussion, relative to the parentage of the foundling, was kept up in the kitchen. Every one surmised differently; but they all agreed on one point, namely, that, if great folk deserted their young in that way, it was hard to punish the likes of them with so much rigour.

The lady of courtly experience arrived, and inspected the child with praiseworthy coolness, while she taxed her mind to say on whom the parentage probably rested.

"He seems a fine, healthy little boy," she remarked. "And, bless me, how smart he is. Well, I declare!"

"What?" asked Mr. Barnard and his wife, in the same second.

"Why, this ribbon belongs to a Knight of the Garter!" she exclaimed. And she peered up at the ceiling.

"You don't say so?" said Mr. Barnard.

"It is," she repeated; "and, what's more, it has been a good deal worn! And this scarf," she added, "belonged to some person of rank. That is very evident."

"I trust, my love," said the old gentleman to his wife, "that you will now believe what I say."

"I don't know what to make of it," she

replied. "It is the oddest thing I ever heard of."

The circumstances soon were spread, and for months were the theme of the whole country. Every young man of fortune was set down as the reputed sire; and no child in this world ever had so many mothers assigned to it.

The boy was christened Joseph, and surnamed Swithin. He was kept by Mr. Barnard till he was some four years old, and was then sent to school in York. The old gentleman would have kept him in his house till he was older; but the number of persons who called and begged to see him, out of curiosity, made the charge extremely inconvenient. I should mention that, one morning, a letter was received by Mr. Barnard from a banker in York, to the following tenour:—

"Sir,—You will be good enough to know that a person, who calls himself Mister James Smith, has deposited in my hands the sum of three thousand pounds, which he has requested me to place to your credit; and, at the same time, to tell you that you will know how to dispose of it. Dated, at York, March, A.D. 1757."

That the money was sent on the boy's account, was very certain; and for his benefit it was immediately invested to the best advantage.

The boy grew up. The interest of the 3,000*l.* was expended on his education, and, on his attaining the age of twenty-one, he was placed with one of the old merchants of Hull. He soon became a partner in the house. He died, some years ago, at the age of eighty, after amassing a very large fortune, which he bequeathed between his wife and the Foundling Hospital in London. He lived a quiet life, and was remarkably attentive to his business.

The anxiety which he displayed to ascertain who was his father, was not a whit less than that which Marryat implanted in Japhet.

At elections, fairs, country meetings, and at all other gatherings of influential people, he was always to be seen, with the original broad blue ribbon across his breast; and he not unfrequently carried in his hand the identical scarf in which he had been found near St. Swithin's Well. But he was never recognized, and no clue to his paternity was ever discovered.

And now, gentle reader, having told you thus much, I will tell you a sequel, which you may believe or not, just as you please.

The people of the part of the country I have taken you to, swear to this day that St. Swithin's Well has been haunted, for the last ninety years, by a fair spirit, who is sometimes seen looking down the well, and at others, searching for something under the bridge near Holworth Hall.

Very few persons can be tempted to cross that bridge after nightfall, or approach the house which was once owned and occupied by Lady Bosworth.

The ghost has been described to me by several old men, who profess to have seen it, as "a tall and beautiful young woman, of, maybe, twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, with long black hair, and bright black eyes; high cheek bones, and a very straight nose."

About eleven years ago I was staying in the house of my friend Barnard—the representative of the old gentleman who found the boy. At a large party, which consisted entirely of young men, the story above narrated was told for the benefit of those who had never heard it before.

Several asserted that the founding was the son of the woman whose ghost haunted the well; whilst a number laughed convulsively at the idea of the belief which prompted such a supposition, and of this number I was one. The conversation became loud, if not boisterous.

An officer belonging to a regiment of Dragoons, then stationed at a town about nine miles off, was at the party of which I am speaking. He called out to our host, from the other end of the table—

"Have you ever seen the ghost?"

"No," was the reply.

"Have you ever been to the well at night?"

"No; but I have crossed the bridge often, and I confess I saw no ghost, though I looked for it."

"Did you ever hear any reasonable man say that he had seen it?"

"Several."

"Who are they?"

Barnard mentioned several gentlemen whose words might be relied on.

"Oh! they were not sober, you may de-

pend," cried out three or four who took a warm part in the conversation, which was vigorously renewed.

The officer who led the opposition got up and said—

"I will go and look for the lady; though I do not mean to say that will settle the dispute, because ghosts are very fickle, and will not always 'come when you do call for them.' Will you send somebody with me that knows the spot?"

"It is more than two miles off," said Barnard.

"Never mind. Lend me the gig. It is a beautiful moonlight night."

"Well, I'll drive you down to the bridge," said the host.

The gig was ordered; the two men lighted cigars, and drove off, amidst the laughter of those who remained to ridicule the expedition.

After an absence of about three-quarters of an hour, Mr. Barnard and the officer returned to the room where we were all sitting. They were received with a loud and unmeaning "Hooray!" by the anti-spiritualists.

The officer was pale and agitated. His silence was odd, and so was the manner in which he filled a bumper of sherry and drained it.

"Well, Jack, what is she like?" asked one of the party.

"She is something like Mrs. Randall," he said mysteriously; "but taller, and younger-looking."

"Then you *did* see her?"

"I did!"

The greater number of us laughed, and said—

"Oh, you are evidently in the same condition as those other people were in when they saw her."

Mr. Barnard remained silent; and the officer, who was perfectly sober, after making a solemn and awful abjuration, spoke as follows:—

"I jumped out at the bridge, and looked under it, and all round it. I saw nothing. Barnard pointed out the direction of the well, and thither I went. I walked boldly up to the brink, and there I beheld the figure of a woman, sitting with her face hidden by her hands. I confess I felt a little nervous, but I plucked up my resolution, and rapidly reasoned with myself. I

approached to within about five paces of her, and said—'What may you be doing here?' She arose and came close to me, stared vacantly in my face, and smiled. I struggled with the fear that came over me, and tried to speak again, but could not. After staring at me for a few seconds, she turned and looked about the ground. She stooped several times, as though she were in the act of taking something up into her arms. Her agony appeared intense when she found the object of her search was gone. She knelt and looked down the well. Disappointment and horror were depicted on her countenance, and she glanced inquiringly at me with the brightest black eyes that ever gleamed. My senses here failed me. I became giddy, and how I got back to the bridge I know not. For full two minutes I saw the figure. She was dressed in the richest Court dress; and I heard as distinctly as possible the rustling of the silk as she walked about the brink of the well. I shall never be ashamed to tell this; nor would I scruple to take my oath to the truth of what I have stated, in any court in this kingdom. As for being tipsy, no one ever saw me in the least affected by wine; and, as for being led away by my imagination—as some one just now suggested—every one who knows me will admit that such is not very likely. I walked to that well with as much confidence as I would walk into my stables—I returned from it exactly as I have mentioned." * * * *

"All the old people declare," said Barnard, "that, whoever she might be, she was the mother of that child which my ancestor found near the well, and whose history I gave you this evening."

"I know nothing about that," said the officer. "I am a perfect stranger here; and I have only described to you what I saw as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life."

WHEN an Arab woman intends to marry again after the death of her husband, she comes, in the night before her second marriage, to the grave of her dead husband. Here she kneels and prays to him, and entreats him "not to be offended—not to be jealous." As, however, she fears he *will* be jealous and angry, the widow brings with her a donkey, laden with two goat skins of water. Her prayers and entreaties done, she proceeds to pour on the grave the water, to keep the first husband cool under the irritating circumstances about to take place.

VERY FAR NORTH.

THE Icelanders are of the Lutheran religion; and a Lutheran clergyman, in a black gown, &c., with a ruff round his neck, such as our bishops are painted in about the time of James the First, was preaching a sermon. It was the first time I had heard Icelandic spoken continuously, and it struck me as a singularly sweet, caressing language, although I disliked the particular cadence, amounting almost to a chant, with which each sentence ended. As in every church where prayers have been offered up since the world began, the majority of the congregation were women, some few dressed in bonnets, and the rest in the national black silk skull-cap, set jauntily on one side of the head, with a long black tassel hanging down to the shoulder, or else in a quaint mitre of white linen, of which a drawing alone could give you an idea; the remainder of an Icelandic lady's costume, when not superseded by Paris fashions, consists of a black bodice, fastened in front with silver clasps, over which is drawn a cloth jacket, ornamented with a multitude of silver buttons; round the neck goes a stiff ruff of velvet, figured with silver lace, and a silver belt, often beautifully chased, binds the long, dark wadmal petticoat round the waist. Sometimes the ornaments are of gold instead of silver, and are very costly.

Before dismissing his people, the preacher descended from his pulpit, and, putting on a splendid cape of crimson velvet (in which some bishop had, in ages past, been murdered), turned his back to the congregation and chanted some Latin sentences in good round Roman style. Though still retaining in their ceremonies a few vestiges of the old religion—though altars, candles, pictures, and crucifixes yet remain in many of their churches—the Icelanders are staunch Protestants, and, by all accounts, the most devout, innocent, pure hearted people in the world. Crime, theft, debauchery, cruelty are unknown amongst them; they have neither prison, gallows, soldiers, nor police; and in the manner of the lives they lead among their secluded valleys there is something of a patriarchal simplicity that reminds one of the Old World princes, of whom it has been said that they were

"upright and perfect, eschewing evil, and in their heart no guile."

Their law with regard to marriage, however, is sufficiently peculiar. When, from some unhappy incompatibility of temper, a married couple live so miserably together as to render life insupportable, it is competent for them to apply to the Danish governor of the island for a divorce. If, after the lapse of three years from the date of the application, both are still of the same mind and equally eager to be free, the divorce is granted, and each is at liberty to marry again.—Lord Dufferin.

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

TO CURE BEEF RED, LIKE HAM.—Two ounces of saltpetre, one ounce of bay-salt, one ounce of salt prunella, a few grains of cochineal, a quarter of a pound of coarse sugar, and plenty of coarse salt. Rub and turn it every day for a month. To be cooked in dripping, with a paste over it.

SPANISH BISCUITS.—Beat the yolks of eight eggs nearly half an hour, then beat in eight spoonfuls of loaf sugar; beat the whites to a strong froth, then beat them well with yolk and sugar nearly half an hour; put in four spoonfuls of flour and a little lemon cut exceedingly fine, and bake them on papers.

JUMBLES.—Rasp on sugar, rinds of two lemons, dry, reduce to powder, and sift it with as much more as will make one pound. Mix it with one pound of flour, four well-beaten eggs, and six ounces of warm butter. Drop the mixture on buttered tins, and bake, in a very slow oven, for twenty or thirty minutes. Should look pale, but be perfectly crisp.

A RICH CAKE.—Take four pounds of fine flour, well dried, four pounds of fresh butter, two pounds of loaf sugar pounded and sifted, an ounce of mace, an ounce of nutmegs, and eight eggs; wash four pounds of currants, pick them, and dry them well before the fire; blanch a pound of sweet almonds, and cut them lengthways very thin; a pound of citron, a pound of candied orange-peel, the same of candied lemon, and half a pint of brandy. First work the butter, with your hand, to a cream, then beat in your sugar a quarter of an hour; beat the whites of your eggs to a strong froth, mix them with your sugar and butter; beat yolks half an hour at least, and mix them with your cake, then put in your flour, mace, and nutmegs; keep beating it well till your oven is ready; put in your brandy, and beat your currants and almonds lightly in. Tie three sheets of paper round the bottom of your hoop to keep it from running out, rub it well with butter, put your cake in, and lay your sweetmeats in three layers, with cake between each layer. After it is risen and coloured, cover it with paper before your oven is stopped up. It will take three hours baking at least.



THE FASHIONS
AND
PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

THE streets of every large city would be like the beds of a vast garden without flowers, were it not for the varied aspect of the dresses of the ladies enlivening its paths and walks, just as the blossoms of the shrubs adorn and beautify every plot of the dull earth from which they shoot and

spring. Dreary, indeed, would be the appearance of the busiest thoroughfare, as well as of the unplanted soil, if Fashion did not enliven the one and Nature the other; and far distant may the day be when the first shall cease to imitate the bright example of the last.

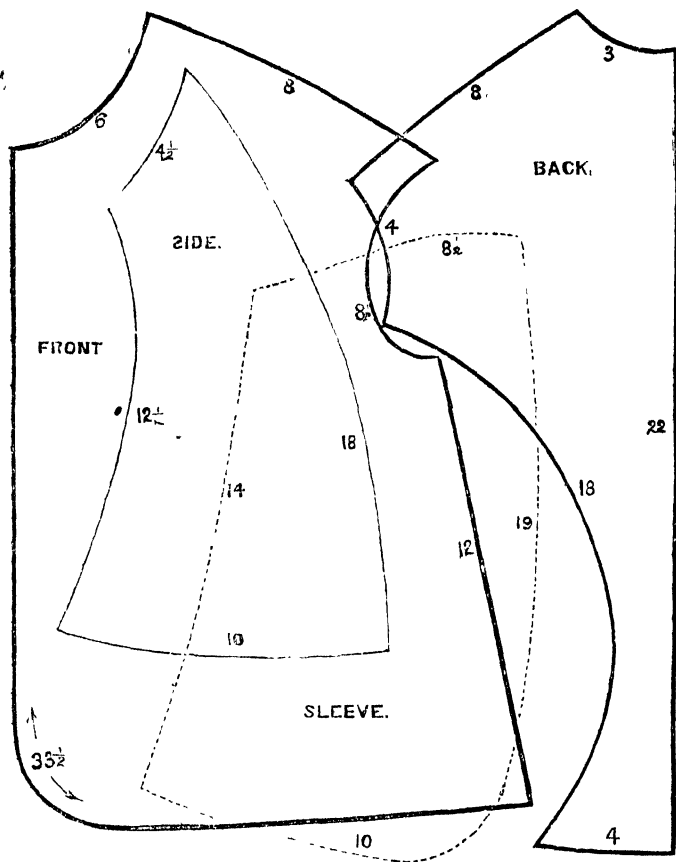


DIAGRAM OF DRESS.

At present there is very little fear that taste should decline, since all things else are in a state of progress; and we shall, therefore, at once proceed to the first part of our duty, namely, that of explaining the illustration which we have this month selected as likely to be most acceptable to the subscribers of this journal at the present season of the year.

This dress may be made either in tarlatan or silk, but, in either case, the trimming is to be in the tarlatan. This consists of a fulness, laid on in vandykes, at the bottom of each skirt, every point being gathered up into a bow. On the

under-skirt there are two rows, on the upper there is one. The body is trimmed with fullings from the shoulders to the centre, and finished with bows to match the skirt. The sleeves are formed of either one or two full puffs. This dress, made in white tarlatan, with its trimmings in the luminous green, is extremely elegant. In a pale ultramarine blue it is also very *distinguished*. Ladies who prefer a more subdued tone will find a soft lavender or a good black silk, made in the same manner, suitable for all the occasions which demand a dress toilet.

The severity of the weather during a large

portion of the month which has just expired has necessarily forced a continuance of all the warmest winter wraps; but, even had this not been the case, the *pardessus* and mantles would still have remained unchanged, as, until another month has passed, the spring fashions will not have made their appearance. In fact, there is always an interval when the shawl comes on duty—we mean, when the weather fluctuates between the dull and the bright, and when it is too fair to think it winter, and the sunshine is too transient to think it summer. We suppose there is scarcely a lady in the land without a shawl in her wardrobe, and such as certainly the time to wear it.

The body of the morning dress is chiefly made with the waistcoat front and the pointed back, although there are many others worn with the band and clasp. In any thick material, the skirt may be simply trimmed with rows of the macaroon buttons, bordered with narrow black lace up each side of the front, and half-way up the body, the upper part being turned back and fastened down on each side with a button to match. The sleeves are wide, and bordered with fur or velvet, having an epaulette of the same. The undersleeve is of the material of the dress, the wristband being of the fur or velvet. This fur trimming will, almost to a certainty, be much in vogue in London next winter, having, during the present one, been greatly favoured in Paris.

The Zouave Jacket is worn more than ever as home costume; but many varieties have shown that the invention of the French *modistes* cannot remain stationary. Wishing that the readers of this journal should have all the facilities for adopting the newest fashions, we have supplied a pattern of the last that has appeared, and which is known under the title of the Turkish Vest. These are made sometimes in velvet, sometimes in cloth, and are more than ever loaded with embroidery and braid, not of one colour only, but of various contrasts, producing most remarkably showy effects. The passion for the gold braid and gold embroidery is in some degree abating in favour of this newer style of decoration, which is not so apt to lose its beauty by tarnishing.

The bonnets which we described last month continue to be most in favour. In Paris, black velvet, trimmed with white, is also much admired. The shapes are large, and stand up in the front, leaving a great space above the forehead, which is filled with white roses, graduated from the centre to the side, being continued down to the strings by quillings of tulle. The strings are either of velvet cut on the cross, or broad velvet ribbon.

The caps now worn in Paris have a very striking appearance, and have a close resemblance in form to the fashionable bonnet projecting in front and re-ceding at each side. In these, the blonde is put on almost as full at the top of the head as at the sides, a bandeau of flowers, pointed in the middle, being placed over the forehead, ending on each side with a clinker which mingles with the blonde. Very pretty caps are also made of white tulle, spotted with black, and these are trimmed with a mixture of black and white blonde, narrow black velvet, and pink roses.

THE WORK-TABLE.

EDITED BY MADemoiselle ROCHE.

THE countries in which the labours of the work-table are seen to most advantage are certainly England, Germany, and Belgium, because, in these, feminine taste and industry are more especially exercised in producing articles for home decoration than for personal adornment. On seeing the principal towns of Belgium for the first time, the eye is particularly attracted by the elegant appearance of the windows of the houses, which almost all display, more or less, some beautiful piece of work-table excellence, in the shape of curtains or blinds. These latter articles are peculiar to Belgium, being chiefly formed of knitting and darning, ornamented with the most artistic patterns. These beautiful specimens of needlework display, at the same time, as much feminine taste and skill as interest in, and love of, home.

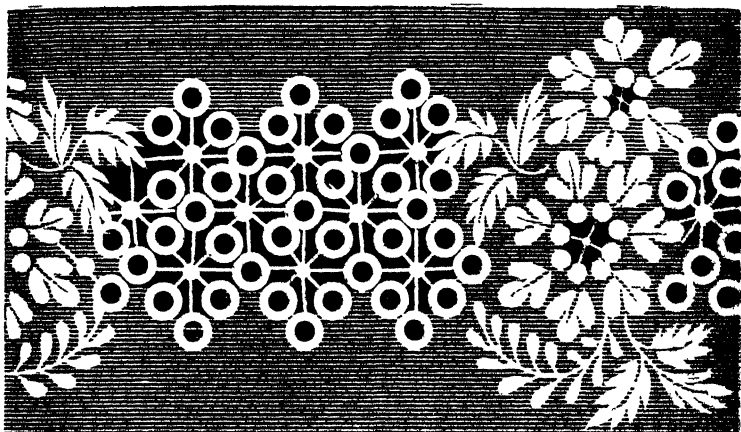
In all these three countries we find an equal degree of domestic comfort, and that air of happiness and refinement which has its source in feminine domestic virtues. We can scarcely enter an English drawing-room without seeing some ornamental piece of industry, and in many we find that the chief attraction consists in those beautiful pieces of needlework, in the shape of chairs, table-covers, cushions, screens, curtains, and other elegances, which give to the apartment its air of luxury and comfort, and without which it would look dull and cheerless. Although we have enumerated only those articles which adorn reception-rooms, there are many others which are both equally as useful and as ornamental for the sleeping apartments, which can be executed by hand. These consist of counterpanes, toilet covers, curtains, fringes, pincushions, watch-pockets, the *sac de nuit*, and many others, all indicating an interest in home life.

UNDER-SKIRT INSERTION IN EMBROIDERY.

One of the prevailing fashions for ornamental under-skirts, is the introduction of embroidered insertion between rows of tucks, to whatever depth may be preferred. This arrangement has more of utility in it than having deep, rich work, subjected to the rough wear of the promenade and the laundry alternately. We have given a pattern for this purpose, which is very pretty, as well as durable. The flowers are worked in well-raised satin stitch, and the holes are cut out and sewn over, making them sufficiently large to look clear and light. The proper cottons for this work are Nos. 16 and 20 of Walter Evans and Co.

BORDER FOR SLEEVE IN EMBROIDERY.

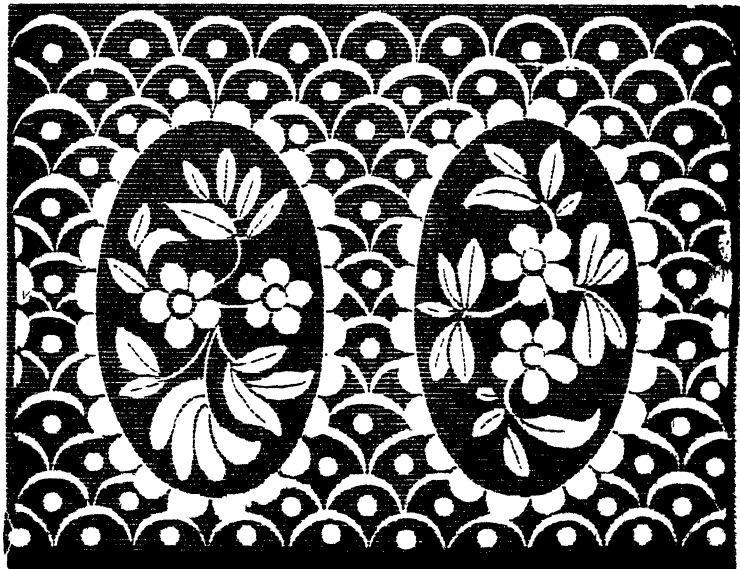
This border is extremely effective for sleeves and collars, and can be arranged, without the slightest difficulty, for the latter by cutting out the shape required and placing the ovals at intervals, and filling up the spaces with the intermediate pattern, according to the illustration given for the sleeve. The oval medallion is in net, with an embroidered sprig in the centre. This sprig may be either worked on the net, or transferred, or a Honiton sprig laid on, whichever may happen to be most convenient. The pattern between the ovals is worked in button-hole stitch,



UNDER-SKIRT INSERTION IN EMBROIDERY.

with a hole in every scallop, and left in the solid muslin. A well-raised, button-hole stitched edge surrounds each of the net medallions. This is an extremely effective pattern for the amount

of work which it involves, as it is arranged with a view to economise, as much as possible, both time and trouble, and to produce, at the same time, beauty of effect.

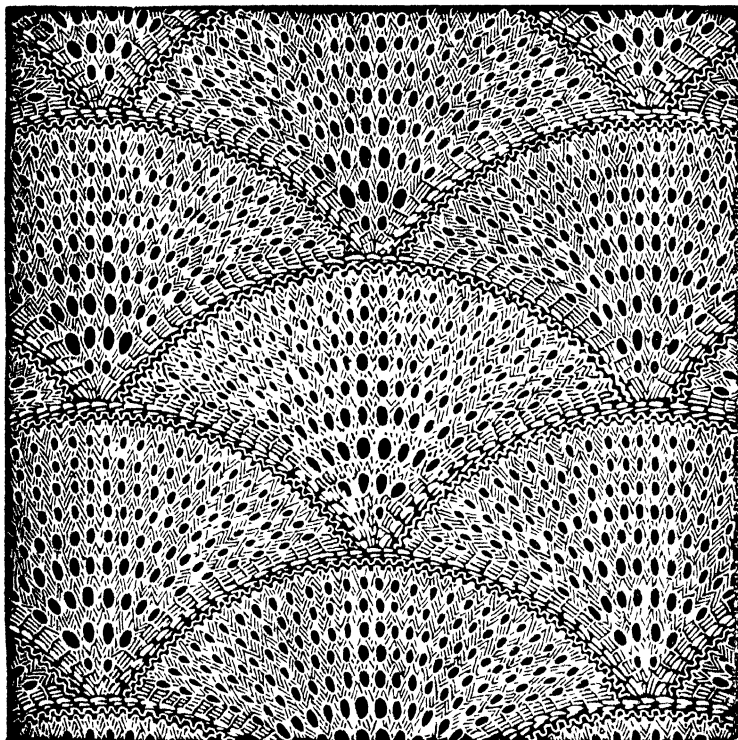


BORDER FOR SLEEVE IN EMBROIDERY.

In our work-table illustration for this month we have given a new and pretty style for knitting a counterpane, which has both a rich and light effect. It has also the convenience of being worked in small pieces, and can be taken up, at any leisure moment, without fear of injury or mistake. It is composed of knitted shells in an open pattern, sewn together in rows, the point of

one being always placed in the centre of the cast. The following are the instructions for knitting them :—

Cast on three loops, increase by taking up one loop in the centre of every row, until there are seven loops on the needle. Then pass the cotton over, before and after the centre loop, purl one row, knit one row, purl one row, remembering



PATTERN FOR KNITTED COUNTERPANE.

that the first three and the last three loops are for the border, and must always be knitted in every row. Make four holes, purl, knit, and purl three rows. Make eight holes, but take two loops together, after bringing the thread forward for the first hole. Repeat these rows until you have made twenty-eight holes, when, instead of purling and knitting the three rows, knit them all to form the border at the top the same as the

To form the shell shape, it is necessary to the number of stitches; therefore, after the row which has the four holes, two stitches

must be taken instead of one, according to the number of holes, the first commencing with one double stitch, and next with two, and so on, always taking the double stitches after the three knitted loops for the border. This pattern may be knitted for either a light summer counterpane or for a winter one, by using either a fine or coarse cotton. For the former, No. 10 of Messrs Walter Evans and Co.'s knitting cotton, and for the latter, No. 6 of the same makers, as it is necessary to select a cotton of the best quality for so large a piece of work.



POETS:

THEIR LIVES, SONGS, AND HOMES.

JOHN KEATS.

It was a false and flippant, and sufficiently ill-natured stanza, contained in the eleventh canto of "Don Juan:"—

John Keats, who was killed off by one critique,
Just as he really promised something great,
If not intelligible, without Greek,

Contrived to talk about the gods of late,
Much as they might have been supposed to speak
Poor fellow! His was an untoward fate:

'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article.

The "article" in question had appeared in the "Quarterly Review," and was stupid, dull, and ungenerous to the last degree. It is true that poor John Keats died soon after this unmanly attack, but the poet's death had a deeper cause than a series of illogical sentences, penned by the virulence
No. 12, VOL. VIII.

of a political opponent. The untimely end of the poet was due to inherited consumption.

When his exquisite poetical pearl, "Endymion," was given to the world, the same volume contained an affectionate sonnet, addressed to Leigh Hunt "on the day when he left prison." Why Leigh Hunt was closed up in a prison is now well known. He was the bold and trenchant writer in the *Examiner* newspaper, and, for having spoken out plainly anent "the powers that were," and for having called the Regent "a fat Adonis of fifty," he was incarcerated. Very disloyal, doubtless; but the epithet is now-a-days considered to fit the person addressed remarkably well.

At that period, politics were supposed to be the salt of literary criticism. Because John Keats was a friend of the bold journalist, he was assumed to be a very bad citizen, and, consequently, a very bad poet. The main piece of sarcasm in the article consisted in bidding John Keats "back to his gallipots;" and he was reminded, "it is a better and wiser thing to be a starved apothecary than a starved poet."

Keats had been brought up as a surgeon, and the reviewer, assuming aristocratic airs, had desired to inform him of the necessity of one's keeping within one's station. Unfortunately, however, the patrician habiliments did not at all fit the critic, and his want of refinement told too plainly that he alone was the pretender and the "sham."

For the rest, Lord Byron flew into a jealous rage when he found that John Keats was beginning to be thought worth a place among the glorious band of English poets. He wrote to the editor of the "Quarterly"—

"No more Keats, I entreat. Flay him alive; if some of you don't, I must skin him myself. There is no bearing the drivelling idiotism of the manikin."

Subsequently, Byron saw reason to change this tone, and, in his desire to do justice to Keats, he wrote the stanza we have quoted at the head of this notice. But the consuming egotism of Byron's nature would not allow him to acknowledge the truth without, at the same time, paying a compliment to his own assumed superior vigour and braver temperament. In one of his letters to his publisher, Murray, he says—

"I know, by experience, that a savage review is hemlock to a sucking author; and the one on me (which produced the 'English Bards,' &c.) knocked me down—but I got up again. Instead of breaking a blood-vessel, I drank three bottles of claret, and began an answer, finding there was nothing in the article for which I could lawfully knock Jeffrey on the head in an honourable way."

Untrue. Keats did not break a blood-vessel through a critique; and he was, most assuredly, not the man to need the false stimulant of three bottles of claret to give him the courage to meet the author

of the slander; for our poet was a broad-shouldered fellow, of very resolute and pugnacious temper. It is a pity that all Byron's abuse of Keats should be allowed to stand in his works; the more so, because Byron himself told his publisher, "as he is dead, omit all that is said about him in any manuscripts of mine, or publication. His 'Hyperion' is a fine monument, and will keep his name." The plain truth is, that John Keats cared nothing for the anonymous attacks which were said to have been the cause of his death. Throughout his letters, he rarely alludes to them, and, when he does, we see that their only effect was to make him labour at purifying and strengthening his style.

The biography of a poet has been said to be "little better than a comment on his poems," even when his life has been one of long duration. This is especially the case in the present instance, for the whole story of John Keats's life may be comprised in an account of his three small volumes of verses, composed during the brief interval between his birth and premature death.

John Keats's father was employed in the establishment of Mr. Jennings's, a large livery-stable proprietor, in the Pavement, Finsbury Circus. From a servant, this man, who is said to have been a person of excellent natural sense, and entirely free from vulgarity, became the son-in-law of his master. Mrs. Keats is described as a lively, intelligent woman, passionately fond of amusement; and it was from this disposition that the poet's birth was prematurely hastened, though his constitution indicated nothing of the peculiar debility of a seven-months' child.

John was born on the 29th of October, 1795. He had one brother, George, older than himself, and a brother and sister his juniors. This family circle was surrounded by virtuous and honourable influences, and towards the mother the children were inspired with the most profound affection. Once when Mrs. Keats was ill, her physician ordered her to be left undisturbed for some time. On this occasion her son John kept sentinel at her door, armed with an old sword, and allowed no one to enter for three hours. Mr. Clarke's school, at Enfield, was at that time held in high estimation, and thither was John, then be-

tween four and five years old, despatched with his brothers. Harrow was first proposed, but was considered too expensive.

A brother of his mother had been an officer in Duncan's ship, in the sea-fight off Camperdown. This uncle was distinguished during the action by his bravery and his unusually lofty stature, which, as the Dutch admiral told him after the fight, made him a mark for the enemy's shot. "Th's sailer uncle," says Keats's generous biographer, Monckton Milnes, himself a poet, "was the ideal of the boys, and filled their imaginations, when they went to school, with the notion of keeping up the family's reputation for courage. This was manifested in the elder brother by a passive manliness, but in John and Tom by the fiercest pugnacity. John was always fighting. He chose his favourites among his schoolfellows from those that fought the most readily and pertinaciously; nor were the brothers loth to exercise their mettle even on one another. This disposition, however, in all of them seems to have been combined with much tenderness, and in John with a passionate sensibility, which exhibited itself in the strongest contrasts. Convulsions of laughter and of tears were equally frequent with him, and he would pass from one to the other almost without an interval."

When his mother died suddenly, in 1810, though she had been lingering for several years in a consumption, he fell into a long agony of grief; he hid himself under the master's desk for some days, and refused to be consoled by master or school companions.

"The deep sense of humour which," says Mr. Milnes, "almost universally accompanies a deep sensibility, and is, perhaps, but the reverse of the medal, abounded in him. From the first he took infinite delight in any grotesque originality or novel prank of his companions, and, after the possession of physical strength, appeared to prize these above all other qualifications. At school he was remarkable for the indifference he displayed for being thought 'a good boy,' and the wonderful facility with which he got through his daily tasks. He never seemed to study, yet he was always equal to the best. He was skilful in any manly exercise; he was generous to a degree of perfection."

Let us borrow his portrait from his poet-biographer:—

"His eyes, then as ever, were large and sensitive, flashing with strong emotions, or suffused with tender sympathies, and more distinctly reflected the varying impulses of his nature than when under the self-control of maturer years. His hair hung in thick brown ringlets, round a head diminutive for the breadth of the shoulders below it, while the smallness of the lower limbs, which in later life marred the proportion of his person, was not then apparent, any more than the undue prominence of the lower lip, which afterwards gave his face too pugnacious a character to be entirely pleasing, but at that time only completed such an impression as the ancients had of Achilles—joyous and glorious youth, everlastingly striving."

It was while at Mr. Clarke's school that the intellectual ambition, which formed so large a portion of his character, became suddenly awakened. The amusements and games of youth were abandoned for study. On the half-holidays, when all his companions were at play, he was busy translating Virgil and Fenelon; and, during the last two years of his study at Enfield, he turned the twelve books of the "Æneid" into English. Tooke's "Panthæon," Spence's "Polymetis," and "Lemprière's Dictionary" introduced him to the world of old mythology—a world which, later, he was to reconstruct and animate with all the feeling and fancy of the Greek poets.

In 1810, he left school; his father had died, leaving about 8,000*l.* to be divided among his four children; and John, whose wishes seem never to have been consulted in the affair, was apprenticed to Mr. Hammond, a surgeon at Edmonton. From the first, however, the young poet showed that it was not in physic, but in poetry, that his abilities were to become pre-eminent. His vicinity to his old friend Mr. Clarke enabled him to have the run of a good and well stocked library. He devoured rather than read the many books derived from this source. But it was in 1812, when he obtained Spenser's "Fairy Queen," that his poetical powers were thoroughly awakened.

The records of the young poet's first efforts are scanty enough, but there is

plenteous evidence evinced in the earliest poems of Keats, that the grand source of inspiration was the Greek mythology—the quaint music of Spenser supplying the metrical model.

Soon afterwards, he published his first volume of poems—it fell almost still-born from the press—it scarcely awakened a thought from the reading public. With poetry, notwithstanding, was Keats determined to progress; and, in order to concentrate the whole force of his mind on the beloved pursuit, he resolved to abandon the uncongenial profession of surgery.

"My dexterity," he said, "used to seem to me a miracle, and I resolved never to take up a surgical instrument again."

Thus, with delicate health, with scanty funds, and without any patron or influential introduction to the magnates of literature, John Keats, having just reached manhood, began his poetical career, with no more to back and sustain him than that firm faith in the future which ever accompanies true genius. His friends advised him to brace his powers by undistracted study, take care of his health, and leave London for awhile. Keats did as he was recommended, and, in the month of March, he began his travels in search of health. He wrote to a friend—

"Banish money—banish sofas—banish wine—banish music; but right Jack Health, true Jack Health, banish health and banish all the world!"

Alas! Jack Health never became an ally of poor John Keats!

He went first to the Isle of Wight, where, in the delightful wood alleys, copees, and silent freshes of Carisbrooke, he gave himself up to Shakespeare and the Muse. Early in May, 1817, we find him at Margate—reading and writing about eight hours a day.

"I am one that gathereth samphire—dreadful trade.' The cliff of poetry towers above me; yet when my brother reads some of Pope's 'Homer,' or 'Plutarch's Lives,' they seem like music to mine!"

At Margate, "Endymion" was commenced, and this, with a couple of versified adaptations from Boccaccio, "The Pot of Basil," and "Isabella," occupied the poet for about a year.

Scotland and Ireland were visited during the summer of 1818. In the same year ap-

peared the base attacks on the "Cookney poet," in the "Quarterly" and "Blackwood's Magazine." We need not stop to describe how utterly wrong and foolish were these outpourings. To-day they are unknown and unsought after—they are entombed in the "back numbers" of those prints; and, if they are ever referred to, it is only to furnish specimens of critical dulness and misapprehension.

The death of Keats's brother took place early in December, 1818; a sincere friend, Mr. Brown, hereupon pressed him to reside entirely in his house. It was there that "Hyperion," that poem "full of the large utterances of the early gods," was begun. In his new lodgings, the continual song of the nightingale resounded; and one day Mr. Brown saw the poet thrusting away some sheets of paper behind a parcel of books. This waste-paper was with some difficulty put together, and the glorious stanzas of the "Ode to the Nightingale" were rescued from the fate which the self-depreciating poet had evidently marked out for them. It was about this period that Keats became inspired with a passion for a lady—a passion that only ceased with his life. Poverty and a mortal sickness were, however, soon to fall upon him; and, beyond an allusion, now and then, in his letters, we hear no more of this poet's affection.

Almost the entire summer of 1819 was passed at Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight, where Keats and his friend Mr. Brown were engaged in constructing a play—Brown supplying story, character, and dramatic incident, while Keats, who sat opposite, translated them into his rich and ready language. A tragedy—"Otho the Great"—was the result, which, as might be expected, took no high ground as a work of art. It was sent to the managers of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and pronounced unactable by both, although the great Edmund Kean is said to have expressed a wish to play the leading part in it.

In the winter of 1819, George Keats, the poet's brother, returned from America, where he had been engaged in some unfortunate speculations, and, after a short stay in England, during which time the money affairs of the family were arranged, he again took his departure for the far

West. This visit of George found Keats in no satisfactory condition, in a pecuniary sense; but, although the brother has been blamed for leaving John poorer than he found him, the light of after knowledge has shown that his conduct was marked by no degree of meanness, or the desire of exacting more from the poet than his slender resources would allow.

A sad omen of what was soon to follow occurred a little later. His worthy biographer, Monckton Milnes, thus describes it:—

"One night, about eleven o'clock, Keats returned home in a state of strange physical excitement—it might have appeared, to those who did not know him, one of fierce intoxication. He told his friend he had been outside the stage-coach, had received a severe cold, and was a little fevered; but added, 'I don't feel it now.' He was easily persuaded to go to bed; and, as he leapt into the cold sheets, before his head was on the pillow, he slightly coughed, and said, 'That is blood from my mouth! Bring me the candle! Let me see this blood!' He gazed steadfastly for some moments upon the ruddy stain, and then, looking in his friend's face, with an expression of sudden calmness never to be forgotten, said, 'I know the colour of that blood—it is arterial blood! I cannot be deceived in that colour! That drop is my death-warrant! I must die!'"

As the year went on, however, he advanced in health and strength; but he again fell ill, and the shrunken hand and bright hectic flush on his cheek told him that a milder climate was necessary.

Mr. Severn, the painter, then a young man, who had just gained the gold medal of the Royal Academy in acknowledgment of his merit, offered to accompany Keats to Italy. Naples was the first city visited, but the invalid poet, with the seeds of death fast ripening in his frame, was gloomy and irritable. His surgical knowledge told him from the outset that he was doomed to die of consumption. "We will go at once to Rome," he said; "I know my end approaches." The two friends proceeded thither.

Henceforth, the story of Keats's life is but a record of the changes of a man sick to death of consumption, and a tribute to the devotedness of his friend Severn.

On arriving at Rome, Keats delivered a letter of introduction to Dr. (now Sir James) Clark, who was at that time fast attaining high repute as a physician. Dr. Clark took a lodging for the poet and his noble friend opposite his own, and attended him throughout his fatal illness. Everything that rare skill and generous sympathy could devise was performed by him. The loving care of Dr. Clark and Severn for the dying man will be told in all the memorials of the poet's life.

The end shall be narrated in a few brief extracts from his kind companion's diary. Mr. Severn writes, Jan. 15th, 1821—half-past eleven:—

"Poor Keats has just fallen asleep. I have watched him, and read to him to his very last wink; he has been saying to me—'Severn, I see under your quiet look immense contention. You don't know what you are reading. You are reading for me more than I would have you. Oh! that my last hour was come!' . . . Torloni, the banker, has refused us any more money; the bill is returned unaccepted, and to-morrow I must pay my last crown for this cursed lodging-place. . . . If I could leave Keats every day for a time, I could soon raise money by my painting; but he will not let me out of his sight. I would rather cut my tongue out than tell him I must get the money; that would kill him at a word. . . . I have kept him alive week after week. He has refused all food, and I have prepared his meals six times a day, till he had no excuse left. . . . Feb. 27th. He is gone; he died with the most perfect ease—he seemed to go to sleep. On the twenty-third, about four, the approaches of death came on—'Severn—I—lift me up—I am dying—I shall die easy; don't be frightened—be firm, and thank God it has come.' I lifted him up in my arms; he gradually sank into death, so quiet that I still thought he slept."

At the age of twenty-five years and a few months passed away a poet who, if measured by the promises of his published works, will be esteemed worthy a pedestal among the very greatest writers in the English language. John Keats was buried beneath the grassy slopes of the Protestant cemetery at Rome, under the shadow of old Roman ruins, and close beside his noble fellow-singer, Shelley.

AUNT MARGARET AND I.

ANNE CLIFFORD.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

III.—SAD RESULTS.

IN conversations, sometimes like that narrated in our last chapter, and sometimes more cheerful, Anne Clifford and I spent many a morning of the short winter days, while her little strength seemed slowly but surely ebbing away. Spring came, however, and brought a temporary renovation—so great, indeed, that she was able to leave her sofa, and even be about, returning our visits, and coming in her turn, work-bag in hand, to sit of a morning or afternoon—but an oppressively hot summer soon relaxed her feeble frame, and when autumn had come round again, she was confined to her sofa, from which it was plain she would rise no more. Perhaps the near prospect of her death created or revived some affection in her mother's breast, for she was certainly more attentive to her happiness, as well as more anxious about her state, than she had been; and we were beginning to be pleased with this new aspect of affairs, and quite charitable towards Mrs. Clifford, even to the extent of admitting, as Miss Simpkins did, "that perhaps she had never meant to be unkind, but had only made one of those mistakes which we are all liable to, my dear, more or less." She added, "Witness mine concerning Jemima Stokes. I would take her, when I might have had Sarah Higgs, and she turned out a thief—actually a thief!"

We were quite unprepared, therefore, for the news with which Hatty burst into the parlour one day after dinner, in such a state of excitement that she overlooked the presence of Frederick Mayberry, who had called with an invitation from Susan for the following evening.

"However people can call themselves Christians, and do such things!" she exclaimed. "You wouldn't believe, ma'am, and Miss Ellen! That Mrs. Clifford! I am sure I never liked her—what she's been a-doing of now!"

"Good heavens!" said I. But Aunt Margaret recollected herself, and reproved Hatty for her abrupt entrance, and disrespectful mention of Mrs. Clifford's name,

before she inquired to what her exclamations referred. Thus admonished, she apologised to the company in general, and proceeded—

"But I wouldn't have presumed, ma'am, only it gave me quite a sort of flutter like. I had just went down, Miss Ellen, ma'am, with them mittens as you was so kind as to knit for Miss Clifford; because, as the weather was got very cold, I thought as she may as well have them at once, and I should have more time now than in the morning. And what do you think? I found, when the girl opened the door, as Mrs. Clifford had just set off this afternoon for London, to see Mr. Clifford, who, it seems, has returned from foreign parts, and left that poor young lady, and she a dying, as one may say, with no one in the house but the girl, and old Mrs. Carr, who is to come to-morrow!"

"Is it possible?" quoth Aunt Margaret and I in a breath, while Captain Mayberry coupled Mrs. Clifford's name with an asseveration and an adjective which may as well be omitted.

"It is too bad," continued Aunt Margaret, quite roused.

"Too bad, ma'am! Pray excuse me for the expression I made use of just now; but, really, one would imagine such conduct ought to be confined to the Cannibal Islands," said Frederick Mayberry.

I think this was the "last feather" that crushed poor Anne Clifford.

Whether any new-born hope had sprung up with her mother's altered conduct, I do not know; but, after this, she laid herself down more resignedly than ever to die, impatient only at the tardy approach of the King of Terrors. She expressed no resentment, not even surprise, that her brother should return to his native land without any intention of coming to see her; and she never uttered a wish for her mother's return home—for Mrs. Clifford lingered in London until Mr. Clifford went back to Oxford. By her wish I remained altogether with her during this period, and many a sorrowful insight I got into her dreary life with Mrs. Nettles (who, by the way, had died since she had left her, bequeathing all her money to a charitable institution, probably on the principle of atonement for her useless life), and many an equally sad, though almost involuntary,

disclosure of the privations of her childhood.

She did not appear either glad or sorry when her mother came back, and evinced little interest in the news of her brother, his restored health, his brilliant prospects as the friend and *protégé* of Lord G——, the certainty of his now obtaining his fellowship, the object of his ambition, the almost equal certainty of his possessing, after a short time, a good college living, unless Lord G—— should provide for him, in the meantime, which seemed more than probable—all this, which the heartless woman poured into the ear of her dying daughter, fell almost unheeded. Once only I saw her brighten into anything like excitement, when her mother mentioned the name of a gentleman, to whom Lord G—— was sorry he had been obliged to promise the first living which should come into his gift.

"Whom did you mention, mother?" said she, having caught the word but imperfectly.

"Mr. Eyre. He was for awhile curate at Haywood, you know."

A deep hectic flush passed over the invalid's pale face, and she pressed her hand against her forehead, covering her eyes, too, with it for a moment. She never said anything to me afterwards on the subject of her emotion; but a couple of days after, taking a book from her little shelf, on opening it, I found on the title-page the words, "From Arthur Eyre to Anne Clifford," and then I knew that the bitterness of Anne Clifford's cup had been complete, though I have never since discovered whether their hearts had been already divided, or whether the long delayed living might not have made them happy had she lived.

As the time passed on, and she grew weaker, Aunt Margaret or I always went to sit with her through the long, dreary evenings—a duty which would have been readily shared by other friends, but that she preferred us. Mrs. Clifford came up occasionally for a few minutes, but, for the most part, she sat alone in the dull dining-room, building, it might be, airy castles founded on the fame and fortune of him for whom only her hopes were active, or her anticipations bright.

It was often trying to the nerves to sit by the fire in the dimly-lighted room, shut

out from all sounds but the faint breathing of the patient, so low at times that one felt scarcely sure the spirit had not taken its departure; and I have sometimes, as the evening waned away, grown quite fanciful, and startled at the distant closing of a door, or the scampering of a mouse across the apartment; or glanced tremblingly around when the flickering flame threw strange shadows on the walls.

Sitting thus one night, a little impatient for the approach of the woman whose duty it was to sit up with the invalid, and shivering as the fire was growing low, I had fallen into a doze, when I was awakened by the door being opened in a more hasty manner than was usual with the attendant. I turned to remonstrate for the abruptness, and perceived that a stranger had entered. The lady was walking quickly across the room, but, on perceiving me, she stopped, and said, in a voice which seemed constrained to quietness—

"I wish to see Miss Clifford. Is this her room? The servant directed me here—but perhaps it is a mistake."

"This is her room," I replied, "but she is very ill. She can scarcely, I think, see any stranger."

"You are a friend?" she inquired. "Do you not know me?"

"Are you—can it be possible?" I said.

"Are you Lucy—Mrs. Bevan?"

"Yes," she replied. "Tell me, is it true? Is she very ill—they said dying?"

I bowed my head.

She covered her face with her hands for a moment, repeating—

"Dying!—Dying! Oh! Mother!—Mother!"

"She is so weak," I said, frightened for the poor patient, "that I fear she could ill bear any excitement. Excuse me, but she requires perfect quiet."

"I shall be quite calm," she replied; "but I must speak with her for a moment, and soon, lest we should be interrupted. My mother does not know I am here; but, even if she did, she should not prevent me now. Will you awake her?" she continued. "My unexpected presence might alarm her; and, God knows, I would not rob her of a moment's peace."

She took off her bonnet—while I proceeded to trim the candle, preparatory to going to the bedside—and stood there, in

the firelight, a bold, coarse woman, with dishevelled hair, flushed, angry cheek, and eager eye. Beautiful, certainly, still, but with a beauty not good or pleasing; a lowering brow, from beneath which shot those wild glances, and a sullen lip, were tokens true of the unregulated spirit within. "And this was Lucy Clifford, the golden-haired cherub, who had flitted about, in happy innocence, through that dull house so many years before, when I, then myself a young creature, had shaken off the weight of my heart's great grief, to read in their faces the character of its inhabitants.

I stooped gently over poor Anne, and pressed her hand. She opened her eyes for a moment, but let the heavy lids fall again.

"Wake, dear," I said; "there is a friend here; a lady has come to see you."

"Who?" she asked languidly.

"One who loves you, dear, and would like to speak to you, if it will not fatigue you. Do you not know? Can you not guess?"

"Your sister, Anne," said Mrs. Bevan, who had approached; and speaking with the same forced composure, and without an attempt to embrace her sister.

"Is it possible?" said Anne, starting up with momentary strength. "My sister! My dear sister! My poor Lucy!"

For a moment they were clasped in each other's arms; and then Lucy, drawing back, gazed on her dying sister with an expression which almost restored all the loveliness of her childhood, while Anne kept her hand clasped in hers.

"Why did you never write or come?" she said. "Ah! Lucy, you know I always loved you."

"And I loved you, Anne," she replied. "Yes—strange as you may think it for me to say so now—you are the only person I ever loved. I have come here to ask your forgiveness, for you, too, are the only one—on earth, I mean—against whom I acknowledge a transgression, or to whom I owe, or owed, a duty. Anne, dear Anne, look at me! I was a wild, unnurtured girl, uncared-for, neglected; in mad resentment for the wrong I suffered, I made myself a most wretched woman, despised, ill-treated, scorned. Yet I feel no sorrow or remorse now, but for the selfishness which left you to wear out your patient

and uncomplaining life, without the one poor friend you had. It was bad, heartless, cruel; but, oh! weigh my sin against my little opportunity for good, and pardon me."

"Hush!—hush! dear. Indeed, I never felt any resentment. I never thought of your having offended me."

"Because you were ever good and self-sacrificing. You would have done what you did, and more, had it been asked of you, with kind words and loving looks; and you would have lived bright and cheerful, happy to lay yourself on the shrine of others' ambition and others' hopes, for that poor payment. But I—I had more of the selfishness, and less of the love, in my nature, I believe, else I never could have forgotten my gentle sister—my sister who gave me all the love I ever had; nay, not that—were it according to my deserts, it would not have been much—but all the precious affection of her own devoted nature."

"Dear Lucy, you must not, indeed—this will never do," said poor Anne, speaking with difficulty, and interrupted by her short, frequent cough. "You must not think this way, Lucy. You have life before you. You may be happy yet. Listen to me, dear: God gave us our natures as well as our trials. I was made to bear—you, to act. It is not because you acted wrongly or rashly once, that you are to do so always. It is not because a deed is presumptuous or wicked, that the energy which enables the performer to do or dare is sinful. My nature might have degenerated to servility and meanness—that it has not, I humbly trust; I have to thank God and His good grace. Oh! look to Him, Lucy! You have been my one grief in dying. My dear sister, I shall go to Him without a pang if I can think you will prepare to meet me in His presence."

"Anne!—Anne! you do not know. I cannot tell you the secrets of my prison-house. God! I forsook Him long ago, or rather, I never sought Him; and He forsook me when He allowed me to link my fate with a reprobate, regardless of His justice or His mercy."

"It is as bad as I feared, then. Oh! my poor sister, cannot you try to make it better?"

"No!—no! I can only tug at the chain, and beat myself to death against the bars."

"My child!—my child! Oh, spare me this! I am too weak, indeed; Ellen, raise me a little."

I saw a change coming over her face, but, before I could assist her, Lucy had her in her arms. A fearful fit of coughing came. We both endeavoured to alleviate it, and besought her not to speak again, but in vain—she struggled for words.

"Oh! that I had another day!—but a few hours!" she said. "Lucy, nothing can be too dreadful to be remedied; there is no trial which God is not sufficient for. I cannot say much—oh! that I could. For I, too, have been wrong. I have a fault to ask forgiveness for. I never said enough of these things to you. I thought I had nothing to do—only to endure—and here was my work. Oh! faithless servant! Oh! careless sister!"

"Anne! My dear Anne!" I said, bending over her, as the cough stopped her again; while Lucy looked, in agony, from her to me and back. "Anne, you must be still now; we will talk to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" she said—"to-morrow, I shall be ——"

"Anne!—Anne! I declare," said Mrs. Clifford, dashing into the room, with an open letter in her hand, "Alfred has got the fellowship. This is his letter—sent express—just two lines—he has got it. I am so —— Why! What? Who—who is this?"

Mrs. Bevan looked up like a fury, and her eyes flashed as she confronted her mother. Poor Anne's head, deprived of her support, sank back on the pillow.

"Your daughter, madam," she said. "You have come in a happy moment. We are quite ready to offer our congratulations. Look there!"

Mrs. Clifford did so, and her hand sank, and her face changed; for, with her son's letter rustling in her quivering grasp, the expression of heartless exultation, settling into one of shocked revulsion, she stood in the presence of her dead and living daughters.

"You will hear a young friend of yours preach to-morrow," said Mr. Shepherd, one Saturday morning, about six months

ago, to Aunt Margaret and me; "or rather, I should say, an old friend, though he is a young man. You know whom I mean, perhaps—Mr. Clifford. He has just got the rectory of Allhope. Very lucky fellow—came into Lord G——'s gift quite unexpectedly, and he got it immediately. He might have had to wait a long time for a college living; and now he's provided for—the best living in ——shire."

"Is he considered a good preacher?" asked Aunt Margaret.

"Oh! a very clever fellow. Lord G—— could not have made a better appointment. The parishioners will be delighted. Mr. Sidney, you see, has always been in expectation of a large property—next heir, in fact—so he did not take much to parish business; not natural, you know—very good man—but not natural that he should work like those who have nothing else to think of. So his uncle died, and the property fell in, and then he threw up the living. Left it for those who wanted it more—ha, ha!"

I am bound to say Mr. Clifford preached a very fine sermon—clear, orthodox, forcible, and practical. We were all pleased with his eloquence, his arguments, and his earnestness; yet, somehow, we did not feel disposed to praise him much, or respond to the admiration Mr. Shepherd, with a generous absence of rivalry, expressed for his abilities. Mrs. Marshall, indeed, candidly acknowledged that she had been thinking of Anne Clifford all sermon time, and had determined, before coming into church, not to be affected by anything he could say; but Miss Crosbie only remarked that—

"It was very clever—very clever, of course—but, really, there was not so very much in it; that is, for a man who had spent so much time *learning* as he had, and who must be eight-and-twenty."

He has not preached since in D——. I understand, however, that the people of Allhope highly value their rector. He has made his schools complete models. He has raised funds for building a new wing to the almshouse. He has established a book-club, and a penny bank; he has organized a choir, and purchased, out of his own funds, an organ; he is indefatigable in visiting, instructing, and relieving the wants of his parishioners—yet,

though Allhope is only six miles distant, and Aunt Margaret and I have lately set up a pony-chaise, we never drive over to hear him.

Anne Clifford's grave is close under the East window of the church, at D——. Sometimes, when in serious mood, we stroll through the churchyard in our evening or morning walks; we grow quite sad, looking at the lowly mound and unpretending headstone. Sometimes, when given to moralizing, we reflect that, perhaps, instead of wasting our sympathies in indignation at Mrs. Clifford, we might have employed them to advantage in endeavouring to make Anne happy, for the time she had spent among us, before she returned to die.

We make many sensible resolves, to talk less and do more for the future—especially our good Mrs. Marshall, whose kind heart reproaches itself keenly that she never invited her to join Carry and Harriet in their play or lessons, “which I might easily have managed, my dear; for it would only have been a guinea or two more, in the quarter, to Miss Sykes, and she might have learned with them, and no one known anything about it. And, if Mr. Marshall thought the terms too high, why, I could easily have saved it somehow; it was only to do without a new gown now and then, or a fire in my bedroom in winter and think what a comfort it would have been to her, so anxious as she was to learn!”

We have never heard anything more of Lucy; and, indeed, know little either of Mrs. Clifford, who resides at a second-rate watering-place, in the South of England—not often visiting her son, and never for long at a time; but, one day, about a month ago, we met, on one of our moralizing excursions, a strange gentleman in our churchyard, looking at the grave we knew so well. He made no remark, but walked quietly away on our approach. In the evening, Aunt Margaret and I encountered him again; this time with a lady on his arm, to whom he was talking cheerfully.

After a few days, we discovered (for nothing remains long a secret in D——) that he had lodged in the town for a couple of days, being on a tour to the North; and asking Mrs. Day, the mistress of the house where he had stayed, with

well-feigned unconcern, the name of her lodger, she replied—

“Mr. Eyre, ma'am; he is a clergyman.”

“Is he married?” said Aunt Margaret.

“Lor! yes, to be sure, ma'am. His wife is such a nice young lady. They are only just taking their wedding tour.”

Aunt Margaret sighed, and we walked on; yet it was all right and natural; so, after that one little resentful sigh for poor Anne, we resolved that Arthur Eyre must be a good man and a kind, to take our churchyard in his wedding journey, and unite his former love and regret to his present love and happiness.

We have just heard, for a certainty, that Alfred Clifford is going to be married. The lady has a large fortune, and is niece to a bishop!

THE ROYAL DOMAIN.

THERE is bustle and excitement in a parish at the East end of London—a better work is in hand than unseemly quarrelling over vestments and genuflections. Groups of clean-faced children are passing to and fro. Nicely-dressed young ladies, and spruce young gentlemen, with here and there a quiet, benevolent-looking man, whom we know immediately to be a minister of the church, are endeavouring to assemble the glad youngsters in the little gravelled space around the parsonage-house. It is a matter of no small difficulty, however, but it is accomplished at last. And here, at about nine o'clock on the morning of a lovely spring day, are ministers, teachers, and children about to start for a trip into the country. It is an annual custom in the parish, and this year they go to Windsor by the North London Railway. Everything favours the design. The weather is delightful, and the sunshine gladdens even the dull courts of Spitalfields and Bethnal Green, and makes the pale-faced weavers look up their fishing-tackle and dream of the fields, just seen in the distance from their house-tops, where they keep their pigeons. By ten o'clock the whole posse—kind, cheerful ministers, benevolent patrons, indefatigable teachers, and children by the hundred—laughing, bright-faced, healthy-looking children, of all ages, sizes, and costumes

THE ROYAL DOMAIN.

accompanied by proud fathers and glad mothers, and aunts and cousins by the score—a special train, full almost to crowding, are rattling on their way to Windsor, in many respects the noblest King's palace in all Europe.

Green fields on either side, and sunny knolls, and glimpses of cottage-houses and gardens from between the distant trees; bright, flowing water, and breezy fields, and green-clad hill sides, with every here and there a shady bridge, or dark tunnel, or steep cutting, out of which the swift train comes suddenly into the sunshine, all the brighter by contrast with the gloom; oxen grazing thoughtfully in quiet fields; horses which come close up to the fence that parts the meadows from the iron road, gaze wistfully for an instant at the snorting monster as it rushes by, and then go scampering off disdainfully; children, with their nurses and mothers, standing on the bridges and watching the whirling train of carriages as they hurry past; stations exactly resembling each other, and passing which the whistle sounds; a long, long passage between high, gravelly hills; a glance at the bright river; a passage, all too short, through forest trees and wavy leaves; a rush, over arches, through a quiet country town; a long, loud, piercing shriek as another train comes roaring on, and meets and passes us; a sudden gloom as we enter the station with a scream—and we have arrived at our journey's end!

Oh, the pleasant ride! Out pour the happy children into the station, making the place merry with their prattling tongues and pattering feet; through the "scoundrel town," as Dean Swift called Windsor, and onward to the Castle. They do not linger long, however, in the state apartments; for only to the minds of the elders of the party do the tapestries and pictures on the walls present attractions. For the younger portion, the flowers in the palace garden, and the trees in the forest beyond, as seen from the gravelled terrace, have higher and more easily-appreciated claims. And so, out into the park, and through the long, elm-shaded walk, their teachers lead them; so they leave behind them the tower where kings have lain prisoners, and the chambers where queens have held court, for the velvet turf round Herne's oak, and the Datchet Mead "among the

whitsters" (bleachers of linen) where Falstaff was "slighted into the river," where the shore was "shallow and shelvey!"

For a longer or a shorter time, as pertains to the characters of the several visitors, they remain within the palace walls. Some few—a pale, intellectual-looking young man, perhaps, and a thoughtful youth or lady here and there—have remained in the state apartments and gazed, entranced, on the portrait-triumphs of the great Vandyke, or the character-scenes of Rubens, the "Prince of all the Flemings;" but the great majority soon follow in the path of the children, and make their way into the "Long Walk."

Throughout the whole length of this celebrated avenue the children run, and jump, and shout, and play, in all the freedom and gaiety which belong to their happy time of life; while their elders, enjoying the scene no less than they, stroll happily and thoughtfully along, or join the merry youngsters in their romp. Green grass and waving trees, and the songs of birds, and the prattle of children—who can resist such incentives to innocent pleasure on a sunshiny day? Not the ministers or the patrons—grave, business men though they be—nor the teachers, either male or female; and so, through the Great Park and the forest; through woodland scenery and dark leafy glades; through pleasant walks, already thick with their budding beauties; through devious tracks, from which the lark starts frightened upward to the sky; through pleasant, grass grown ways they go, till, scarcely knowing how they have gone so far, they arrive at that part of the royal domain called Virginia Water.

For the delectation of inquiring young men and studious—but by no means overgrave—young ladies, one tells how this great lake was once a mere swamp, which was recovered, confined, and planted with islands and trees by Paul Sandby, the landscape gardener, under the direction of Duke William of Cumberland, who was made Ranger of Windsor Park after the battle of Culloden; how George IV. had the ruins erected—the spoils of the Nile and the Illusions; Grecian pillars and Egyptian capitals; Roman and antique entablatures, thrown together—as our frontispiece shows—to imitate what in reality is a solemn

thing, but is here only a picturesque sham! how the Fishing Temple and the Chinese Island owe their origin to the same magnificent gentleman (he was called the "first gentleman in Europe," and, as his satirist says, we hope he may prove the last of that pattern) who was cut dead by Beau Brummell in Pall Mall; and how William IV. floated a miniature frigate on the bosom of the quiet lake—a strange incongruity in the midst of the peaceful scenery around; and how her Majesty—whom God preserve—while yet a child, planted the noble oak, in the park close at hand, which the children recognize as VICTORIA'S TREE.

But while the youngsters are enjoying themselves on the green slopes and along the margin of the lake—playing hide and seek about the trunks of the gnarled and knotted trees, and among the long, fragrant grass—a picture for a Lee, a Cooper, a Frith, or a Creswick—a little party of teachers have strolled onwards towards Eton, whose towers and spires rise from among the distant trees, and give nobility and grace to the noble landscape.

A pleasant walk back, and these latter rejoin the children at Virginia Water; and, as the setting sun warns them that their time has nearly expired, the whole party make their way to the railway station; and they go home with the conviction that they have spent at least one day well, if no other end is attained than that of having given to the children under their care a Holiday which they will remember gratefully as long as they live. A little idleness now and then is, indeed, very refreshing, and undoubtedly fits us better for the work we have to do.

AN English gentleman visiting the widow of Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, at Dumfries, was exceedingly anxious to obtain some *relic* of the bard, as he called it. Mrs Burns replied to all his entreaties, that she had already given away everything of that kind that was remarkable, or that she could think of parting with; that, indeed, she had no relic to give him. Still the visitant insisted, and still Mrs. Burns declared her inability to satisfy him. At length, pushed by his good-humoured entreaties to the very extremity, she as good-humouredly said, "Well, sir, unless you take myself, I really can think of no other *relic* (relict) of him that it is in my power to give, or yours to receive." Of course this closed the argument.

TALES OF THE OPERAS.

DINORAH;

OR,

THE SAINT'S DAY OF PLOËRMEL.

I.

COME with us, reader, to Brittany, land of gnome, dwarf, brownie, fairy, sprite, and goblin; land of imagination and superstition, and stronghold of legendary lore!

The evening sun is setting, and, as it sinks far away westward, cradled in a mass of rugged, fantastic-shaped clouds, purple and golden, its last rays linger on a wild stretch of broken moorland country.

Goatherds and peasants are wending their homeward way across the moor, and, as they gain the many paths which intersect the plain, they break up into knots, each selecting the shortest road to the welcome homestead.

The scene is truly pastoral; the moor scented, in the evening air, with thyme, broom, and heather; the long, yellow-haired goatherd and peasant, dressed in the simple and primitive habits of a remote and thoroughly rural province; the white and grey flocks answering the call of the herdsman and congregating together, from height and hollow; the deep-tolling bell from the chapel on the hill-side, mingling with the shrill, tinkling carillon of goat and sheep-bells—all combine to form a picture of Arcadian simplicity.

While the peasants are taking leave of each other—a farewell rendered short and impatient by the fast-coming gloom, and a remembrance of the weird inhabitants of the haunted glen, away in the distance—a strange figure crosses the moor. It is that of a young Breton maiden, beautiful of face, despite the mass of thick, unkempt hair which flows about it in matted confusion; graceful of form, notwithstanding the mass of tawdry, torn finery that envelops her person. The wreath, the scarf, that coral necklace, the faded hues of the once gay dress, the bridal bouquet so firmly clenched in her hand—all denote that this poor creature is some crazed being, whose wits have gone with that marriage-day disappointment!

A large white goat flies before her; and presently, exhausted by her efforts to catch it, she falls upon the moor, exclaiming—

DINORAH; OR, THE SAINT'S DAY OF PLOERMEL.

"Marie, Marie! pretty playmate, I am weary of seeking for thee."

The peasants, observing her, whisper to each other—

"Alas! there's the poor mad girl again! Always seeking for her lost goat!"

"Marie, Marie!" continues the crazed girl; but the goat heeds not the call. One of those rapid transitions which accompany wandering reason succeeds, and the girl rises on one knee and rocks herself to and fro. "They say we are both crazed, Marie; but we know well how untrue it is! Our wild life is better than all their gladness!" Again she changes her attitude; and now she clasps her hands to her bosom, as though an infant were cradled in her arms. "Sleep, my darling," she cries, swaying forwards and backwards, "Sleep, darling! Nought can harm thee now! Am I not watching over thee? Hark to your cradle-song—the brook chasing through the leafy glade! But, see! The wolf, in the dark, would creep upon us!"

And, full of a wild fear, she springs to her feet, and flies, with the speed of the frightened hind, over the moor, away into the gloom!

The night has now fallen. The moor is deserted; and no sound can be heard save the wind, which sweeps across it, wailing for the departed sun.

Far away, across the dark plain, a light can be descried. Let us hasten towards it. We stop at a rude cabin, the door of which a man is hastily unfastening. On entering, he deposits a rude piece of musical apparatus, in the shape of a Breton bagpipe, on the rough bench beside the almost consumed logs, which, now and again, crackle upon the hearth. Having kindled the wood into a flame, by throwing fresh logs upon the hearth, the man wipes from his forehead a quantity of cold perspiration, and breaks into a soliloquy.

"Well, here I am—safe at home again! Witches and will-o'-the-wisps, Corentin, the wandering bagpipe-player, laughs at you! Catch me staying abroad after dark, piping the soul out of my body for a couple of crowns, as Martin had the face to ask me to do, merely because he has got married, and because he and his bride want a dance! Catch me crossing the

moor after nightfall! Catch me passing the end of the lane that leads to the demon's glen! I daresay she's sitting there now—the wild woman of the wood, who goes about dressed as gaily as Martin's wife was this morning. If she happens to take a fancy to a young man, and if he happens to say a civil word to her—twist goes his neck, and off she sets to catch some fresh victim! The very thought of it makes my flesh creep! Confound those logs, why won't they burn?"

The hut was almost in darkness, and the superstitious musician quickly struck a light, from flint and steel, and lit a lamp. Scarcely had he deposited the lamp on the rude bench which served for a table, when he started back in terror.

"Bah! It's only my own shadow on the wall," he said, reassured. "I thought it was my grandfather, come back again to see how I was keeping the old place in order, and what I was doing with the money-bags he hid away so cunningly! Plague take this lamp! One sees more shadows with it than without it!"

The musician now went towards a rough chest, which was placed endwise in the corner, and began to search within it.

"Which way is the bread? Oh! here it is!"

Having secured a large roll of bread, Corentin returned to the chimney, and brought out, from among the dying wood-ashes, a small pan.

"I wonder if the soup has kept hot?" he began, as he lifted the lid and peered into the pot. Evidently satisfied with his investigation, he sat down, placed the pan between his knees, and commenced breaking the bread into it.

"Eating is as good as company—especially when one doesn't happen to be fond of one's own! Eating gives a man courage, too—especially if he does not happen to have a supply to begin with! Well! I know I am not as bold as a trooper; but is it my fault? A man, after all, is only such as he is born; and who can help that? Nature makes——"

The wind had blown the crazy window open, and had put a sudden stop to the philosophical musings of Corentin, who sprang up in alarm, crying, "Holy mother! What is that? Ah! it's only the wind," he said, shutting the window. "My grand-

TALES OF THE OPERAS.

father's bagpipes might have afforded shutters, I beg to say, ere he left this tumble-down place to anybody. Well, as soon as I have ferreted out all that the old man may have left in nooks and corners, I'll bid adieu to this rotten old place, and—Eh! there's another noise—a footstep! No there is not! The best thing I can do is to make a noise myself. When one can't hear anything, there's nothing to be heard; and if fear takes away a fellow's courage and appetite, music, on the other hand, makes him bold and hungry!" With these words the musician equipped himself with his bagpipes, and soon drowned the sighing of the rising wind with his discordant din. Unfortunately for Corentin, his lamp, which, like music, was necessary to maintain his courage, suddenly went out; and, at the same instant, the terror-stricken bagpiper saw, by the flickering light from the logs, the door of his cabin pushed open, and the wild woman enter.

Corentin had hardly strength enough to cross himself, and to gasp out, "Oh! oh! Who—who are you?"

The wild woman seemed regardless of the terror-stricken youth for a moment; but presently she burst out into a song—

"Tune up thy pipes to a ditty gay;
Play away,
And never stay,
My merry neighbour.
What shall I give thee, piper, pray?
Why—a kiss, for thy labour!"

Impelled by some unknown power, Corentin could not help obeying this strange command.

"It is the Queen of the Glen!" he muttered to himself. "I am lost!" The wild woman continued her song—

"Go on! go on! go on!
At thy peril, something gay,
At thy peril, piper, play!
Tough to-morrow we shall marry,
I will have my tune to-night!"

Then suddenly changing her mood, the Wild Woman of the Glen, as Corentin called her, but who was in reality the poor mad girl we have seen chasing her goat over the moor, caught the musician by the hand. "Give me thy hand, to dance with me!" she said, and immediately resumed her strange ditty—

"Here's my hand; so advance
Through the mazes of the dance.
We are gone are they find us!

And so lightly we pass
O'er the dew on the grass,
No trace is behind us!"

"I will not, I will not!" cried Corentin, crossing himself fervently. "Avaunt, witch!"

At this moment a loud noise was heard outside. Some one was impatiently battering upon the door. The wild woman ceased her song, flew to the window, opened it, and fled into the night.

"Halloa, Grandfather Martin!" shouted the impatient visitor on the outside. "What, Grandfather Martin! Open, I say!"

"Heaven defend me," cried Corentin, creeping behind a chair. "Some one asking for Grandfather Martin, and it's almost midnight!"

Tired with shouting, the visitor forced open the door with a succession of lusty kicks.

"Help! Get thee hence, Satan!" cried the cowardly and superstitious Corentin.

"Come out, idiot!" said the visitor, dragging Corentin from his retreat. "What do you take me for, ninny?"

"Well, if you are not he, who are you?" "Who am I? An old friend of Grandfather Martin's. Where is he?"

"Out at present. Out, I assure you!" "Out! Where? I'll go and find him. Where is he?"

"Perhaps you know already. He's, perhaps, up there—perhaps down there. How do I know? 'Tis three weeks since we buried him."

A cloud passed over the stranger's face as he heard this.

"Buried! and I counted on the old man's help!" he muttered to himself. "Buried him," he repeated, resuming his former expression. "And you are his heir and successor, eh?"

"If four tumble-down walls make a property, I am an heir," replied Corentin. "What else did my grandfather die worth? Sir," he continued with a bow, "I am too poor to keep up all his acquaintances!"

"Poor! What has become of the bags full of crowns old Martin made by playing on his pipes?"

It was not from fear of an unearthly visitor that Corentin's legs shook this time. "I shall be robbed and murdered!" he groaned inwardly. "Sir," he began in an

insinuating voice, "how shocking it is of people to spread such ill-natured reports. Good evening to you, sir."

"What! turn an old friend of your grandfather's away, would you? Do you think me the Evil One they say he was in league with? Well, if you were more hospitable, it would be better for you. A few thousand crowns, perhaps. 'Tis a pity!"

"Sir, did you say a few thousand crowns? What do you mean, sir?"

"Nothing!"

"Thousands of crowns nothing to a beggar like me!"

The stranger seemed to hold Corentin in too great contempt to answer. But, as he turned his face towards the dying embers on the hearth, the knitted brows and quickly moving lips told that deep thoughts were present in his brain. "There may be something made of this poltroon after all," he muttered to himself. Then, turning to Corentin, he said aloud, "Thousands of crowns, and something more! But never mind; finish your supper, empty your bottle, go to bed, and dream you are married to the Wild Woman of the Glen."

"Sir," said Corentin, "I see you are a worthy person. Would you not eat a bit for company's sake? As to the bottle of wine, I have none to offer."

"Well, I have walked far. Do you know a crown when you see it? There," said the stranger, handing the coin to Corentin. "Fat Paul's tavern is not far off. Go, fetch a bottle of wine, and let it be good stuff!"

Corentin's hand clutched the crown greedily.

"Suppose, sir," he said, in a half whining tone—"suppose Paul can't give change?"

"What's change to a thirsty man, with his thousands of crowns to fling away? Be off, my brave fellow. I am dying for a drink."

No sooner had the door closed on Corentin than the stranger gave vent to these words—

"The scheme will do. The fish jumps at the bait. His avarice will make him forget his fears, and the wine will do the rest. So old Martin is dead? And so it is his grandson—a precious miser like himself—who shall be the first man that touches the treasure. Is he worth being sorry for? Oh, Dinorah! if I long for this

treasure, I want it only for thee; and if some one's life must pay for it, better his than mine. Come what will, however, this night shall decide my fate. Ah, there you are, lad!" said he, looking up and addressing Corentin, who had entered with the bottle of wine. "Come, sit down and let us drink. Come, let us make each other's acquaintance. What is your name?"

"Corentin, travelling bagpipe-player."

"Good; well, mine is Hoel."

"Hoel!"

"Yes, good sir."

"Did you fancy the wine was never coming? But Paul's tavern was so full. 'Tis the eve of our Saint's day."

"Ah! the Saint's-day of Plœrmel tomorrow, is it?"

"Yes; and the grandest Saint's-day in all Brittany," said Corentin, depositing the bottle upon the table, and placing the change out of the stranger's reach.

"Ah!" replied Hoel, with a sigh. "I know something about that day already! Perhaps you may have heard of such a place, over yonder, as the Willow Farm?"

"The Willow Farm!" repeated Corentin, as he arranged the table. "Perhaps he will not ask for his change," he muttered. "Yes: as you were saying—the Willow Farm!" he said aloud.

"Yes; the farm that was burnt by lightning, just a year ago, on the Saint's-day of Plœrmel."

"If I could only make him drunk," whispered Corentin to himself, as he busied about spreading the table and lighting the lamp—"if I could only make him drunk, he would forget his change!" "Yes," he continued, speaking aloud, and taking his seat at table. "Burnt by lightning, you were saying! The Willow Farm! Yes; I have heard of it!"

The stranger seemed only to utter his thoughts aloud—

"Her father lived there—my Dinorah's father! We were to have been married—my Dinorah and I—immediately after the celebration of the *fête*! You are a stranger herenabouts? Well, the lightning set fire to the farm; the house was burnt to the ground."

"Burnt to the ground!" Corentin repeated aloud. "He does not remember his change," he said to himself.

"Well," Hoel went on, "we were beg-

gared—both of us. How could I marry her? I saw the farm in ashes. How could I marry her? Drink, Corentin. I would have sold my soul, at that moment, for a bag of money, to build the farm again. I was so wild with misery. But you don't drink. Did you ever hear of old Anthony?"

"Old Anthony! Old Anthony, the wizard?"

"Bah! wizard! Well, he passed near me, saying with a sneer, 'O, the bridegroom wants money, does he? Well, I daresay the bridegroom can find money, if the bridegroom knows where to find it.' But you have nothing in your glass. Why don't you drink?"

"I do—I do drink. Go on."

"Come along with me," said Anthony. "If the bridegroom wants to find money, there's money where he may find it. Lots of money! Gold! Diamonds! Jewels! Drink, young man."

"Gold! Diamonds! Jewels! Where?"

"Where! 'Hidden in the Demon Glen,' said Anthony. 'Dwarfs and brownies hide the treasure; but it is to be found, and he who is to find it must fast, and pray, and live alone, and speak to no living creature—least of all, a living woman—for a twelve-month. Do you want to rebuild this farmhouse? Do you want your betrothed?' said old Anthony. 'If you do, come along with me; but if you do, you must come at once.'"

"Gold! Diamonds! Jewels! Well, and so you went along?" said Corentin, taking off a glass of wine at a gulp.

"I was desperate," said Hoel. "I was hopeless. What could I do? How could I marry her? I left her. I left money for her with an old friend. Money! a miserable sum, compared with what I had paid for the coral necklace she wore. Well, as I have told you, old Anthony knew about hidden treasure in the Demon Glen. He wanted his share in this treasure, but —"

"But," repeated Corentin, cupidity glaring from his distended eyes.

"But he happened to die, as your grandfather, old Martin, did."

"Die!"

"Aye; but he left me a legacy!"

"A legacy! What legacy?"

*Instructions how to obtain the hidden

treasure hereabouts. Here's the hazel-wand he left me to dispose of the dwarfs and brownies. 'After the year has passed,' said he; 'when the night shall come, there will be a bell—a goat's bell—that shall ring. Follow that bell; it will go on—on to the Demon Glen! As the midnight hour strikes, wild fire will play over a stone; and that is the stone which covers the hidden treasure.'"

Corentin's curiosity made him thirsty. He swallowed off a glass ere he spoke.

"Treasure! What?" he exclaimed. "And with dwarfs and brownies to guard it! I like treasure, as well as you. But what's to be done with the dwarfs and brownies?"

"What's to be done? This!" And the stranger showed his hazel-wand. "Anthony gave me first a caution, and then a prayer backwards. 'Do not listen to whatever may be said to you,' said he; 'turn a deaf ear to everything.' If you come with me, I will teach you the words. What say you? Thousands of crowns, remember! Well, is it a bargain? Yes or No?"

"Share and share alike? But what good can I do? I have not passed a year in a wood without talking to a woman."

"That's no matter. There must be two. And since Anthony is dead, and your dear grandfather also, why should not his grandson profit?"

"What can be his fancy for sharing the treasure with me?" said Corentin to himself.

"Come," said Hoel, impatiently seizing Corentin by the wrist, and half-dragging him through the door of the hut.

"Hark! What is that?" cried the frightened Corentin.

A bell was sounding in the darkness.

"Come along. 'Tis the goat's bell, that is to conduct us to the gold. Listen, fool! We must find out on which side it rings. Come along. Quick!"

And the poor musician was dragged, by the stranger, forth into the darkness.

II.

"Halloa! Not so fast! Wait a moment! Why, they are half way home already! Good night, there, neighbours! I say, Claude, you have made me drink too much of Fat Paul's wine to-night."

"Better too much than not enough," replied his companion.

These are evidently some of jolly Fat Paul's company wandering home over the moor.

"Well, that's true," said the first speaker. "But what business had I sitting so long in Paul's tavern, when I promised to take

that poor, crazy girl back to the village? And now, how is one to find her, Master Claude?"

"How should I know?" replied the person addressed. "What a fancy it is of hers to go rambling and roaming about



the country when the moon's at full! If you catch her you won't keep her in a house. So, what I say is, what's the use of trying to find her, poor mad thing?"

"Well, that's true. If they would have left poor Dinorah alone, after her old sweetheart had left the country, she would not have been so bad. But when they tried to make her marry Long George, the sailor, in order to drive Hoel out of her

head, that upset her quite, and who can wonder, Master Claude?

"Not I, for one," replied Claude. "Yet, if Hoel comes back a rich man—for Long George, the tailor, says Hoel swore he would come back a rich man—think you he will look at her as she is now?"

"Why, no! Unless he can bring her brains back; but money will hardly manage that. But come along; my head

is as heavy as lead, and I want to get home."

Scarcely had this worthy pair staggered away, ere the poor creature, the mad Dinorah, came bounding along, singing her snatches of wild song:—

"Here am I! here am I!
My Hoel waits hard by!
But, no! he will deceive me.
The night is coming; they have passed
on, and leave me!"

At this instant the moon broke out from a cloud, and cast Dinorah's shadow before her on the heath.

"Ah! morning at last! And here is my own dear friend!" she exclaimed, addressing her shadow. "At last we shall sing at the wedding—we shall dance at the wedding! Shall we not?"

And she flung herself on the ground, and commenced talking with the shadow near her. But presently the moon became obscured by a passing cloud, and the shadow disappeared. The poor being broke out—

"Ah, cruel! thus to leave me in loneliness and pain. Said I ought to grieve thee? *Becca—mutari!*"

The moon again burst forth; the shadow returned.

"Ah! here is Hoel!" she cried. "Give me your arm, and let us go! The bell is ringing; our friends are all ready. To-day is the Saint's-day. Look yonder, the procession is coming; all the village is on its way to the chapel to see us married."

The night was beginning to redeem the promise of the high wind that had been raging for an hour. A tempest was coming on. Peals of distant thunder were heard. And, as the poor creature caught the sound, she exclaimed—

"But, mine own, do you hear the thunder? But no matter, the storm may rage as wildly as it will, our love is too strong for it. Come, dear Hoel—come to the chapel!"

In her mad terror poor Dinorah fled over the moor, nor stopped till she reached the entrance to a rocky ravine. The place was wide and awful in aspect. A number of Druidical stones lay piled up, marking the altar of a by gone religion. Behind was a bridge, formed by the trunk of an old tree flung across the rocks, and beneath this rushed a body of foaming, tumbling

water. She was not alone in this terrible spot, however. Two men were seen entering the ravine; one was waving a hazel-branch before him, and calling to his less resolute comrade to follow.

"Come on," said Hoel—for it was he. "Yes, this is the place, I see; the Dame Glen of which Anthony told me."

"You see! You must have the eyes of an owl, then," replied his companion, who was no other than the bagpipe-player. "It is pitch dark. Pity we forgot the lantern."

"Why, man, the lightning will do as well. Just such weather as it was a twelve-month ago, on the last Saint's-day. Hush," Hoel continued, as he counted the chimes of the village clock, which faintly sounded a long distance away. "Yes, it is eleven o'clock."

"And at twelve the wild cross of fire will play upon the stone."

"Till daybreak," said Hoel. "And if we lose to-night's chance, we may take leave of the treasure for ever."

"And where shall we see the fire?"

"Over yonder, across that bridge."

"Bridge do you call that rotten old tree? Expect a man to cross it in this weather, too. I wish I was safe in my own cabin."

"Wait here, coward, while I go and examine the place. Wait here while I cross the bridge. Stop, I'll leave you my hazel-branch, for company and protection. Remember you bring it along with you when I call." And with this, Hoel commenced clambering up the rocks towards the old bridge. But scarcely had he crossed the tottering path, and disappeared among the rocks on the other side, when Corentin ~~shook~~ *shook* out—

"Come back, Hoel! For Heaven's sake come back! It is all over with us. Here is the wild woman again."

It was Dinorah who stood before the trembling piper.

"Is it thou, piper?" she cried.

The musician could only drop the hazel-branch, fall on his knees, and cry, "Oh, oh!"

"Thou art Long George," she exclaimed. "Tis useless to deny it. I should know that wicked smile anywhere. Who bade thee make love to me? I am not mad, though they say so; for I will not marry thee. Go, bad, malicious man! Go, I hate thee!"

"Idiot that I was," said Corentin, "not to have known who it was before. It is the poor, harmless, crazy girl who lodges with Louis' mother, and who always fancies some one is coming back to dance with her."

"Hush, didst thou not hear?"

"Hear! Hear what?"

"A stone that fell in the valley yonder."

"A stone! Can Hoel have played me false, and found the hidden treasure without me? Hold, comrade, have you found the hidden treasure?"

"The hidden treasure!—the hidden treasure," shrieked Dinorah, and she burst into one of her wild songs—

"Dark thy fate is glooming;
Man of evil omen—
He who first lays hold on
Hidden treasures golden,
Dies ere the year is over."

"Dies ere the year is over," she repeated.

"Dies ere the year is over! Ah! now I begin to see what that traitor, that strange comrade of mine, meant with his sharing and his generosity, and his letting me go first."

At this moment Hoel returned across the frail bridge. "Are you there, comrade?" he cried. "What has happened to make you call so loudly? Did not the hazel-branch protect you? The bridge is safe enough for you; and methinks I have found the very stone, on the other side. Come, prepare."

"But why am I to go before you?"

"Because I wear on my finger a blessed ring that might interfere with the charm."

"A ring! I wear two—two blessed rings—one in each ear."

"Will you compel me to use force, miscreant?"

At this juncture Dinorah came up to the pair, still singing the ditty—

"He who first lays hold on
Hidden treasures golden,
Dies ere the year is over!"

"I've got it—I've found it," said Corentin suddenly. "You shall not go first; I shall not go first: she shall go first!"

"She—a woman! What, expose her to the peril?"

"No matter for such as she—'tis the mad girl whom I took for the Wild Woman. Hush, there is no time to lose. I will make her go."

"This is what Anthony foretold," said

Hoel, recognizing Dinorah, but shrinking away from her. "Let me be wary. Is it a demon? Is it a shadow? Is it a woman?"

"This way, fair one," said Corentin, wishing to lead Dinorah towards the bridge. But Dinorah heeded not. She sang—

"The long-betrothed I wait to see!
O! bird of morn! the night is o'er;
Repeat thy song of love once more!"

"That voice," gasped Hoel. "Can it be my Dinorah's! Oh, no. Anthony told me, if I saw my father ready to die, my mother sue for mercy, or if my love went weeping by, 'twould be but a delusion to thwart me. I must heed not, hear not, or my hope is lost."

At this instant Dinorah's truant goat appeared on the bridge, and instantly the girl, throwing off her coral necklace, flew towards it. The goat was by this time in the middle of the bridge, and Dinorah eagerly following it. Hoel, seeing the necklace, stepped forward, and, picking it up, recognized his old love-gift. "It is she," he cried; but before the words had left his lips, the tree had broken down, and Dinorah was plunged into the boiling cataract below. Forgetful of his long sought treasure—forgetful of everything but his Dinorah, Hoel rushed forward to save her from destruction.

It is the morning of the Saint's-day; the storm of the previous night has passed away, and the happy villagers, whose homes are this time uninjured, are preparing to celebrate the *fête* of Ploërmel. A procession is making for the village church; two persons are walking under a canopy of flowers; one is a young girl who leans upon the arm of her lover. The peasants come forward, and offer the maiden a bridal veil and a green branch. This maiden is Dinorah, saved from death by her lover, Hoel, upon whose arm she is now resting. By degrees Dinorah, struck with one familiar object after another, has regained her faculties, awakening slowly as if from a dream, till she at length recognized her Hoel. And now the two are proceeding to the church to have their union solemnized.

Corentin creeps up to Hoel, and asks, "About the gold? Have you found it?"

And Hoel, pointing to the blushing girl at his side, answers—

"Yea!—for here is treasure untold!"

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

SOLID CUSTARD.—Boil three quarters of an ounce of isinglass and a stick of cinnamon in a pint of new milk, until the isinglass is dissolved. Strain it, add a gill of cream, and let it stand till cold. Beat the yolks of six eggs; put all together, with sugar to your taste; set it on the fire till it thickens, stirring it all the time. Let it cool a little before it is put into the mould.

COWSLIP WINE.—To two gallons of water put five pounds of powdered sugar. Boil it half an hour, and take off the scum as it rises, then pour it into a tub to cool, with the rinds of two lemons. When it is cold, add four quarts of cowslip pipe to the liquor, with the juice of two lemons. Let it stand in the tub two days, stirring it every two or three hours, then put it in the barrel and let it stand for three weeks or a month, then bottle it, and put a lump of sugar in every bottle.

A PLUM CAKE.—Take one pound of flour, rub in half a pound of butter very small, and put in a nutmeg grated. Take half a gill of cream, and make it as warm as new milk. Put into your flour a quarter of an ounce of mace; lay it in a heap in the middle of your basin. Put in half a gill of yeast, the yolks of five eggs, with four spoonfuls of sack, then put in your cream. Have ready the whites of five eggs whipt up to a froth by degrees. Beat it till it looks very white. So set it before the fire, to rise half an hour; then have ready one pound of currants, clean washed, a quarter of a pound of sugar, finely sifted, three ounces of candied lemon and orange-peel. Mix all together. Put it into a quick oven. Bake three quarters of an hour.

THE FASHIONS AND PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

It is singular that the great events of the day, involving the vital interests of the two greatest nations in the world, should include those of the feminine half of society to an extent that may almost be said to work like a revolution. Not only will London now receive from Paris its newest modes and styles while yet the bloom is fresh upon them, but, in all probability, the English market will quicken the French invention, and manufactures will receive an impulse equally profitable to both, and so firmly cementing good feeling and mutual interests, that rivals may soon become fast friends.

There is no doubt that the ladies of Paris not only possess great taste, but that with it they practise extraordinary ingenuity; and the dress which we have chosen for illustration supplies a decided proof of the union of these two qualities. In the forthcoming series of this Magazine, however, we shall, in future, be able to present to the eye, through the medium of our painted steel plates, not only the exact shape and appearance of the various articles of dress worn by the arbiters of fashion, but the precise hue of the prevailing colour.

Most ladies have by them some article in black silk which changing fashion has rendered useless, and this cannot be better employed than in

contributing to form a new dress. The quantity of fresh material required is thus much reduced. The colour of the silk may be either green, brown, or mauve; if the latter, care must be taken to procure the dye that will not fade. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with two rows of the black silk, pinked at the under edge, and set on in the curves that will be seen in our illustration, headed by a ruche or two frills of the same to match. The jacket is of the black silk, bordered with three rows of frills of the same material as the dress, and, being open in the front, shows a stomacher beneath, also composed of rows of frills, terminated at the point with a bow and long ends in the black silk. Some of the Parisian ladies add to the trimming of the skirt a row of broad black lace under each festoon; but this only proves that, while they admire the style, they are determined upon indulging their taste for expense, and is not at all necessary.

Our cut-out working pattern will supply to our readers a pretty novelty which is now being prepared in Paris for the spring and summer wear. It is a white muslin dressing-room *Par-dessus*, intended for the morning *déshabille* of the hot weather, and is really an elegance of its kind. For invalids, it will be found very advantageous, uniting both comfort and style to a great degree. The saddle or pelerine part is composed entirely of small perpendicular tucks, and is joined over the shoulder, being bordered with a handsome embroidery, which falls over the fullness of the skirt, which is also set round with the same, sometimes with a little heading, sometimes with a puffing; the sleeves being trimmed to match. When this *Par-dessus* is made in coloured muslin or a Swiss print, it is simply founced round with its own material. No band is worn with it round the waist.

The Parisian bonnet is worn extremely projecting over the forehead, and cut away and open at the sides; the crown and front being so far altered from the last style that the first of these has little depth, and the last much. One of the prettiest of these has a transparent front, covered with a drawing of spotted or figured white tulle; the crown of velvet of a deep, bright azure blue; curtains of the same; strings to match; large rosette of blonde on the left side of the front, with a large gold pin and pendant in its centre; inside trimming, cap, with bandeau of the plaited velvet, and bow of the same on the left side, or a double quilling of the velvet across the forehead. The same may be made in blue Terry velvet, if preferred.

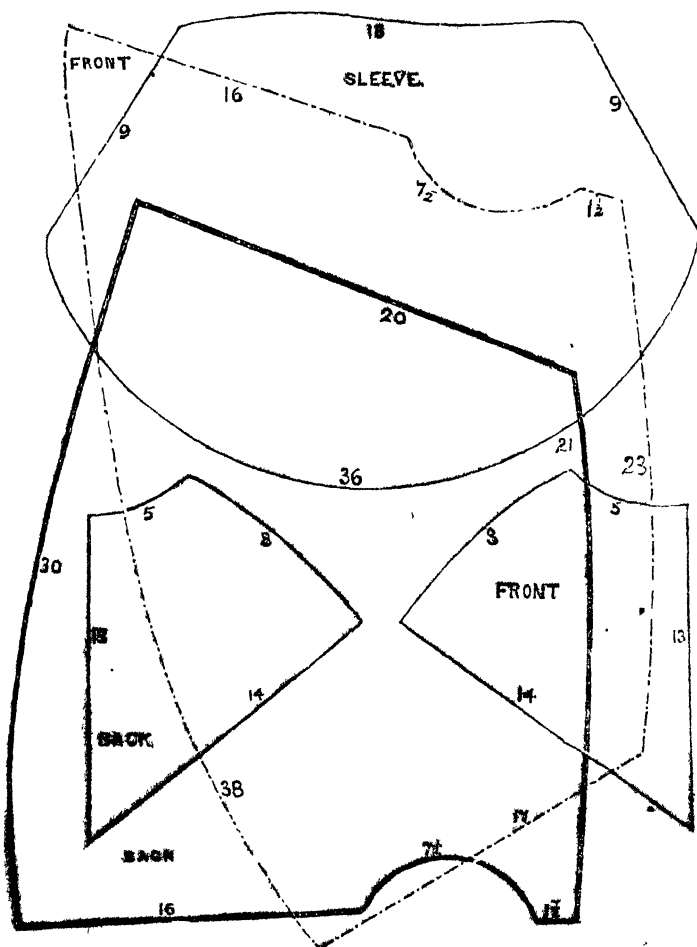
The hair nets, which have enjoyed so long a reign of favour, have now received a most tasteful improvement, which we strongly recommend. They are worn in Paris with a bandeau at their edge of plaited velvet, and a bow and hanging ends on the left side. This renders them suitable for many ladies who have passed the spring-time of their youth, while they are infinitely more becoming to the young girl who has but just entered on her teens. Let us also observe, that the hair should not be suffered to hang down within the net—often most ungracefully—but should be first looped into rich plaits before the net is put on. In this way, the arrangement becomes both classical and elegant.

Here, also, we may mention a very simple and pretty Parisian cap, suitable for any lady. It



consists of a square of black figured tulle, having lappets left at two opposite corners, the whole set round with Maltese lace. This is to be laid over a small under-cap, merely to give it con-

sistence and support; the trimming having either bows or flowers in the front, and bows and ends at the back. The squares of which we are speaking has one point in the front, one behind,



with a lappet at each side, and is made to fit the head by means of a fold across the centre, ending with the commencement of each lappet. This cap is made in white muslin, bordered with Maltese lace for morning wear.

In sleeves attempts are still being made to supplant the flowing sleeve by substituting the tight one, but hitherto, happily, with but little

formed of a succession of gaiting from the shoulder to the wrist are, however, in some

For promenade dress the tight C-saque and the loose Pardessus are still the leading favourites of the day, mingled with the shawl, which is always so useful a friend during the change of

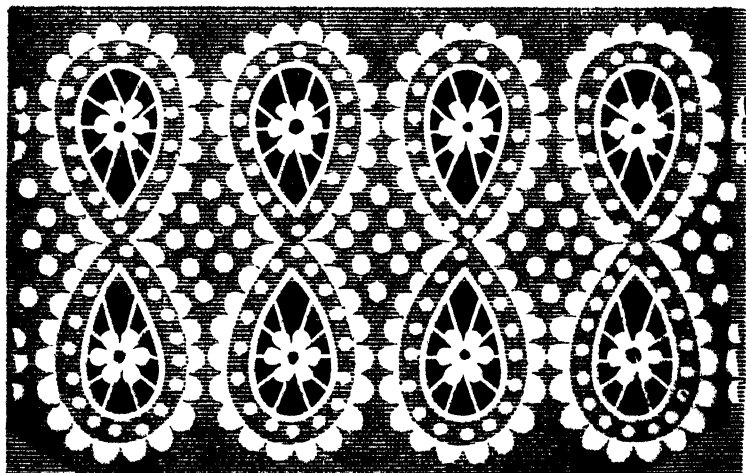
THE WORK-TABLE.

EDITED BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHES.

PARIS NECK TIE.

Our work-table illustration for this month is a little article which possesses considerable importance as a very pretty finish and a great improvement to any lady's dress. The neck-tie is always more or less in fashion, in one form or other, it being found that something is required just where the two ends of the collar meet, to complete the effect. Richly-ornamented ribbons have for some time been much worn, but they are now entirely laid aside until another rotation of the Wheel of Time shall bring them back again as new. Brooches of every size and shape have likewise had their turn, and these are now superseded in a great measure by the introduction of a neck-tie composed of two bows and two ends, which always continues to be the prettiest tie because it is the most simple. In all matters of dress a fashion must bear the stamp of Parisian favour before it can be received and approved by other countries; and when it has the former it seldom fails in the latter. This ornamental neck-

tie is fully invested, then, with this recommendation, as it is quite a favourite little article of every French lady's toilette. One of its advantages consists in its being particularly suitable for producing at every private work-table, as it requires only taste and neatness in execution to be made quite as elegant as those which are now so much in favour at Paris, and for which high prices are demanded. They are formed chiefly of black silk and black velvet, the ends being of the former, and the bows of the latter. The pattern is braided in gold thread on the two ends, but the small border alone is worked on each edge of the bows. The beads may be either gold or black, according to taste. Many of these ties are made with the bows in coloured velvet to match the dress, with the ends in black silk or velvet. A narrow black lace surrounds each end, and a little lace rosette is placed just in the centre between the two bows, but they have no lace round them. For mourning they are worn with black silk braid, and ornamented with black beads. A narrow band is made with a curve to fit the neck, to which the bow is attached, so that if worn with a collar it does not derange it, and if worn without one it is just sufficient to cover the top of the dress



INSERTION IN EMBROIDERY.

Embroidery, although it is one of the most fashionable and expensive trimmings, is yet within the reach of any lady who has leisure and industry to execute it for herself. If a few of the many hours which are passed in wearisome indolence were occupied in the production of some piece of beautiful needlework, many ladies might render the dresses of themselves and their children distinguished by elegance and good taste, and yet not subtract in the slightest degree from the annual income, or deprive their families of one single comfort in the daily arrangements of domestic life. We have given a pattern

for an insertion in embroidery which is extremely rich when worked, and, at the same time, does not involve any great amount of labour, as it is arranged to produce the best effect with the least work. This pattern is particularly pretty for children's frocks, &c. With an scallop added to it, it forms a beautiful frill to go round a collar for a little boy. The centre flower in each curve is in well-raised button-hole stitch, with gimp thread round it and the muslin cut out. The diamonds between are filled in with holes. When worked it is both rich and light. The style of the work being small, a fine even cotton must be used.

PARIS NECK TIE



END OF VOL. VIII.

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WITH A HISTORY OF THE ORIGIN, PROPERTIES, AND USES OF ALL
THINGS CONNECTED WITH HOME LIFE AND COMFORT.

EDITED BY

MRS. ISABELLA BEETON.

*Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good.*—MILTON.

For many years a very widely-entertained opinion has been expressed relative to the extreme value of all kinds of knowledge connected with the various branches of "Household Management." Complaints, too, have been pretty general that Cookery Books, and all such works as have a special reference to Domestic affairs, have shown material defects in the manner in which they have been treated. For instance, it has been observed that the recipes for the various dishes to be cooked, are given without stating the precise proportions of the ingredients of which these are to be composed; that they are encumbered with scientific and technical terms, without an attempt being made to explain them; that the information they would give, is conveyed in a style by far too confused to be useful, and that, as a whole, they are too extravagant to be, in the slightest degree, available to those who are intrusted with the Management of a Household. The price of the works themselves, too, is usually so high, that they can be accessible only to a few; so that, even if they were free from the defects complained of, they would still be out of the reach of the great body of those to whom such books, now-a-days, must be considered, almost, as a necessity. On the other hand, it has been found that the cheap works which have been issued on the same subject, are mere *réchauffés*, or, to speak characteristically, "hashes," of old recipe-books, made up for sale, rather than use, discovering no practical experience of their subject, no improvement in the arrangement or elucidation of their matter, and no originality of idea whatever. Consequently, both classes of works have been deservedly considered useless.

To obviate these defects, so justly regretted, it has been determined to produce BEETON'S BOOK OF HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT, which will convey clear, direct, and definite information on every department of the Household. In that of Cooking, no recipe will be given which

has not been tried or tested either by the Editress herself or by her confidential friends and correspondents. Of the number and variety of the recipes some idea may be formed, when it is stated, that nearly 2,000 of the ladies of Great Britain and Ireland have placed, and continue to place, at the disposal of the Editress, their assistance in furnishing such a collection of "FACTS" relative to Domestic Economy, as have never before been brought together to enrich the pages of any similar work. To every department these will, more or less, apply.

It is not alone, however, to the Mistresses of the Cottage and the Mansion that BEETON'S BOOK OF HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT will prove an invaluable boon. Whilst to these, every kind of fish, flesh, fowl, fruit, and vegetable, will be shown when in season, as to make a choice for the dinner of every day easy, the COOK will be instructed how to dress, in the best and cheapest manner, all the various viands submitted to her care; the HOUSEMAID will be taught how to do her portion of the work in the way that will be found the readiest for herself and the most likely to please her mistress; the KITCHEN MAID will have her duties faithfully pointed out; the LAUNDRY-MAID hers; whilst the NURSE-MAID will be initiated into the art of managing her own "dear little family," not only with satisfaction to her mistress, but with pleasure to herself. Nor will the BUTLER and his pantry, or the GARDENER and his kitchen-plot, be forgotten. If, however, the domestics are few, and a MAID-OF-ALL-WORK is the only one in a House, then will the Mistress, from the directions laid down, find it easy to utilize her services, not only for the general advantage of the household, but for that of the Maid herself. In addition to these particulars, there will be given a plain treatise specially devoted to the "MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN," and "What to Do" in the event of ACCIDENTS and EMERGENCIES.

A new and important feature, which, it is felt, will form an invaluable portion of BEETON'S BOOK OF HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT, is the history, description, properties, and uses, of every article directly or indirectly connected with the Household.

Thus, if in a recipe for a Christmas plum-pudding, are named the various ingredients of raisins, currants, candied orange and lemon-peel, sugar, citron, bitter almonds, and brandy, BEETON'S BOOK OF HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT will give simple information on all such questions as these:—

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Besides giving specific information upon such questions, and all others connected with what we eat and drink, similar information will be given upon all things contained in a House. For example, there will be described—*The progress of the Mahogany-tree, from its being the pride of an American forest till it becomes the ornamental table of a London dining-room; the history of the Fire-place, from the simple and-irons to the magnificently-finished grate; the splendid Looms for the manufacture of the Velvet-pile Carpet; the weaving of the Silk for the Wedding-dress; the watering of the Mère Antique; the Cotton growing in the Great Inland Swamp of the Southern United States; the spinning of that Cotton in the Lancashire mills, the growth of Flax, and its conversion into Linen, &c.* An account of these, and all other objects entering into the domestic economy of civilized life, will form, when aided by the art of the engraver, a work unequalled for its amount of PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE, and one that must prove alike SERVICEABLE AND PROFITABLE to all who possess it. Such is the design and scope of

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INTO EVERY FAMILY,

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